ITALY

BY

LADY MORGAN.

"Malheur au bon esprit dont la pensée altière
D'un cœur indépendant s'élance tout entière,
Qui respire un air libre, et jamais n'applaudit
Au despotisme en vogue, à l'erreur en crédit.
* * * * *
Mais ferme dans ma route, et vrai dans mes discours,
Tel je fus,—tel je suis,—tel je serai toujours."

"We travellers are in very hard circumstances. If we say nothing but what has been said before us, we are dull, and we have observed nothing. If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as fabulous and romantic; not allowing either for the difference of ranks (which affords difference of company), or more curiosity, or change of customs, that happen every twenty years in every country." *Lady M. W. Montague.*

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The suburbs of Modena are scarcely out of sight, when a bridge over the *Reno* presents itself, armed and fortified, and guarded by a tower, bearing the inscription of *Dogana Papale*, surmounted by the sign of *Mitre and Keys*, while high above all glitters that word, so consolatory amidst such images of force and warfare,

"PAX."

While our eyes were fixed upon this promised *peace*, one of the papal grenadiers roared in our ears, "*La Passaporta!*" and while we looked on the keys of St. Peter, our *own* were gruffly demanded by one of the holy *doganieri*. Nothing, however, being found in trunks or dressing-boxes contrary to the interests of the Church (and their researches could go no further), we were permitted to

"Press with unbless'd soles"

the consecrated thresholds of St. Peter's territories; for such the Bolognese may be considered.

At Castel Franco, the sign of the Mitre and Keys again presented itself over the only shop in the village, where it was intimated, that his holiness sells, "*en gros et en dètail*," tobacco, paper,

powder, &c. &c. In all such magazines of rural commerce, the Pope is by no means a sleeping partner; and the huckstery carried on in Italy by Pontiffs and Potentates, who thus openly hang out their signs, is not among the least characteristic features of the country.

There was always a portion of Italy, which, under the name of the four Legations, was remarkable for perpetuated prosperity: and the best and first of these States was the Bolognese, which, in a moment of exigency, rather accepted of the Pope's formidable name as a protection, than submitted to his sway. This ancient republic struck us to be one of the States of Italy which best deserved a free government, and to be the most determined to obtain it. As we approached Bologna, the vintage was in all its splendid activity; every step was a picture—the sky was Claude's—the foliage was Poussin's—the groupings were Teniers'. Those gloomy and ruinous buildings in which the peasantry herd in Italy, even in the beautiful Milanese, were here replaced by cottages of English neatness, environed by more than English abundance; and gardens of natural fertility, vineyards dressed like flower-knots, and a population the most joyous and active, gave assurances of that equal distribution of the gifts of Providence, which best

"Justifies the ways of God to Man;"—(Pope.)

and is the consummation of all that philosophy can dream, or philanthropy desire.

The sale of the considerable church wealth of Bologna, during the Revolution, has greatly multiplied those little landed-proprietorships, which make the blessing of a free country, and lighten the chain of an enslaved one: and it has raised up an agricultural population, whose thriving industry every where enriches and adorns the land, and banishes the groupings of want and mendicity.

THE CITY OF BOLOGNA, discernible from afar by its curious leaning towers and high antique spires, reposes at the base of the Apennines, in a situation rich, beautiful, and picturesque. Villas and villages form its suburbs. The singular arcade, leading to the celebrated Church of the Madonna, crowning its green hill of pilgrimage, produces a singular effect; and those long lines of arches and columns which front every fabrick, and for which Bologna is so noted*, present a

* The porticoes and pavement of Bologna were subjects of envy to other cities of Italy, and of admiration to their poets. Passeroni thus celebrates them:

———— "Alle pedestre squadre
Posto con simmetria, rasente il muro,
Doppia ordine, di lastre, uguale e quadre,
Render l'andar' piacevole e sicuro."

When there were no covered carriages (and it was against the sumptuary laws of the republican city to use them) these porticoes must have afforded a most luxurious accommodation to the pedestrian.

striking perspective. As we entered the city a little before the Ave-Maria (that canonical hour, when the day's occupations all hasten to conclusion), rural bustle and rural noise still prevailed in the streets. Long narrow tuns, through which the purple juice oozed, and on which Bacchus might stride in the revels of his immortal inebriety, followed each other in close succession, drawn by oxen gaudily caparisoned with merry bells. Handsome laughing girls, carrying panniers of the unpressed grape, coquetted with the youths who drove their slow-pacing cattle; while the passing monk gave his willing "benedicite," as he eyed askance the abundant harvest, of which so considerable a portion must become his own. It was in vain that newly painted martyrs writhed, and restored purgatories flamed upon every wall: enjoyment was the order of the day; and while nature blessed, religion scared in vain.

The old sign of the Jolly Pilgrim, jutting across the narrow street with his scrip and his cockle-shell, just as he might have swung in the days of Boccacio, brought us most appropriately to our journey's end; but the exhilaration of the scene and season raised us above the necessity for repose; and, while our servant made arrangements for our accommodation and residence at the *Locanda del Pellegrino*, we issued forth to perpetuate sensations so gracious, and yet so inevitably flitting.

The last vibration of the Ave-Maria bell was tingling, the last sun-light was fading from the bending tower of the Assinello; the shadows of the arched porticoes deepened, and the miracles and processions painted in fresco on the walls of convents and monasteries (for a moment visible) sunk rapidly in the sudden gloom which terminates Italian twilight. The joyous sounds of the vintage had died away, and were succeeded by the solemn silence, the cloistral sobriety, of the learned Bologna of the middle ages—the retreat of studious abstraction and monastic severity. As the evening advanced, and the moon rose, the tingling of guitars was heard, the imagery of Shakspeare's plays (one scarcely knew why) was recalled; and when we returned to our hotel, the "Ciechi," a delightful band of blind musicians, who play for hire in the streets of Bologna till midnight, were already assembled to hail other travellers, as well as ourselves, at the Pellegrino; and to symphonize a supper which would have done credit to a Parisian *restaurateur*. Our first impressions of Bologna were all gracious prophecies of the future: and the *first* day was the *last*, in which we were permitted to call or to feel ourselves strangers there.

Bologna, though one of the oldest cities in Italy, is one of the best preserved. Marked by time, but not mouldered by decay; venerable, not ruinous; its vigorous old age perpetuates

much of the forms and usages of "the antique world;" and Bologna is to the middle ages, what Pompeii has been to antiquity—a monument of the manner of their domestic existence. As the protegée of the Pope, and the seat of his delegated authority, and as one of the strong-holds of the Inquisition during a considerable period, Bologna naturally became the site of much ecclesiastical wealth and splendour; and even now, that time and the French invaders have diminished the one, and dimmed the other, she still exhibits many monuments of her riches and her devotion, and many indestructible proofs of the influence which the Church had obtained over her, notwithstanding her boasted and undeniable political independence. The churches in Bologna are numerous, though many were suppressed, with their convents, during the Revolution.

The Cathedral is vast and noble in its interior, but too modern to excite an historical interest. The Churches of St. Petronius and St. Dominick are the two religious edifices which, by their antiquity, splendour, and perfect preservation, claim pre-eminence in the stranger's visits, and are pointed out by the Bolognese themselves as best worthy of a foreigner's notice.

Saint Petronius was a popular saint in Bologna, where he arrived from Constantinople in the fifth century. His temple, remarkable for the simple grandeur of its style, was a most magnificent

work for the age in which it was constructed (1390); but, as usual, it remains unfinished; and while its altars dazzle, and its chapels blaze, the holes are still to be seen in its coarse brick façade, where scaffoldings were placed in the fourteenth century.

We chanced to visit it, the morning after our arrival, just as high mass was concluded: its close air was still impregnated with the odours of frankincense, the high columns were draped with finery (for it was a festival), and a manuscript sonnet was pasted on one of its ponderous gates, in honour of the *decòrator* of the church, who was termed the "first of church dressers." Upon the tessellated pavement of this church, Cassini traced his famed meridian line, a monument not less remarkable by its contrast with surrounding objects than for its own intrinsic merits. For it is in the midst of votive bribes offered to suspend the laws of nature, and to influence immutable wisdom, that the philosopher has demonstrated the undeviating stability with which the universe is governed. The light of heaven, as it broke through the gnomon of Cassini, and fell equally upon the instrument of science, and the engines of superstition, forcibly depicted the destiny of the species—an union of all that is sublime in energy and divine in thought, with whatever is grovelling in ignorance and debasing in error.

The meridian of Cassini, traced on the pave-

ment of St. Petronius in the year 1655, has an extent of two hundred and six French feet, making, as the inscription indicates, the six hundred-thousandth part of the earth's circumference. The gnomon, or hole by which the sun's rays enter, is eighty-three feet in height above the pavement. This instrument marks the distance from the zenith, the sun's passage through the signs of the zodiac, the hours of the night, and other astronomical facts, which it is now deemed disgraceful not to know, but which it was once atheism or heresy to preach—as the fate of Galileo evinced. Now, those that run may read; and many were running, though none stopped to read, as we stood in the church of St. Petronius. All, however, made a sign of the cross with holy water; but, probably, with as little internal reference to the origin of the rite, as to the signs of the zodiac on Cassini's meridian!

In this church, most nobly adapted to the purposes of a Gothic coronation, Charles the Fifth was crowned by Clement the Seventh, the arch-traitor of that family of parricides, the MEDICI of Florence.

The CHURCH AND CONVENT OF SAINT DOMINICK, or (as a Bolognese gentleman announced it to us, when we drove up to its gates) "*La Chiesa del Santo Sceleratissimo,*" would be extremely well worth notice, though it contained little else beside the shrine of this "atrocious Saint,"—the chef-

d'œuvre of the sculpture of the middle ages, which occupied the chisel of Michael Angelo, and gave to the famous Nicolo of Pisa, his name of immortality, "Nicolo del Arco."* This superb shrine rises in the midst of its own splendid chapel. The light let in from a cupola above, produces a most theatrical effect; and lamps burning day and night in their silver sockets before it, add to the imposing solemnity of the scene. The miracles of the Saint, whose sword was never sheathed but in the hearts of his opponents†, are sculptured on his beautiful monument. Groups almost start from the marble into motion, which are said to

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* "Nicholas of the Shrine."

† This great captain of the Monachology, the founder of the Inquisition, the exterminator of the *Albigeois*, the persecutor of the Vaudois, the inventor of the *Rosary*, or five hundred invocations to the Virgin between every Pater, has shrines and churches raised to his honour throughout Christian Europe. "On le vit lui-même (says one of his most favourable biographers) "prêcher une croisade contre les malheureux *Albigeois*, suivre sous le titre de Directeur, l'armée que le Comte de Montfort conduisoit dans le Languedoc, courir à travers les rangs, le crucifix à la main, et animer les soldats à *couper la racine de l'heresie en detruisant tous les heretiques*." His pious historian adds, "*Cependant* son ZELE *n'affoiblit pas* sa CHARITÉ!!!"

The character of Saint Dominick given by Sismondi, in his REPUBLICS, is one of the finest pieces of writing in any language. The Dominicans are specially protected by the Holy Alliance: they are called the *Gentlemen of the Church*, and might be called the *Dandies*, for they are the best-dressed and cleanest of any of the revived fraternity.

have fixed the attention, and commanded the admiration of Michael Angelo, before he undertook to compete with his rival predecessor, and to create that angelic figure which stands beside the shrine, as companion to the "ministering angel" of Nicolo Pisano. In the back of the monument is a door, which opens into a little dark cell, where a lamp burns, and a *prie-dieu* is fixed for those who come to worship the precious relic within.

This relic is the body of Saint Dominick, who died in his own adjoining convent, in 1221; at least, it was universally believed that the body had *kept its ground* until the Revolution, when, among other efforts made to disturb social order, suspicions were expressed that the body of Saint Dominick never had inhabited his shrine; and it was further declared that that body was then in Spain, though the head was buried under the great altar of the church of Bologna. The *pious* took the alarm; the tributary votarists, who had hung the shrines with silver hearts and golden crosses, trembled lest they had misplaced their treasures; and on the Restoration, the Pope, to silence surmises again renewed, deputed a Cardinal to visit the shrine of Saint Dominick, to descend into his tomb, and to report accordingly. The Cardinal, with his search-warrant from St. Peter's, was received most pontifically at the gates of the church, by the choir, conducted with

solemnity to the mouth of the tomb, and permitted to descend alone. The resurrection of the body of St. Dominick could scarcely have excited a more intense curiosity than was exhibited by the populace, who awaited for the re-ascension of the Cardinal. His Eminence at last arose; but, whatever were the "secrets of the prison-house" he had penetrated, they remain to this day unknown, nor

"Pass'd those lips in holy silence seal'd."

En-attendant, the Bolognese were ordered to do homage to the body of the saint till further orders.* Whatever doubts remained as to the body, none existed as to the head; for the King of Spain, "Ferdinand the Beloved," having sent a special mission to request a tooth from it, the head was taken up, and the tooth was actually drawn, and sent to his most Catholic Majesty. This was probably the Saint's wise tooth, and may have operated upon the mind of the King like a charm, since he received it not long before the breaking out of the Revolution, in which he has apparently concurred with such unexpected liberality.

The Church of Saint Dominick was once celebrated for its noble collection of pictures. Fortunately but few remain, as the chefs-d'œuvre

* "La Chiesa di S. Dominico, in *cui si venera il corpo del Santo*," says the Itinerario Italiano of 1818.

have been placed in the gallery of the Academy, beyond the reach of damp and mildew, and within the reach of a favourable light, and of the spectator's eye.

The Convent adjoining, from all that remains (and it is but little injured), must have been one of the finest in Italy. It is a gloomy and stupendous fabric, forming three sides of a square: it is surrounded by a range of porticoes or arcades, incrusted with curious and grotesque sculpture. These are the cloisters; above them are spacious apartments, the cells of the monks, and the suite occupied by the Grand Inquisitor, and the officers of the sacred tribunal. Beneath, deep sunk in the earth, are the dungeons of the Inquisition. A small iron-grated aperture just admits a ray of dim light, and a breath of dank air. I knelt down to examine if it were possible to see the horrible interior, within whose dark and chill circumference many a free spirit may have breathed its last indignant groan, and many a warm heart have broken. I could only perceive that the floor was of earth, and the walls green and slimy. A Bolognese lady who accompanied us, observing the expression which this melancholy inspection left upon my countenance, said with great emotion,—"If you, a foreigner, feel thus, what must I feel, who am *an Italian, and a mother*, and who behold the restoration of all that makes these dungeons terrible?" The restoration of the mo-

nastic orders, the power attempted to be given to the Church, and the probable fate of her children under such a system, were evidently the associated ideas of the moment. If power should never be trusted to man, least of all should it be given to him who arrogates a divine mission, and backs his temporal authority with spiritual influence.

Great efforts were made to restore the Dominicans in Bologna, by the secret intrigues of the hierarchy; but we left the Bolognese resolved to resist the revival of an order they detested above all others—even at the moment that their streets were crowded with Capuchins, Franciscans, and other mendicant friars.

The Library of the Dominicans is spacious and magnificent, and contrasted most forcibly with its dungeons. It consists of a long gallery, terminated at either end with superb gates of gilt bronze; but, as well as I remember, there were no books until we reached an adjoining apartment of an octagon form, which was the original library of the Monks, and exclusively filled with books of theology—that study which alternately burns and canonizes its disciples, as a dogma is condemned or supported by the reigning creed or ruling hierarchs of the day. Other apartments, opened by the municipality under the Italian Government, and filled by the contents of sup-

pressed conventual libraries, by private donations, and by occasional purchases of modern works, complete the collection, which is still open to the public.

The vast, ancient, and once popular Church of St. Francis, is still beautiful, (desolate and ruinous as it is, having been one of the first Churches suppressed at the Revolution). Here the *Lambertenghi* and the *Ghislieri*, the *Mareschalchi* and the *Popoli*, the factious chiefs of many a fiery feud, competed in holy extravagance of shrine and altar; and lavished thousands upon votive chapels and gorgeous tombs, which now lie ruinous, or spoliated. The purchase and decoration of a chapel or an oratory, in one of these great churches, was sometimes the monument of a crime, sometimes the testimony of a pious ostentation, and always a price paid on accouut for salvation. For these voluntary donations, the exorbitant tithes of the Church of England are the substitutes; and, however forms and names may differ, the rich Abbot of Saint Francis of Bologna was but a poor and unaccommodated personage, compared to that puissant ecclesiastical prince, the Protestant *Bishop of Durham*, whose revenue exceeds that of any ten Catholic Bishops in modern Italy, and was rarely equalled even by the incomes of the Episcopal Barons of the middle ages. But, says Machiavel, " *Sono*

*tanto semplici gli uomini che colui chi inganna, trova sempre chi si lasciarà ingannare**;" and Protestant Bishops and their flocks are pretty much, in the present day, what Catholic ecclesiastics and theirs were in the olden times. If the temporal power is less, that circumstance is due, not to the voluntary concessions of the Reformed Church, but to the boldness and independence of mind in the people, who resisted its impulses. The Convent of St. Francis lies in ruins: a part of the church is converted into a *Dogana*—(a custom-house). The House of God has thus, very literally, become a Den of Thieves.

But, whatever interest such remains of other days may have for curious foreign travellers, there is a church in Bologna of much greater curiosity to the young and gallant population of the city; this is La Chiesa de' Servi, where, on Sundays, (we were assured by a young Bolognese lawyer, who conducted us there,) the youth of both sexes resort, as he expressed it, "*per vedersi, amoreggiarsi, ed orare*"—*to see, to love, and to pray;*—the purposes for which the churches have always served in Italy, as they still did in England in the days of the Spectators and the Betsy Thoughtless's.

While in Bologna, (as elsewhere on the Con-

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* "Mankind are so simple, that the deceiver will never want a dupe to let himself be gulled."

tinent, from Calais to Naples,) priests, monks, and nuns, the auxiliary corps of the Holy Alliance, are gradually taking their old stations, and vainly working to revive their former influence; the Saints, to a man, (or to a woman,) are rallying round the standard of Legitimacy, and getting restless in niches, where they have lain for twenty years in undisturbed repose. Eyes, that had long ceased to roll, are now seen ogling under the mahogany brows of worm-eaten martyrs; and marble Magdalens have not "forgot themselves to stone." The body of Santa Caterina la Seraphica of Siena was among the most precious treasures of *our ladies of St. Catherine* of Bologna. Saint Caterina, however, remained peaceably in her shrine until the Restoration, when she put in her claims to reinstatement among other *ultra* duchesses of the *album sanctorum;* and reclaiming her *tabouret* in the revived circle of wonder-working ladies, she has performed daily miracles in this convent, whose nuns (repossessed of all their former privileges and immunities) exhibit their tutelar patroness, moving her eyes at a certain hour of the day, when something of her former spirit returns; for (Saint Theresa and St. Lucia excepted) the eyes of Saint Caterina of Siena were the brightest in the calendar.*

* Saint Catherine the seraphic of Siena, must have been one of the most popular and beautiful saints of her day, if we may

The Piazza del Gigante, the Forum of Bologna in the middle ages, has been the site of many curious scenes and important political events. It is environed by buildings of great antiquity, and much historical interest,—by the church of St. Petronius (where Emperors were crowned by Popes; and where the Council of Trent held its most famous sessions in 1548); by the Palazzo Pubblico (the residence of Papal legates and Republican Gonfalonieri, with its stairs by Bramante, and its statues by the "Michael Angelo incognito*"); by the Palazzo del Podesta, the ancient seat of municipal authority, and thence called the *Palazzo del vecchio commune)*; and by the *Torazzo*, a

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judge by the number and loveliness of her pictures, which bear some resemblance to each other, and were probably traditional. She is generally represented as receiving the wedding-ring from Christ, though their marriage is apocryphal, or at least metaphorical. Among the manuscript writings of this saint, said to be found at Siena (and they may be still preserved there), was a letter to her divine spouse, with the superscription, "*Al Jesu Christo* mio Sposo!!" This letter is supposed to have been forged by a monk, *Fra Antonio Massini*, who was imprisoned in the Inquisition of Siena for having said in the Confessional—"*Deus te absolvat*," instead of "*Ego te absolvo.*" This ingenious letter of Saint Catherine saved his life, and it obtained implicit credit from the faithful.

* Minganti, who made the bronze statue of Pope Gregory the Thirteenth at the gates of the Palace, was so called by Agostino Caracci.

huge tower, supported by columns, where Pope John the Twenty-third held a conclave in the fifteenth century, and where the archives of the city are still preserved. The less important fabrics which intervene between these public buildings, with their Gothic façades, their curious tracery in brick-work, and bending balconies, add much to the antique character of this fine old square, and contrast with the superb and often celebrated *fountain of Neptune*, the chef-d'œuvre of John of Bologna, which occupies its centre. Groups of petty dealers, with various small wares, vegetables, fruit, and fish, are scattered over its pavement, in a costume which, like the edifices, belongs to other ages; and under its porticoes, shops festooned with those savoury sausages supposed to be the staple commodity of Bologna, are mingled with magazines of less substantial merchandize, shining with spangled fans, silver combs, coral necklaces, and all that gaudy finery, as indispensable to the toilette of the Bolognese peasant, as to that of the same class in other Italian provinces. Every town in Italy has its *Bottegone*, or great shop, *par excellence;* which, sometimes called *Bottega Francese,* is invariably and exclusively filled with French merchandize and manufactures. There, lamps and stockings, gloves and tables, rouge and loungers, caps from the Palais-Royal and china from Sevres, the ornaments of the boudoir

and the necessaries of the pantry, are all purchased by the upper classes; and Italy, who in her free days gave manufactures* to Europe, and commerce to the world, is now thrown upon her late conqueror alike for objects of necessity and of luxury. That such objects have *become wants*, is even a symptom of her improvement and regeneration. The French shop of Bologna, though by no means comparable to that on the *Piazza del Duomo* at Milan, is well supplied, and appears to be a fashionable lounge to the *elegantes* of the capital.†

The Palazzo del Instituto delle Scienze e degli Arti, *the Institute of the Arts and Sciences*, in Bologna, is a vast edifice, and contains within its precincts objects of great cu-

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* Bologna still preserves the manufacture of crapes, for which it was once so famous. We visited one of its most thriving establishments;—but little was doing, and the master complained that trade in Italy was at an end. Bologna was also famous for its manufacture of soap, cards, paper, and sweetmeats. It is so no longer.

† The French toilette has prevailed in Bologna, among the high classes, for nearly a century back. The females of the lower rank still wear the becoming *Zendada*, a scarf or veil which falls from the head, and which they drape prettily enough round their shoulders. Their hair is ingeniously plaited, and set off with shewy combs or bodkins; and coral, mock or real, is abundantly and universally worn. The people are extremely well-looking, and have something frank and gay in their manners, which recalls the peasantry of France.

riosity and inestimable value. It is the seat of the Academy of Sciences, and includes an observatory, a laboratory, cabinet of natural history, of antiquity, sculpture, &c. &c. But its library and gallery of pictures are its great attraction, even to visitors unlearned in black-letter and virtù. It was our good fortune to visit both under very advantageous circumstances*; and part of the extreme interest they excited may be due to associated recollections, more gracious than those

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* The well-known Abate Mezzofante, Librarian to the Institute, was of our party. Conversing with this very learned person on the subject of his "Forty Languages," he smiled at the exaggeration; and said, though he had gone over the *outline* of forty languages, he was not *master* of them; as he had dropped such as had not books worth reading. His Greek master, being a Spaniard, taught him Spanish. The German, Polish, Bohemian, and Hungarian tongues, he originally acquired during the occupation of Bologna by the Austrian power; and afterwards he had learned French from the French; and English, by reading, and by conversing with English travellers. With all this superfluity of languages, he spoke nothing but Bolognese in his own family. With us he always spoke English, and with scarcely any accent, though I believe he has never been out of Bologna. His turn of phrase and peculiar selection of words were those of the Spectator; and it is probable he was most conversant with the English works of that day. The Abate Mezzofante was professor of Greek and Oriental languages under the French; when Bonaparte abolished the Greek professorship, Mezzofante was pensioned off: he was again made Greek professor by the Austrians, again set aside by the French, and again restored by the Pope.

which libraries and picture-galleries, however curious and valuable, could awaken.

The Library of the Institute, which occupies a suite of spacious but gloomy apartments, is celebrated for the quantity of its original manuscripts and scarce editions. Here are 400 MS. volumes of Aldrovandus, and others of Pope Benedict the Fourteenth, who contributed twenty thousand volumes to the collection. Here too we were shewn the *Book of Esdras*, traced by the holy hand of the author, and long buried under the altar at St. Petronius with the head of St. Dominick. This valuable MS. is said to have been presented by some Jews to the Grand Inquisitor of Bologna in 1100. It was probably offered as a bribe, to save the property or the lives of the persecuted donors from the rapacity or zeal of the Church. The holy book is written on a long roll of leather, and may be read by the yard.

On one of the old library tables was placed for our inspection, the first book printed in Italy, a Suetonius. Beside it lay the last number of the Edinburgh Review. What an interval! What ages of persecution have elapsed! What restrictions upon intellect! what ferocious sacrifices to now forgotten dogmas! what unavailing efforts against the progress of illumination and truth! what struggles to neutralize the most beneficial of all human arts, and to render its discovery

useless, have occurred during the time which separates the printing of these volumes, now accidentally associated.

The *anti-room of the library* has an interest of its own, from being covered with the portraits of the learned; among which, strange to say, the ladies hold a distinguished place. With the exception, however, of Madame Dacier, these Muses are all Italian. At the head, as *chef de brigade*, stares *Isotta da Rimini*, the mistress of the famous *Pandolfo Malatesta*, (and *Malatesta* was an unfortunate name for the Phaon of this Sappho of the middle ages; who, in her picture, appears a middle-aged Sappho.)

The Signore of Rimini was a brave, bold, military chief, and probabiy little versed in the compositions of his learned mistress; who, however, brought many poets to his court, to profit by her protection, and to sing her beauty, genius, and her virtues. The collection of their eloges was printed in Paris in the year 1549, under the title cf "Isottæius." To judge of the veracity of their encomiums on her literary merit, by the evidence which her picture gives against their praises on her beauty, and by the testimony which history has preserved against her virtue, the world has lost little by the oblivion which covers works that formed the delight of the *coterie* of Rimini.

As a companion for this picture hangs that of

another Isotta*, celebrated for her *boutades* against Adam, contained in a thesis, in which she proved that the first fault was committed by him, and not by Eve, who was the seduced, and not the seducer. Her proposition became a *boute-feu* between the learned and the orthodox of both sexes; and her doctrines, enforced by her example (for to shew her contempt of the sex, of which Adam was the prototype, she never married), gained many disciples, and might still be debated in the academies of Rome, if Adam did not rather belong to the Romanticists than to the Classicists. "*Le due Isotte*," as they are called, and Madame Dacier, compose a group which can never be mistaken for that of the Graces. They are, indeed, fearful examples to convince the most indigo blue-stocking, that the waters of the Pierian spring are not among the most efficacious cosmetics of the toilet.

Italy has produced more learned women than any part of Europe: and if the erudition of those who flourished in the middle ages was no proof of the originality of their genius, their classical acquirements were at least evidences of the care bestowed on their education by the citizens of the Italian Republics. It is notable that Petrarch

* She was the daughter of Leonardo Nogarola, of Verona. Her thesis, with some Latin Elegies, were published a century after her death, at Venice, in the year 1563.

and Boccacio, the sons of a lawyer and a merchant, were educated as young noblemen are in England in the present day; and that the daughters of private men attracted, by the cultivation of their talents, the attention of such men as Politian*.

But Bologna, of all the Italian Republics, seems to have the longest retained her learned women, and to have most venerated the powers of female intellect. The chairs of the university, down to the present day, have been occasionally filled by female professors. To the Maddalena Bonsignori, and Bettizia Gozzani, who mounted the cap and gown in the middle ages, succeeded the fair Doctors, Laura Bassi, Professor of Physic, and Madonna Manzolina, Lecturer on Anatomy, of more recent times. The late Signora Clotilda Tambo-

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* Politian, who found learning no proof against love, was twice "bit,"

And "liked that dangerous thing—a female wit."

Alessandra Scala was, for a time, his Lady Mary Wortley; and he inserted her Greek verses into his own works. She was the daughter of the historian Scala, and the wife of the poet Marullo, whose fate as a husband is better remembered than his fame as a poet. His next muse was Cassandra Fedele, a Venetian girl, who seems, by his description of her in an Epistle addressed to herself, (Epist. I. iii. p. 17.) to have been much too pretty for a pedant; and was, perhaps, only a woman of genius: for he talks of the "playful and infantine graces of her style." She was also an "*Improvisatrice*," and possessed a talent that might sit well upon a handsome and animated woman.

rini, joint Professor of Greek with the Abate Mezzofante, had only vacated her chair by death, a short time before we arrived at Bologna; and it was a pleasant thing to hear her learned coadjutor, in describing to us the good qualities of her heart, do ample justice to the profound learning, which had raised her to an equality in collegiate rank with himself; without one illiberal innuendo at that erudition, which, in England, is a greater female stigma than vice itself.

Profound and recondite learning has not been frequently united with that wondrous, that mysterious gift of Nature, called *Genius!*—and though a Byron may speak Greek, and a Moore write it, it is doubtful if either of these eminent individuals would have qualified for a professorship at Bologna; as it is certain that Shakspeare and Ariosto would have made but very indifferent Doctors of the Sorbonne. But if genius, in man, so soon starts from the cumbrous association of bookworm erudition,—in woman, whose talent is only another word for developed sensibility, and who but learns by what she feels—in woman, genius and abstruse learning never yet went together: and it is gracious to believe that works, calculated to extend the sphere of fancy and of feeling, to open the springs of human sympathy, to correct the selfishness of human egotism, and to increase the sum of literary enjoyment, may flow from a woman's pen, without requiring the sacrifice of

that time and attention, which belong, by the finest law of nature, to her better duties of wife and mother!

The Library of the Institute owes its foundation, as does the whole establishment, to a learned and noble Bolognese youth, *Eustacio Manfredi*. One of its principal patrons and contributors was the Count Marsigli, who, with the assistance of the Senate, placed its collection (1714) in the building it now occupies, which was once the ancient palace of Cellesi, and is still decorated with the fine frescoes of Pellegrino Tibaldi, called the "*Michael-Angelo reformato.*"*

The Gallery of the Institute is said to be one of the smallest, but one of the most excellent and best-arranged in Italy. Bologna, though the birth-place of the Caracci, of Guido, of Albano, and Domenichino, and the domicile of the two most celebrated schools, ancient and modern—(the Scuola di Lombardia, and the Clementina)—Bologna, whose very air appears to have been favourable to the art, had yet no public gallery for the collection and preservation of her chefs-d'œuvre. Annibal Caracci might have worked for the Grand Inquisitor at St. Domi-

* Posterity is perpetually repealing the decisions of contemporary criticism passed on eminent geniuses. Tibaldi, though patronized by sovereigns, employed as an ambassador, and ennobled by a marquisate, would be now forgotten, but for his imitations of Michael Angelo, whose style he was said to *reform*.

nick's, or Guido laboured for the Monks of the Certosa; but when they had completed their splendid compositions, they saw them destined to hang and moulder on the walls of a damp church or the cloisters of a convent, or to be placed out of sight, in the gloom of a votive chapel, faintly illuminated with "the dim religious light" emitted through the little panes of a Gothic casement. There was indeed a small collection of the works of the ancient masters given to the establishment of the Institute, by *Signore Zambeccari;* but the first attempt at a NATIONAL GALLERY of painting was effected under the French; who, though they carried off much of what was best, restored and left many valuable pictures belonging to the churches and convents. Since the Restoration, the Conqueror's spoils have been returned, and (united to what remained) now form that gallery, which, for its size*, is supposed to contain fewer

* To prize the arts sufficiently to preserve their chefs-d'œuvre, is a passion, in the French, wholly revolutionary. Horace Walpole, in his account of Paris in 1771, though he saw every thing there *en beau*, makes the following observation :—

"My grief is to see the ruinous condition of the palaces and pictures. I was yesterday at the Louvre. Le Brun's noble gallery, where the Battles of Alexander are, and where he designed the ceiling, and even the shutters, bolts, and locks, is in a worse condition than the old gallery at Somerset-house. It *rains in upon the pictures*, though there are stores of much more valuable pieces than those of Le Brun. Heaps of glorious works, by Raphael

bad and more good pictures than any collection in Italy.

The *anti-room* of the gallery literally represents the vestibule of the arts; and their progress and history are graphically traced, both to the eye and imagination, in a chronological series,—from the attenuated forms, stiff joints, and sad countenances, of the Cimabues, the Giottos, and the Masaccios—to the full-blown beauty, the moral animation, and magnificent stature of the Raphaels, Caracci, and Domenichinos.

Even the *frames* of these pictures are objects of curiosity; for many of them are not only coeval with the works they enshrine, but are designed, carved, and gilt by the artists themselves. The energy and ingenuity of those times, well termed '*gloriosamente feroci,*' lent themselves to every thing. Those frames, which have a charac-

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and all the great masters, are piled up, and equally neglected, at Versailles. Their *care* is no less destructive, in private houses: the Duke of Orleans's pictures, and the Prince of Monaco's, have been cleaned, and varnished so thick, that you may see your face in them: some of them have been transported from board to cloth, bit by bit, and the seams filled up with colour *." Of the noble series of paintings by Le Sœur (the life of Saint Bruno, in the Chartreuse of Paris, he says: "These poor folks (the monks) do not know the inestimable treasures they possess; but they are perishing, these pictures, and one gazes at them as at a setting-sun †."

* Correspondence of the Hon. Horace Walpole, vol. iii. p. 387.
† Ibid. vol. iii. p. 379.

ter of Gothic architecture, and divide the picture into compartments, are called *cancelli*, and are executed with much laborious workmanship, resembling shrines. Some were said to be executed by the brothers VIVARINI, who, in the year 1451, were employed by the rich monks of the Certosa, near Bologna, to paint some pictures, which they did with such faithful minuteness, that every hair is distinctly drawn, and every eye-lash discernible.

That liberty, so constantly denied to the press in Italy, seems never to have been withheld from the pencil; and artists long continued to paint the *satires*, which authors dared not to write. Of this there are many remarkable instances in the older pictures. In the anti-room to the gallery of the Institute, there is a representation of Hell, after the manner of Dante's Inferno, in which the then reigning *Pope* is placed most conspicuously; and the vindictiveness of the poet is very evidently illustrated by the sympathy of the painter, who was, I believe, his own friend Giotto. Near this curious production stands Giotto's famous Saint Paul; which, though painted in the latter end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, retains all its vividness of colouring. The usual "dryness"* of his style seems, in the head of his favourite Saint, to yield to some

* In the language of virtù, "LA MANIERA SECCA."

sudden burst of inspiration; for to the countenance of St. Paul he has given an expression the most noble, contrary to the historic description of that Apostle.

There are also, in this chamber, some fine heads of Fra Francesco Francia, and a curious group of saints by old Perugino, Raphael's master; among which the angel Michael is conspicuous, by his full suit of armour, and wings springing from his coat of mail. The unripened judgment, the bad taste, the profound ignorance, of the early painters of Italy, all tend to prove the force of that genius, which broke forth through every impediment, and triumphed over every obstacle; and which still fixes the gaze of posterity, in spite of its faults; leaving polished mediocrity, free alike from blemish and from beauty, to neglect and oblivion.*

Forty of the best pictures at Bologna were taken to France. On the Restoration, all of

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* The Italian masters are not, however, accountable for all the bad taste attributed to their composition; nor for the ludicrous anachronisms which their combinations exhibit. The *Mæcenas* who bespoke the picture, not only dictated the subject, but drove a hard bargain to get in some extra martyr, or tutelar saint; and frequently contrived to squeeze his own head, or his wife's, or his friend's, into the corner of the picture besides. Thus John Galeas Visconti is pourtrayed in a fine picture, at the Certosa of Pavia, making a fourth with the Trinity; and Pope Julius the Second wanted to pop his own head under every

these, which hung in the Louvre for public inspection and study, were returned to Bologna; but others of great value, which decorated the walls of the apartments at the Tuileries, in which the King of France now lodges, were *not restored;* because the Allies agreed to consider it indelicate to meddle with any thing in the *King's private rooms.* The Bolognese tell this anecdote with great bitterness of spirit.

The principal riches of the Gallery consist in the masterpieces of the school of the Caracci, and in the St. Cecilia of Raphael, which is said to have formed that school; having been the perpetual study and inspiration of the Caracci, as it had been the death of Francia.* This miracle of the art, which produced such wondrous effects, in days so favourable to every species of enthusiasm, hung up for ages in the votive chapel of the *Bentivoglios*, in the old church of *San Giovanni in Monte*, at Bologna; and it was drawn, with other pictures of almost equal price and beauty, from the dim lights and destructive damps of its

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Saint's glory designed by Raphael. If in the Saint Cecilia of that great master, a noble Roman lady is associated with Saint Paul and Saint John, it is probable that the canons of *St. Giovanni in Monte* bespoke the additional figures, to get the worth of their money.

* Fra Francesco Francia, as it is reported in pictorial biography, died with envy on seeing the St. Cecilia of Raphael; but the legend is now doubted, or indeed disproved.

original site, upon the confiscation of the church. Among these was the precious ROSARIO of DOMENICHINO.

Volumes have been written upon the SAINT CECILIA of RAPHAEL. It has almost exhausted the pedantry and affectation of Winkleman, who so well belonged to that age of mediocrity, to which he dictated; and it has called forth all the critical dogmatism of Cochin. Happy are they who have never read either; and who, unprepared, unprejudiced, unlearned, and almost ignorant of the existence of such a picture, come accidentally before it, to see nothing but what the painter has created—such representations of humanity, such faces and such forms, as awaken the most delicious sympathies! • •

The "*Rosario*" of Domenichino is a picture of double composition. The upper part contains the mystery of the Rosary, invented by St. Dominick; the lower part is the old story of martyrdom. In one corner, a fierce but splendid-looking ruffian, is stabbing a fair young saint to the heart. Two other victims, as young and as lovely, are trampled to death by a furious horse, mounted by a more furious rider: at a little distance kneels a Pope in prayer. Above all sits enthroned our Lady of the Rosary, with her heavenly Son, both showering flowers on the head of that patron of *blood* and *roses*, Saint Dominick, who stands near them, atrociously sublime! The Church moral of

the picture, we were told, was, that the martyr and the assassin were alike received to heaven, by a due repetition of the rosary, and the intercession of St. Dominick. The policy of the Church was then (and ever will be, wherever it is made an engine of state,) to enforce a conviction of its own power, by all the means within its grasp; and for this purpose to substitute forms and rites for those substantive virtues, which require no priestly interference.

THE "Murder of the Innocents" (in itself a horrible story) forms a subject which has frequently exercised the epic pencil of those great Italian masters, who may be considered as the legitimate successors of Dante; (for, in adopting the pencil, the genius of the nation had only assumed a new direction). The magnificent picture bearing this title in the Bolognese gallery, is by Guido, and well belonged to the convent of St. Dominick, whose monks bespoke it for a private chapel. There is in this sublime composition so much to melt and to horrify, that it is often left and often returned to. Maternal agony is here too faithfully depicted to be long contemplated. There is one mother in whose wild countenance hope is still seen beaming through despair: she is escaping with her infant, when she is seized by the long and beautiful hair, and dragged back with a violence that seems almost to force her strained and blood-shot eyes from

their sockets. The soldier who arrests her flight, acting according to orders, plunges his sword in her child's heart. But the young and beautiful woman, whose first-born lies dead, and smeared with its own innocent blood, at her feet, is the leading figure of the picture:—her cup of grief is filled to the brim; there is in her fine fixed eye the steady and intense gaze of woe, deepening into madness. This was not "Rachel weeping for her children;" for the sorrow that weeps is soothed!

There are six other great pictures of Guido's in this collection; and his own portrait by Simone da Pesaro, a splendid countenance, which, though he was old when it was done, exhibits all the genius discernible in his works.—What a race did the free States of Italy leave behind them! what noble countenances! what splendid forms! There are still fine heads in Italy; but nothing comparable to this! nothing comparable to the head * seen in the corner of a picture of the Madonna by Innocenza da Imola, in the same collection! nothing like Raphael's two Bolognese Lawyers at Rome †! like his own head! or that of his friend Bindo Altoviti, by Cellini! Energies developed,

* Supposed to be a portrait of the person who bespoke the picture.

† Baldo and Bartolo. The picture alluded to is in the Doria Palace.

passions awakened, views ennobled by their objects, imaginations heated and exercised—these are the true sources of beauty; sources soon dried up under the influence of unlimited power. A century of unmixed despotism deteriorates the handsomest race; sloth and luxury decompose the physiognomy of the upper classes, and ignorance reduces the features of the lower ranks to a common level of un-idea'd animality.

The other great pictures of this interesting collection are by Annibal and Ludovico Caracci. There are but three of Agostino Caracci's, which are indeed few, considering that Bologna was his native city *.

The CERTOSA and its singular cemetery, at a little distance from the city, are objects of great curiosity. Wherever the self-denying Carthusian monks settled, they brought health and magnificence in their train; and the most sumptuous of the arts invariably accompanied the followers of St. Bruno, who founded his rigid order in

* In the Gallery of the Institute, we frequently found the young and interesting artist Signora *Carlotta Gargalli*, the Elisabetta Sirani of the day. She was then occupied in copying the St. Cecilia of Raphael. Among the most interesting *Studios* which we visited at Bologna was that of Signore *Rosaspini*, one of the finest engravers in Italy. We found him occupied on a very valuable work—The Gallery of the Institute, in a series of engravings. Some of the numbers have already reached England.

rocky deserts, and died in the solitary wilds of Calabria.

The Certosa, or Chartreuse, of Bologna, almost rivalled the abbey of the Carthusians of Pavia. Its vast cloisters present a labyrinth of gloom and chilliness. Though suppressed at the period of the Revolution, and despoiled of many of its finest pictures, it derives considerable interest from the circumstance of its having been made the depository of all the old monuments, relics, statues, &c. displaced, or thrown down, in the first tumultuous fermentation of that changeful event; and it is still visited as a sort of cabinet of ecclesiastical antiquities. Some of the *properties* of the church preserved here, though most theatrically conceived, are most terrifically executed. The tomb of our Saviour, apparently of hewn stone, contains a huge and grim figure, larger than life, wrapped in a real cloth stained with blood;—and there is in one of the cloisters a gigantic black staring Madonna with glass eyes, that might scare even the devotion of a *religieux* of the Sandwish Isles. The cemetery contains a series of handsome monuments, ancient and modern; but the inscriptions and ornaments remind one too forcibly of the cemetery of Père La Chaise, at Paris, that epitome of all false feeling and bad taste, where mourners from the Rue St. Denis go to drop periodical tears; and sentimentalists from the Place Vendôme drive hard bar-

gains with the sepulchral gardener, for flowers to deck the tombs of those friends, whose loss is mourned in epigrams*, and whose virtues are recorded in riddles.

The PALACES in Bologna are numerous, and, though old, they are distinguishable for their excellent preservation, for their inhabited look, and in some instances, for their elegance, freshness, and accommodation. The residence of the HERCOLANI family is pre-eminently so; and its saloons, in taste and arrangement, are strictly Parisian. But, of all its palaces, Bologna was once proudest of the PALAZZO SAMPIERI, whose very walls and ceilings were painted by the immortal Caracci and their disciples; and whose superb collection of pictures (the finest private collection in Upper Italy) now forms the most striking feature of the Brera Gallery at Milan. The sumptuous habits and princely expenditure of the immediate ancestors of the present Marchese Sampieri, obliged him†, while a minor, to yield to the instances of

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* On the monument erected there to the late *Monsieur S**** by his widow, is the following inscription :—

"*Il attend son amie.*"

To this some *mauvais plaisant* added in pencil—"*Qu'il attende;*" which he subscribed with the initials of Mad. S.'s name, to mark still plainer his meaning.

† We have to acknowledge the hospitable intentions of the Marquis Sampieri in our favour on our second visit to Bologna, and to regret the circumstances that prevented our profiting by them. During our first residence there, both he and the Mar-

his guardians, and for the best purposes to dispose of this valuable gallery.

The Palaces Fantuzzi, Ranuzzi, Zambacari, Lambertini, and many others, have each their several points of distinction—some are remarkable for their fine façades, some for their beautiful staircases, and all for their vast collection of pictures (including originals or copies of all the great masters, but principally of the Bolognese school). If some of these venerable edifices had the true Italian palace-aspect of dreariness and neglect—yet none deserved the odium thrown upon them by Lalande, of being "*quatre murailles couvertes d'une infinité de tableaux*."

The villas scattered along the swellings of the Apennines, or through the rich plain which gives the epithet of "*grassa*" to the capital, are the favourite residences of the Bolognese; and their prolonged *villeggiatura* resembles more the country life of the English gentry, than the hurried snatches of rural enjoyment usually taken by the Italians. It was from this circumstance that we were told we had chosen an unpropitious season for visiting Bologna; a fact, however, that we rather knew than felt: for, in a social point of view, we missed nothing but the power of expressing how deeply we were sensible of the

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chioness were enjoying the distinction deservedly paid to them in England by its first and most fastidious circles.

kindness lavished on us, and how truly we appreciated the worth and the talents of the circle, by whom we were so hospitably received, and so flatteringly detained*.

The Revolution, which had become European, found Bologna more ripe for change, and ready for amelioration, than any other Italian State. Though its independence was gone, and the republic had merged into the general dominions of the Pope, the shadow of its ancient liberty was preserved in forms, and perhaps still more in the habits of the people. Like its own mineral, Bologna continued to emit the light it had once taken in, long after the sources of illumination were cut off; and the lustre of its primitive freedom rendered more visible the darkness of modern subjection. Always the focus of what-

* I mention it as a proof of the falsity of the aspersions thrown out against Italian inhospitality, that, though our residence in Bologna was very short, we were invited to some sumptuous dinners; and that the circles of the Countess Anna Sampieri (Popoli), Signore Degli Antonj, Madame Martinetti, and others, were constantly open to us—while every facility was afforded us of seeing what was best deserving of attention; and that in no one instance were we left to the trite and common-place information of a valet-de-place. A celebrated modern French pilgrim went "to Jerusalem in search of *pleasant sensations*:"—I should say, to judge by my own experience, it would not be necessary to travel further than Bologna. English travellers, however, who travel as they eat, *par la carte*, simply pass through Bologna on their way to the great cities.

ever science and philosophy were permitted to flourish in Italy, this city had long been weary of the incubus of bigotry, brought down upon it by its connexion with Rome, and by its fatal Inquisition; and though there were many things in the conduct of the French invasion, which the national pride could ill brook, yet the general result was favourable to the wishes of the people; and their feelings towards the conqueror abundantly prove that it was so.

The government of Bologna under the Popes was bounded by constitutional laws, the maintenance of which was the condition of that Republic's submission to the papal authority.

The judges were appointed by the sovereign; but civil causes were tried according to a local code, called "*Statuto di Bologna.*" The taxes were laid by the Senate, with the consent of the Pope. This Senate consisted of forty nobles, appointed originally by the Court of Rome, from amongst the most ancient patrician families of the province. The seats were hereditary in these families, subject at each succession to the approval of the Pope. The Senate maintained an ambassador at Rome, as from an independent State.

The decrees of the Senate were executed by the GONFALONIERE, who was its president. The Gonfaloniere was assisted by a private council, composed of seven nobles and a lawyer.

All the internal economy and private interests of the province were within the competence of the Senate; and it had the disposition of the public revenue, and the payment of public functionaries.

There was also another public body, called "*Magistrato della Plebe*," composed of citizens, proprietors, merchants, and artists, one noble, and one lawyer, under the presidence of a Senator. The business of this court extended to the police of grain, provisions, and of health. Its proceedings were subject to the sanction of the Gonfaloniere, and of the Legate.

The Gonfaloniere lodged in the palace, as well as the Legate; and, like the Legate, he was guarded by a portion of the Swiss guards, as well as by his own militia. The city had the privilege of coining its money; upon which the municipal motto of "Libertas" continued to be impressed.

The revenues, under this system, consisted in taxes upon articles of the first necessity, in the monopoly of salt and tobacco, and in provincial lands. The revenue derived from the customs was assigned especially for the expenses of a canal, and for the purposes of public education; and it was administered by a certain number of doctors of law and medicine, under the appellation of "*Congregazione di Gabella.*" In like manner the public works carried on for regulating

the course of the rivers, and conducting the immense mass of waters, which, on the melting of the snow in the mountains, hurries forward to the sea, was not within the competence of the Senate. This operation, both in Bologna and in the other two provinces of Ferrara and Romagna, was under the inspection of a "*delegato*" appointed by the Sovereign. A tax *ad hoc*, laid upon the lands interested in the process, paid the expenses occurring, together with the interest of about ten millions of francs, borrowed for the same purposes on former occasions.

On the 19th of June, 1796, the city and province were occupied by the French troops. On that day the papal government ceased. The commander-in-chief of the French army placed the Senate at the head of affairs; thirty citizens being added to that body, to render it a more popular assembly. The financial system, however, remained unchanged; but the necessities of the campaign occasioned forced loans, contributions, and other heavy and expensive military demands. Such were, a loan of about four million francs; the seizure of the public exchequer, and of other national property, amounting to another million and a half; together with a private loss of two millions and a half of property, pledged by individuals to the "*Monti*" of the city, which were seized by the French army.

On the 2d of June, 1797, this government was

suppressed, and another erected, under the title of "Cispadane Republic," comprising Bologna, and all the provinces occupied by the French on the right side of the Po. Under these circumstances the province received the name of the "Dipartimento del Reno;" and Bologna became the seat of government.

On the 29th of July, in the same year, the territory of this Republic was aggregated to that of the Cisalpine Republic; when, the seat of government being fixed at Milan, Bologna retained only a departmental municipality, composed of seven individuals. The finance, and the administration of justice, were assimilated with those of the capital. In September 1797, for the first time, was imposed a direct taxation on land and buildings, which, under various degrees of severity, has continued to subsist to the present day. In the month of December commenced the sale of public property, derived from the suppression of ecclesiastical and lay corporations.

On the 30th of June, 1799, Bologna was occupied by the Austro-Russian army, and the province remained under the dominion of the house of Austria for about a year. A Regency of six nobles and a lawyer, held the reins of public administration, under the direction of an Imperial commissary, and in subordination to the Aulic Council, and the Imperial prime-minister. The

finance underwent some slight changes, with a view to returning to the old system. The sale of national property was suspended. The taxes were somewhat diminished, though less than they would have been, had there not arisen a scarcity of corn, which was remedied by importations from abroad, at the public expense. The maintenance of the Austrian army entered also as a heavy item in the public accounts of this period.

On the 28th of June, 1800, the French occupied Bologna, and it again became a part of the Cisalpine Republic. The former government was immediately restored, with the addition of a commissary from the capital, in each department, appointed by order of the executive. The sale of national property recommenced; but extraordinary impositions ceased to be either so frequent or so burdensome as heretofore. Upon the election of Bonaparte to be First Consul of the Italian Republic, Bologna followed the fortunes of the *ci-devant* Cisalpine Republic. The departmental administration remained unchanged; but an additional council was created to provide for local contingencies, and to levy a local tax for the expenses these might occasion. The deliberations of this body were subject to the approbation of the prefect. By this change of government, the debt of the province (being thirty-two millions) became national.

On the 8th of June, 1805, Napoleon being declared King of Italy, the departmental administrations and councils ceased; and the fiscal arrangements of the province became absorbed in those of the kingdom at large. The arrival of Napoleon at Bologna was followed by some acts of regal munificence. The debt contracted by the commissioners for securing the course of the rivers, was added to the national debt. At the same time the immediate completion of the works on the new line of bed for the emptying the Reno into the Po, was ordered, and the expense directed to be charged on the public treasury. A public garden and walk were likewise commanded at Bologna, and funds were assigned for its construction and maintenance; and a property of one hundred and fifty thousand francs was also granted for the enlargement of the Museum, and other establishments of the University. The internal economy of the department, under this regime, was the same as in all the other departments of the empire and kingdom.

On the 18th of January, 1814, the Austro-Neapolitan army entered Bologna, and Murat, as a member of the European alliance, administered the public affairs up to the 7th of May; when, the Neapolitan troops having retired, the Emperor of Austria imposed a government *ad interim*, which continued till the 18th of July, 1815, with the exception of fourteen days, during which

Murat (again united with Napoleon) held the city, on his short-lived expedition against the Austrians.

On the 18th of August, 1814, a commission of government was appointed, consisting of a president (a foreigner named by the Austrian court), of three principal counsellors, and three adjunct counsellors, taken from the provinces, which were thus administered. The Austrian governor took the lead in all civil, judicial, and military affairs, and even in those matters which were within the competence of the commissioners. But the laws of the late Kingdom of Italy still remained in vigour.

From the 2nd to the 16th of April, 1815, the Austrians having retired before the invasion of Murat, Bologna once more came into his possession. There Murat fixed his head-quarters; and the independence of Italy being his avowed object, some commencement was made towards a change of government.* A commissary-general

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* On the retreat of the Austrians, the youth of Bologna, to the number of 300 or 400, offered their services to Murat. All the poetical genius of the town was put into requisition: hymns to liberty, and odes to independence, were, with incredible rapidity, written, composed, and learned by the performers, to sing after the opera. The whole orchestra came on the stage, the actors sang, and the audience repeated the choruses. The old nobility in the mean time kept quiet; the priests trembled. The middle classes, and the youth of all ranks, alone took an interest

was appointed for all the provinces occupied by Murat's troops; but the forms of administration, and the systems of finance, remained unaltered. A total want of principles and of intelligence among the parties destined to work this change, and put the new machine into activity, produced a general confusion, and banished good order from the administration of every department. These ill consequences were still further increased by the precipitate conduct of the chiefs commanding the Neapolitan armed force; who, in the urgency of military necessities, and of their unfortunate position, commanded and counter-ordered, and were in perpetual contradiction with each other and with themselves. A multitude of requisitions, and a small forced loan to make good the extraordinary expenses of military preparation, contributed to exhaust, to harass, and distress the city and province, and were productive of much evil. On the return of the Austrians, the government (thus momentarily suspended) renewed its functions until the 18th of July, when the governor-general Steffanini, by virtue of the treaty of the allied powers, placed the papal government in possession of the three Legations,

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in the passing scene; but there were no arms, and before they could be obtained, Murat was beaten. It was, however, the wisdom of the Papal government to overlook this movement. Where there are too many to punish, it is madness not to forgive all.

which ceremony took place in the city of Bologna.

It is a singular circumstance, and it tells forcibly in favour of the French *regime*, and of the natural genius and activity of the Bolognese people, that notwithstanding the frequent vicissitudes which these provinces have undergone, notwithstanding the variety and long continuance of military occupation, and the magnitude of the contributions paid, there is no part of Italy in higher cultivation, more prosperous in its external appearance, more comfortable in its buildings, or more replete with a well-dressed, well-fed population. Much of this prosperity must be attributed to the enterprising character of the French government, and to the difference between the stirring, bustling tyranny of its military chiefs, and that lethargic, benumbing despotism, which, under Austrian and Papal governments, opposes every developement of the intellectual and physical faculties of the subject, and does its best to convert a paradise into a desert.* But perhaps still more must be attributed to the nature of the population itself, which, in spite of every resistance, preserves the shattered remains of ancient liberties, and the more valuable inheritance of a freeman's habits, and a freeman's virtues.

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* The notion of social order which these governments seem to entertain, recalls, at every turn, the well-known citation from Tacitus, "ubi solitudinem faciunt, *pacem* appellant."

The prosperity which this part of the Pope's dominions had enjoyed (so much greater than any other of his provinces) under the *concordat* made between the city and Pope Nicholas the Fifth, in the year 1447—the sanction of that Pope's invocation of the wrath of God, St. Peter, and St. Paul,* against all infraction of this treaty—the successive authority of twenty-seven Popes, each of them observers of its stipulations—the general spirit of re-establishment and restoration, which occasioned the re-cession of these provinces to their former masters—all conspired to indicate the *status quo ante revolutionem* as the condition of the new occupation. Reason, justice, religion, and the professions and self-bound promises of the new lords of the ascendant, were all favour-

* Nulli ergo (says Pope Nicholas) omnino hominum liceat hanc paginam nostræ confirmationis et communitionis infringere, vel ei ausu temerario contraire. Si quis autem hoc attentare præsumpserit, indignationem Omnipotentis Dei, et beatorum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli ejus, se noverit incursurum. (Charter of Pope Nicholas V.) "The *Wrath of God, St. Peter, and St. Paul,*" seems to have very little influence with the "high contracting powers" of modern times. Notwithstanding the prevalent hypocrisy of the day, if we may judge of men's opinions by their actions, Atheism is more prevalent in cabinets, than among pamphleteers. Since no other deduction can be drawn from the abuse habitually made of the most sacred names to cover deeds the most unholy, than that the parties so abusing them, consider religion as intended only for the people, and as perfectly unbinding upon their rulers.

able to the liberties of the Bolognese; but hypocrisy, selfishness, and the hatred and dread of public liberty, prevailed; and the three Legations were taken by the Pope, as the conquest of his own sword; the high and mighty dividers of the sheepfold of Europe, the dealers in souls and half souls, the small change for the bullion of Napoleon's gigantic despotism, approving the usurpations of the holy father, as a grace and a varnish to their own cuttings and appropriations in Saxony, in Poland, in Lombardy, in Genoa, and wherever else there was territory to appropriate, or humanity to tread under foot. "By force of a Papal rescript, dated the sixth of July 1816, were abolished, the magistracy *degli anziani*, that of the tribunes of the people, the tribunal of the Rota, the corporation of the arts, the colleges of medicine, philosophy, of civil and canon law, of the advocates, the notaries, and even of theology. The national force was disarmed; all the ancient faculties, and the government of the militia, the administration of tribunals, of studies, of the institute, of the sciences, the right of choosing professors and public officers, and the right of coining money, were cancelled and annulled*." By

* Taken from a MS. memorial, entitled "Quesito se vi sia fondamento per chiedere alla santità di N. S. Papa Pio VII. felicemente regnante, la restituzione dei deritti de' quali il Senato ed il Popolo Bolognese erano in possesso, prima della funesta rivoluzione operata da' Francese, &c. &c. Da Vincenzo Berni

this act of violence "*di Roma che minaccia lo sdegno di Dio senza temerlo,*"* Bologna is reduced to the same state of servitude as the other provinces; and is subject to the laws of the general sovereignty; with the sole exception of placing the titles and costume of the magistracy of the city, upon a footing of equality with those of Rome. This body is now composed of seven individuals, the chief of whom is called the senator, the others conservators. The senator enjoys the same privileges as his namesake at Rome. The *consiglio communativo* consists of forty-eight persons, half nobles and half citizens.

In the other communes (for that territorial division is still preserved) the municipal arrangements of the Kingdom of Italy remain unchanged; and the Cardinal Legate, in power and functions, very closely resembles the ex-prefects of departments.

The fiscal arrangements continue likewise the same, except in as far as concerns the maintenance of roads, and of waterworks. For the latter, the State pays a fixed proportion, and the parties interested the remainder. The roads are supported by local taxation. A proportion of the

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degli Antonj, Avocato persuaso di avere trattato più assai la causa della Sta. Sede, che quella del Senato e del Popolo Bolognese."

* "Of Rome, which menaces with the anger of God, but does not fear it."

" *Monte Napoleon*," or public debt of the Kingdom of Italy, remains charged on the Papal treasury. There have, however, been subsequently a few slight variations in fiscal matters, attended with a trifling diminution of taxation.

It is gratifying to be able to add, that the Papal government has gained little by the subversion of the Bolognese privileges. The liberties of which the people are *de jure* deprived, are *de facto* less violently invaded: for the government has been obliged so far to defer to public opinion, as to send legates of known liberality to Bologna. The memory of the late Cardinal Lante stands high in public estimation, for his general good conduct in this office. On the other hand, so wholesome is the dread in which the holy father lives of his enslaved subjects, that many of the Bolognese students resident in Rome, were obliged, during the winter of 1820, when the writer of these pages was a resident there, to exhibit themselves every third day to the *police*—an act of despotism, at which the spirited youth of that still republican city were justly indignant.

It is among the many proofs of the merits of the social state of the Bolognese, and of the influence which *public opinion* exercises even on the loftiest despots, that Bologna has always obtained a certain sentiment of deference, real or affected, from her foreign masters. The Popes have styled her " *dilettissima, fedelissima, e magnanima città;*"

and Bonaparte, who in all his public addresses termed her "*la mia cara città di Bologna*," continually wore, during his short residences there, that rare and conciliating smile, so frequently and capriciously withdrawn from his royal capital of Milan.

The Bolognese, always characterized by the Italians as being "*franchi e giocondi*," have added, since the Revolution, to these amiable qualifications a certain *à plomb*, which is the result of their improved system of education for both sexes. The total overthrow of monastic institutions obliged parents to educate their children at home, or to send them to the liberal schools newly established, which were calculated to prepare the males for the universities, and then for the world; and the females for those domestic duties, once so little known in Italy. The abolition of vain distinctions, which served only to separate and distract, was more willingly submitted to in Bologna than in any other city of the Peninsula; and the permanent effects of this change are more graciously visible in the actual position of society, in which birth forms no ground of exclusion against those who can produce credentials of talent and education. It was in the private circles of Bologna that we were introduced to Mezzofante, and to the Ex-Professor Costa *, a gentle-

* Professor Costa, distinguished by his talent for developing the mind of his pupils, possesses, in an eminent degree, that

man whose depth of erudition, united to a simple and antique exterior, and a playful imagination, recalled the society of some few and superior spirits, whom the happiest incidents that wait upon a stranger's wanderings, have given to our acquaintance and esteem.*

In Bologna, the unmarried youth of both sexes are admitted into the circles of their parents (a custom nowhere else subsisting in Italy); and they add that charm to social life, which youth brings with it, wherever it sheds its lustre or lends its spirit. The students of the liberal professions, in particular, are interesting, from the contrast of their frank, unaffected manners and enlightened intellects, with the remnants of antique systems and antique forms to which they are opposed.

With all this tendency in the rising generation of Bologna to the acquirement of useful knowledge and liberal principles, the press is less free

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clear and intuitive perception, not less useful in conveying instruction, than in discovering new truths; and he has no need of "the pomp and circumstance" of his profession to captivate the attention of his disciples, or to insure the respect of society.

* Bonstetten and Dumont (the philosophical editor of Jer. Bentham) of Geneva, La Croix (the mathematician), De Tracy (the Locke of France), Delfico (the enlightened idiologist) of Naples, and the lamented Professor Playfair, of Edinburgh, naturally rise in the memory of those who boast the happiness of having known them, whenever the idea of genius united to simplicity presents itself to the imagination.

than in any State not under the Papal jurisdiction *. It is there, as in Rome, shackled by *Sacerdotal Censurers;* and the interdictions of that black volume, the *Pope's Index*, are in full force. Even foreign newspapers enter with great difficulty; and persecutions have been instituted upon subjects apparently the least susceptible of awakening the vigilance and wrath of Mother Church†; while the pulpit is armed against the liberality of an age which the preachers are ordered to stigmatize as *philosophical.*‡

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* Rasori's admirable translation of Darwin is prohibited at Bologna, and Montesquieu is under the ban of the Church, because he has somewhere praised our poet Pope, who, in consequence of his doctrine of "whatever is, is best," is termed "*il gran nemico della Chiesa Cattolica.*"

† The Abate Ignatio Molina, an Ex-Jesuit, and native of Spanish America, although elected to be a member of the Institute, under the French government, on the simple recommendation of his talents, was dismissed by the present government, because he had asserted, in some of his works, that plants were sensitive. Notwithstanding this severe censureship, the works of Locke, Montesquieu, and Tracy, are as well known to the youth of Bologna, as of Paris; for though not permitted to be sold, they are always to be had.

‡ While at Bologna, we were taken to hear the celebrated preacher, the *Canonico****—and his sermon, both for its manner and matter, was extremely curious. Like all the Italian preachers, he had a *conventional* style and gesticulation: he commenced each phrase with a sort of whining chant—then suddenly dropping his declamatory tone, he adopted a familiar gossiping manner, the most humorous and effective that can be imagined,

The good society of Bologna is made up of whatever is most distinguished among the nobility, professors, bankers, and merchants: even

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alternately twirling his cap, taking it off, or putting it on, or appealing to the Crucifix (which is always affixed to the side of the pulpits in Italy). His subject was "CHARITY:"—"Charity (he said) is the love of your neighbour—I say, (he continued, emphasizing the word) in the homely expression and homely sense of the Scriptures, meaning literally your *neighbour*, whom you should love through *Christ* (the Church), and not in the vague sense of modern Philosophy, which talks of humanity and philanthropy, and such jargon *(questo è gergone,* Cristiani miei)*; but this sort of charity, my dear Christians, means *murder and spoliation*, which is the *true object of Philosophy*. Charity, my dear Christians, is a mantle made not only to cover your own sins, but the sins of your neighbour." Here he paused, and shook a little tin box, on which a Friar went about collecting, and the preacher proceeded: "Charity is silent on a neighbour's frailties. It does not, like Philosophy, attach vices to a class, for the charity of modern Philosophy is to exclaim against Holy Mother Church. With these Philosophers *("i Monachi sono furfanti, i Preti birbanti")* "Monks are rogues, and Priests robbers." Here he fixed his eye on some young men, and at his familiar question of "*Che pensate, Cristiani miei?*" (What think ye, my Christians?) there was a general *titter*. Then putting on his cap, after a long pause, he opened another exordium in the usual nasal whine, which he concluded by saying, "Charity, my Christians, bids you open your mantle wide, so— and close it upon the sinner, so"—(here he most gracefully imitated the act with his own robe); "for the sum of charity is to

* One would almost suppose the *Canonico* wrote for the Quarterly Review, which talks in one of its recent numbers, of the "jargon of humanity."

the Casino, that usually exclusive circle in all Italian cities, is here open to the *cittadini* as to the nobles; and the Cardinal Delegato, who holds an assembly once a week at his palace, has, as yet, made no attempt to restore the ancient system of disqualification for courts and drawing-rooms, to all who could not rest their claims upon pedigrees.

Music appeared to us to be cultivated with zeal and with success. It was in the amateur musical parties of the beautiful Signora Martinetti that we had the pleasure of hearing the celebrated *Crescentini* sing his own exquisite compositions; and the *Liceo Filarmonico* of Bologna boasts of producing the most popular composer of this, or perhaps any other age, Rossini.

Bologna, subdued by force as she now is, has enjoyed all the distinction which might have made the glory of a greater State and more extended dominion. Renowned for her ancient love of independence, and struggles to maintain it!—for the comparative liberality of her government, whatever name or form it assumed!—for the immortal school which produced her Caracci,

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GIVE and to FORGIVE."—Here he again rattled his box, and his coadjutor once more resumed his office, and collected from the congregation. He preached, as they all do in Italy, extempore; and, after a short pause, resumed his sermon apparently at the entrance of fresh auditors, who seemed to change every twenty minutes, and to come in, and go out, as a thing of course.

her Guido, and her Domenichino;—for the learning of her university and the amenity and taste of her elegant literati;—and last, and not least, for her lovely women,—she has, in all periods of Italian story, formed a prominent figure; and as she has been the last to suffer the degradation which eventually must fall on the enslaved, so she will be among the foremost to rally, when those destructive despotisms shall fall, whose continuance would amount to a violation of the laws of Nature. When the epoch of Italian deliverance shall arrive, the central position of this city, and the awakened character of its inhabitants, will render it a nucleus of public opinion, and will give to it a decided influence upon the destinies of the Peninsula.

CHAP. XV.

TUSCANY.

Route from Bologna to Florence.—Pietra-Mala.—Monte di Fo. —The Giogo.—Sun-rise in the Apennines.—FLORENCE.—External Aspect.—Architecture.—DUOMO.—Original Portrait of Dante,—of Giotto, &c.—Relics.—Campanile.—Baptistery. —Piazza del Duomo.—Antique Tombs.—The Bigallo.—Piazza di Santa Croce.—CHURCH of the SANTA CROCE.—Tombs of LEONARDO BRUNI, ALFIERI, MACHIAVEL, GALILEO, &c.—Convent of Santa Croce.—SAN LORENZO.—Tombs of the Medici. —Michael Angelo's Statues.—Capella de' Depositi.—Convent. —LAURENTIAN LIBRARY.—MSS. of the Decameron, and of Benvenuto Cellini's Life.—Galileo's Finger.—Portraits.— —Church and Convent of ST. MARIA NOVELLA.—BOCCACE.— —Early Paintings.—Fonderia of the Dominicans.—Church of SANTO SPIRITO.—The ANNUNCIATA.—Procession of the Ass.— Tomb of BENVENUTO CELLINI.—Tombs of the PUCCI.—PIAZZA PUBBLICA.—The Loggia of ORCAGNA.—The Judith of DONATELLO.—The Perseus of BENVENUTO.—The Rape of the Sabines of JOHN OF BOLOGNA.—PALAZZO VECCHIO.—The David of MICHAEL ANGELO, and Hercules of BANDINELLI.—Anecdotes.—The PALAZZO PITTI.—Gallery of Pictures.—Library. —Collection of Music.—The Court and Archducal Family. Casa MEDICI.—Library.—Casa STROZZI.—Della-Cruscan Academy.—ORTI RUCELLAI.—Anecdotes.—Casa CAPPONI.— Anecdotes.—Casa BUONARROTI.—Casa MACHIAVELLI.—Casa GUICCIARDINI.—Villa of BOCCACIO.—Casa ALTOVITI.—Por-

traits of Illustrious Personages.—Palazzo Corsini.—Accademia delle Belle Arti.—Gallery.—The Work-rooms of Private Artists.—Morghen.—Bartolini.—Ricci.

The Apennines rise, a bold and precipitous barrier, between the plains of Lombardy and the Valley of the Arno. These are Nature's own boundaries, and to the aborigines of the plain they must have seemed insurmountable. The enterprise of civilization ever surpasses the force of savage life; and the refined youth of the nineteenth century, "the expectancy and rose of each fair State," daily encounter dangers, and vanquish difficulties, before which the wild son of the forest and of the swamp would have retreated in despair. For timidity is the instinct of ignorance; and it is not till a long experience has taught the mastery of mind over nature, that the confidence is obtained which converts every obstacle into a triumph, and elevates the character at the aspect of opposition.

The ascent among the mountains from Bologna is very fine, full of mental excitement, and bracing alike to the nerves and intellect. Less elevated and less terrific than the Alps, the chain which divides the Bolognese from Tuscany exhibits a more luxuriant beauty; which strongly contrasts with the occasional sterility of its more lofty abrupt masses, and affords alternate images of savage and of civilized nature, of the most striking opposition and picturesque effect.

In the villages through which we passed in our first day's journey (Pianoro, Lojano, and Filigare) there was an appearance of much squalid poverty, unknown in the plains of Bologna. The beggars, most numerous, were all too well versed in the jargon of their trade; and they shewed that mendicity was with them the habit of their existence. Even the children, whose loveliness often approached the laughing infants of Corregio, had a cant of their own, and were all "*Poveri orfanelli senza padre e senza madre.**"

Those who, in Evelyn's quaint phrase, "travel to count steeples," pass without pausing from Bologna to Florence in twenty-four hours; but as much of the finest scenery is lost by travelling after night-fall, and as the road is not absolutely free from danger, more sober tourists are induced to stop at that single, solitary, and wretched inn, which tops one of the loftiest acclivities—the dreary *Locanda* of *Pietra Mala.* But who that ever wrote a romance, or ever read one, would hesitate to encounter the inconveniences of this mountain hut, while its scenery and groupings alike fix the eye and the imagination? This is the place which Mr. Fordyce, in his admirable and much too concise work on Italy, has described, as the scene of a romantic robber story, such as is read with equal pleasure in the nursery and the

* "Poor orphans without father or mother."

study. This too was the site of many feats of arms in more romantic times; and it is still occasionally the haunt of banditti. When our carriage drove up before the rude projecting shed of the inn (where the fowl were nestling which were to be served for our supper,) the sun was still above the horizon, but involved in clouds of crimson flame. The imagery of volcanic desolation was scattered on every side; the stony region of *Monte di Fo**, with its pale blue fires flickering over the rugged surface of its sulphureous bed, lay to the left; on the right rose piles of rocks, in architectural forms, to the very summit of the Giogo, (one of the highest points of the Apennines,) probably the wreck of unrecorded earthquakes! The lesser and broken acclivities of *Scaricalassino* spread, and mingled with evening vapours, into immeasurable distance. The inn is the only visible habitation in this lonely spot, and it is almost as striking within, as the scenery is without. Its dark stone stairs and passages; its cells to sleep, and common hall to eat in; its rude kitchen, with a little forest blazing and hissing on the vast concave hearth (the last image of comfort seen in an Italian inn after the passage of the Apennines,

* At Monte di Fo, an exudation of inflammable gas from the earth occasions the phenomenon from which it takes its name;—an abbreviation of Monte di Foco, the *Mount of Fire*.

those of great cities excepted); the gaunt figures and marked countenances of the attendants—all were *pictures*, and compensated in some degree for the want of more civilized accommodations, which were missing.

The stars were still burning brightly in the clear dark blue heavens, as we ascended the Giogo, on the following morning; but they soon, though gradually,

"Paled their ineffectual fires."

A sort of sapphire light fell like a shower on the eastern summits of the mountains, and ushered in the rising sun, which ascended most gloriously, most awfully, above those mighty elevations, where the sublimest spectacle of Nature is most sublime. Many a salient point of bleached rock sparkled with refracted rays, and hung above the rolling vapours of the vallies beneath, like beacon lights on the ocean's verge; and many a changeful meteoric allusion cheated and charmed the eye; until the full burst of day dispelled every atmospheric mist and cloud, and left distinctly traced and brightly gilt, the forests, turrets, and meandering rivers of the vast and various scenery, which beautifies the descent into the Valley of the Arno.

In hours so fresh as these, in scenes so lovely, and in airs so pure, there is a sort of intoxication in existence, which raises the spirit so far above the sad regions of "low-thoughted care," that

"the ills which flesh is heir to" are as much forgotten as its crimes. Then Nature, tearless and enjoying, conceals her necessitated law of destruction, her inevitable principle of suffering; and all seems good, as in the first morning of creation. But the sun sinks in the heavens, vapours rise from the earth, the spirit sobers, the fancy fades; and Nature, drooping and exhausted, predicts the oft-reiterated truth, which dreams alone can dissipate—that man was made to suffer and to die. In the season and the scene which now, however, presented itself, all was renovation: fact and poetry went hand in hand; and sun-rise on the Apennines recalled the vigorous touch of Shakspeare's pencil, his bold bright image of

—— "Jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain's top."

But nothing brought to our recollections the Titans and Auroras of a French poetical morning *of the old regime;* when Sol always hid his rays, as some "*belle Matineuse,*" some Phyllis "*au visage riant,*" stepped from her hotel in the Fauxbourg St. Germain (where the last of the Phyllises may still be found,)

"Et fit voir une lumière et plus vive et plus belle."

Descriptive poets belong only to free countries, where royal academies cannot put down Nature "*de par le Roi,*" nor royal academicians declare her inspirations "*faux et ignobles.*"

We descended the Apennines by an *échelle* of pending terraces, cut, at if by giant hands, through rocks and over precipices; or amidst vineyards which seemed disposed on purpose to shade and beautify the road. A church, an old building, (a sort of ruin peculiar to Italy called "*Casamento,*") first appear here and there in the descent; then come the red-tiled dwellings of the "*Podere,*" or Tuscan farm: a villa, a ducal palace succeed, (antique and fine, but neglected and in disorder;) till at length the Val d'Arno bursts full upon the gaze in all its loveliness and luxury of scene; the cupolas, spires, and picturesque chimnies of Florence, peering through woods and vales, (where every rood belongs to history, to poetry, and the arts of ancient Etruria, or of modern Tuscany,) and filling the imagination with endless anticipation, till expectation becomes too eager for enjoyment.

As Florence is approached, all the abundance of the soil and clime is poured upon the stranger's eye in panniers of muscatel grapes, of melting autumnal fruits, and of flowers, such as for odour are only to be found in that metropolis of flowers, whose ancient device was a lily in a bed of roses.* The peasantry continue to waylay the traveller

* La città di Firenze nel suo principio ebbe per stemma il giglio bianco in campo di rosa, ma se cambia dopo la cacciata de' Ghibellini.

with these lovely productions of their gardens (of easy purchase), till the gates of Florence are reached; when a swarm of soldiers, police, and custom-house officers, dissipate the delightful emotion, inevitably experienced in approaching the cradle of the arts, of science, and of literature,—the palladium of Italian liberty, where, to the last, despotism was scared by her banner, which Dante's * spirit had risen to inscribe.

If, however, there are places in which spleen against the eternal annoyance of *doganieri* may be long indulged, the Via St. Gallo by which Florence is entered, with its pavement by Arnulfo, and its façades by Raphael and Michael Angelo, is not among the number. So much had been anticipated, so much read and asked, on the topography of Florence, that it seemed, as we drove along, to have been

"Our daily haunt and ancient neighbourhood;"

and we recognised, without the aid of Ciceroni, many of its remarkable edifices, by their positions:—the old monastery of the monks of Vallombrosa; the church and convent of the Dominicans (with some of the jovial brethren romping in the porch as we passed it); the Palazzo Pan-

* During the vain attempt made in 1552, to restore the Republic, green banners were distributed by the Sforzi and others, bearing the line of Dante,

"Libertà vo cercando ch' è si cara."

dolfini; and (turning into the Via Genori) the old palace of the patriotic and illustrious family of that name *, and the noble dwelling of the Geraldi, where Raphael, the ever-welcome guest, so long resided.

In passing through the heart of the city, into the Mercato Nuovo, and the well-recorded and oft-cited Mercato Vecchio, so familiarly mentioned by all the writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the beauty of Florence disappears. There hung the drapery of indigence; and where Machiavelli may have complained of his "*dolorosa sorte*" to his friend Giovanni Vernaccici, or Cellini have threatened his rival, Baccio Bandinelli †, merchandise was exposed on stalls, beneath the ragged dignity of Monmouth-street.

The architecture of Florence is unequal. The models left in the thirteenth century by Arnolfo di Lapo (a disciple of Cimabue), who nearly rebuilt the city, were improved by Brunellesco; but it preserved its Tuscan character of strength, mas-

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* Raised in the fifteenth century.

† Cellini's being tempted to kill Bandinelli in the Piazza di San Dominico, a place quite as public as the Mercato Vecchio, and refraining merely because his opponent trembled and was unarmed, is a fine instance of the generosity and ferociousness mingled in this extraordinary character.

"Allora io represi la virtù, e ringraziai Iddio che per sua vera virtute, non aveva voluto, ch' io facessi un tal disordine."—Vita di Cellini, II. p. 247, Milano.

siveness, and simplicity, even under the plans and superintendence of Michael Angelo and his school. Enthusiast as that great genius was for all that was antique, his taste as an artist yielded to his judgment as a patriot; and, leaving to the Palladios to imitate the Greek façade and portico for the palaces of princes, he raised in his republican city those magnificent domestic fortresses, so necessary to a people defending their liberties even in the very streets, and living, between domestic faction and foreign siege, in a state of perpetual warfare.

This type has been little deviated from at home, and never copied abroad: and the fine old houses, still preserving their strength and massiveness, eloquently tell the story of the land, and are texts which forbid all doubts to disputatious commentators.

SANTA MARIA DEL FIORE, the duomo of Florence, is one of the most interesting and ancient cathedrals in Italy. It was commenced in 1298, by Arnolfo di Lapo, under the direction of his master Cimabue; and the successive genius of a hundred and fifty years went to its completion. Its cupola, a miracle of art for any age, was the admiration, and almost the despair, of Michael Angelo *. It was raised by a native artist, Filippo

* Michael Angelo's words, in speaking of it, were always "Potersi appena imitare, non superare con l'arte"—(That art could scarcely imitate, not rival it.)

Brunellesco. The mosaic pavement of this "time-honoured" edifice is, in part, the design of Buonarroti; and on every side, monuments, inscriptions, sculptures, and paintings, recal all that was most glorious in talent and patriotism, all that was most renowned in arts and literature, during the middle ages of Italy. There the original portraits of DANTE, of GIOTTO, of BRUNELLESCO, of MARSILIO FICINO, taken from the life, are enriched with inscriptions, by the classic pens of POLITIAN, LORENZO DE' MEDICI, of CARLO ARETINO, and SALUTATI; and the finest specimens of the arts, in their progress to perfection, are combined and mingled with the most touching and personal recollections of the artists, preserved in effigies sculptured and eulogized by contemporary genius.

While poetical enthusiasm and antiquarian taste may thus be amply gratified in the hallowed ailes of Santa Maria del Fiore, faith or fanaticism may find exhaustless treasures to confirm a creed, or multiply its visions. The DUOMO of Florence is the very Golgotha of buried sanctity. Besides the ordinary leavings of humanity, it contains the relics of holy Saints; which, says one of its Descriptions, "*vi si adorano**." Here are the whole bodies of the Saints Zanobi and Podio, a thumb of St. John the Baptist, and an

* "Are there adored."

elbow of Saint Andrew the Apostle: a nail of the Cross, and a thorn of the Crown, which, with many other scraps and fragments of holiness, are described eloquently by the Archdeacon MINERBETTI, in his work on the "*Reliquie di tanti Santi;*" which, though long forgotten, will doubtless be now reprinted with notes, as belonging to the select library of the champions of social order; and to that lingering political *relic* of long-buried systems, the *Holy Alliance.*

The Duomo, vast, ancient, and imposing within, is richly cased with marble without. Near to its ponderous mass, but isolated and unparalleled, the *Campanile,* or belfry, raises its elegant and slender form, above all praise, as beyond all description. This gem of architecture, which scarcely belongs to any order, and yet combines the perfection of art, was deemed by the Imperial Charles the Fifth too precious for public exposition, too exquisite for the plebeian admiration of a republican city. He was wont to say, "*it should be preserved in an étui;*" and, in fact, it has the air of a beautiful toy, and looks equally suited to a lady's cabinet, as to the mighty edifice to which it belongs. The CAMPANILE is a tower two-hundred-and-fifty-two Italian feet in height, incrusted with precious marbles, worked into the most beautiful groupings, the perfection of sculpture; and yet this work was produced ere sculpture had a school, or

drawing an academy—when nature gave rules, and patronage lay in the approbation of a free people: for it is the work of GIOTTO, a peasant, who left his herd in the valley of *Vespignano* to labour in the ruder *studio* of CIMABUE, to become the friend of Dante and of Petrarch, and to die in Florence, full of years, of glory, and of wealth; sung by the first of her poets*, and revered by the best of her citizens†. There were then no ducal patrons, to pay and persecute, to bribe and banish, and to trifle away the wealth of a nation in deteriorating the arts—by substituting difficulties for taste, and by preferring the toy scissored by Bandelli, to the Perseus cast by Cellini.

THE BATTISTERIO, close to the Duomo and the Campanile, stands, like them, isolated and unattached to any other building. It is called, *Il Tempio di San Giovanni*, and was once the site or the ruin of a temple of Mars. It is a beautiful thing; but most famed for its gates, which were declared worthy of Paradise by him who, liberal to the works of others, was only severe to his

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* "Credette Cimabue nella pintura
Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido
Si che la fama di colui oscura." DANTE.

† In 1336, the Florentines gave him the privileges of citizenship, which princes then sought in vain, and an annuity of a hundred golden scudi. His funereal honours were such as were only granted to the greatest men.

own. The citizens of the Republic of Florence, so jealous of private luxury, so prodigal of public magnificence, wished to commemorate the cessation of the fatal plague of 1400 by some great work; and lists were opened to the artists of Italy for a design of gates, in bronze, for the temple of St. John, which should surpass those already made by Andrea Pisano, on the designs of Giotto. Contemporary genius started for the goal of emulation, with a glorious impetuosity, which no court intrigue, no party influence, no royal patronage palsied, or struck back. Competition was open, fair, liberal, and spirited; the true source of perfection in every line to which humanity can direct its powers.* Among the candidates were those great chiefs of the art, Brunellesco and Donatello! and yet by these candidates, by these hitherto unrivalled artists, the palm of superiority was generously and justly

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* The Baptistery is entered by three gates of bronze; one, on the designs of Arnolfo di Lapo; another, by Andrea Pisano; and the third and finest, which faces the Duomo, by Lorenzo Ghiberti. The walls of this singular temple, both outside and inside, are incrusted with the sculpture of Sanseverino, Vincenzio Danti, and other eminent sculptors of the day. Two porphyry columns rise before the principal entrance, given in the year 1117 by the Pisans to the Florentines; and an iron chain, suspended from its wall, is a trophy of the conquest of the Florentines over the Pisans, in the year 1362: these were the chains of the Port of Pisa. Such trophies are ungenerous!—but when was conquest generous?

accorded to a youth of scarcely twenty-three years. This youth was Lorenzo Ghiberti, who, in the execution of the "*mezzi rilievi*" of these gates, and of the monument of San Zanobi in the Duomo, remained unequalled in that period, which was well termed "*l'aurei tempi della scultura.*"*

The Duomo, with its superb dependencies, is governed by an host of ecclesiastics, who, in their rich garb "of purple and fine linen," and with the full-fed appearance of men "who fare sumptuously every day," are to be seen sauntering through every street of Florence. These Italian *Canonici*, in their opulent and easy life, resemble the canons of an English cathedral; for between the dignified clergy of the two churches of Rome and Canterbury there is scarcely a shadow of distinction. While, however, the English, "good easy people," look upon this splendid and unchristian pageant of officiating monks in their cathedrals with unenquiring indifference, the Italian Catholics of the present day, awakened to a keen and just sense of every abuse, cry out against the inordinate expense of supporting such anti-evangelical systems; and, unable to remove a grievance protected by all the standing armies in Europe, they render its agents the object of that bitter ridicule, which Italians

* "The golden age of sculpture."

know so well how to dispense.* The canons of Florence appear to have well entitled themselves to the name, generally applied to this order in the hierarchy, of the oxen of the church (" *i Bue della Chiesa*"), for their stupidity has become proverbial, and has passed into a distich, applied to all heavy-paced blockheads who feed well and do little—

> " Ed era tanto bue il pover uomo,
> Che sembiava un Canonico del Duomo."†

The PIAZZE, or public squares, of Italy, are always interesting by their *materiel*, as well as by the historical events of which they were the sites. Those of Florence are particularly so. The PIAZZA DEL DUOMO is a gallery of antiquities, a school of architecture, a chronicle of ancient recollections. The three great monuments that occupy its centre, the Campanile, the

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* The revenues of the Catholic Church in Italy yield a much smaller average income to the priesthood than those of the Established Church of England; but the exterior of religion is more imposing. It is curious to remark, that all that is really good in morals and pious in religion supports itself by its own weight; while it is only " the shoulder-knots" and " laces" of religious systems (to use the language of Swift) that require the bolstering of Holy Alliances and armed missions. The reason is obvious: the one favours the best interests of humanity, the other is openly and manifestly opposed to them.

† " So stupid he might grace a stall
With the Canons o' the Cathedral."

Battisterio, and the column which rises to celebrate the miracle of San Zanobi, together with the façades of the curious old fabrics which surround them, are all studies both for the artist and the philosopher. The private dwellings, few of which have not a window, or a door-case, or a relievo, which may have been the work of a Donatello, or a Girolamo Ticcioti, are well worth observation; even the old sculptured stone benches, once the gossiping-place of the Machiavels and the Guicciardini, are interesting and curious.*

The old building called LA CANONICA METROPOLITANA, the ancient residence of the ca-

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* "A Girolamo del Garbo morì la moglie; e stetti tre o quattro dì come un barbio intronato: di poi è rinvizzolito, e rivuole tor donna; ed ogni sera siamo sul panchino de' Capponi a ragionare di questo spozalizio."

Girolamo del Garbo's wife is dead. For three or four days he was like a fish out of water; since then he has revived, and now is going to take another wife. Every night we sit on Capponi's bench discussing this marriage."—*Lettere familiari di Machiavelli*, p. 39.

When we remember who this Capponi and this Machiavel were, these stone benches acquire an intense interest, as illustrative of the manners of the day. What follows in this letter is beautiful:—after other simple details, Machiavel, recalled to a sense of his misery, excuses this trifling, and breaks forth into a pathetical remark—

> "Però se alcuna volta io rido e canto
> Facciol perchè non ho se non quest' una
> Via da sfogare il mio angoscioso pianto."

nons, is a Gothic fabric; but its walls are incrusted with some fine specimens of antique sculpture by unknown artists. These are not the less interesting for being mentioned by Boccacio, as having ornamented the Battisterio in his time.* The first of these is a sarcophagus, picturing the religious fables of the Romans, to advance the cause of the then reigning Church, as the column of St. Zanobi answered the same purpose in after-times.† It represents the gates of the infernal regions, with Mercury peeping out (the then master of the ceremonies to the dead) with a departed soul in a bag, allusive to the pneumatic theory of souls, and not unlike the wind-bags of Ulysses. Juno and some other deity occupy the lateral compartments. Many symbolic devices and sepulchral ornaments of great beauty, such as are to be seen in the old Italian churches, and such as were used by the Etruscans, fill up the inferior parts of the monument.

The second sarcophagus represents a nuptial sacrifice. It was used for the interment of the family of the Ferrantini, as the first was by the Abati. It was no unusual practice of the early

* Giornata vi. Novella 9.

† The coffin of the Saint having accidentally touched a withered oak, which stood in this square, it sprouted forth a verdant foliage. Mr. Fordyce says that this miracle startled him; for thousands who were present attested its truth!

Christians to avail themselves of the sepulchral pomp of their Gentile predecessors; and to prefer a well-sculptured Mercury to a vilely executed Madonna, the work of orthodox hands.

But more interesting still than the Canonica is the Bigallo, another old fabric in the Piazza del Duomo, once the *loggia* or portico of the old Florentine family of the Adimari, and now the asylum of foundlings and orphans. The façade is curiously painted, in fresco, with the history of St. Peter the Martyr. Within, the walls are studded with paintings and sculptures, which our Italian friends pointed out as being *antichissimi*. Among others is a Madonna with her Bambino, sculptured in 1339 by Alberto Arnoldi, at the price of a hundred golden florins.

The Piazza di Santa Croce presents a curious perspective, with its low Gothic buildings and inclosed mall. The painted façades of the *Casa dei Palloni*, where Urban the Eighth was born, are singular and interesting, as are those of the *Casa Antilla*, which was covered in twenty days, at the request of the owner, then chief of the Florentine Academy, with a series of pictures executed after the designs of some of the ablest artists of the seventeenth century.

At the head of this very ancient square, stands the Church of la Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Tuscany; or as the natives proudly call it—"*Il Panteon di Firenze.*" The

exterior is rude and dark, and unfinished: a few slabs of marble casing the basements, shew an intention that this noble and ancient edifice should have been covered with that precious material; but it has shared the fate of almost all the finest churches of Italy, and remains unfinished. The Santa Croce is contemporary with the Duomo.* What ages of gigantic design were the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries in Italy! What vigour and freshness in the conceptions of that national genius, which sprang forth, at the call of freedom, from the torpidity engendered by a barbarous despotism, like light from chaos!

The first burst of the long line of columned perspective, which offers itself as the nave of this magnificent temple is entered, is truly sublime. The rude massive rafters of its venerable roof, contrasting with the exquisite sculpture, and superb monuments, which rise along its lateral ailes!—the high altar in the centre of the noble space, with its burning tapers!—and, behind all, the skreened choir presenting its mysterious barrier, whence issues the solemn chant of the unseen monks†—were images of a most imposing effect.

When the first general view is taken, and more

* It was begun in 1294 on the design of Arnolfo di Lapo, but was restored and embellished by Cosimo the First, Grand Duke of Tuscany.

† The minor conventuals, to whom the church belongs.

minute details solicit attention, the names of Michael Angelo, Machiavel, Galileo, Alfieri, Leonardo, Bruni, Filicaja, succeed in overpowering succession, and the monuments which cover their ashes give the graphic history of the arts, from the exquisite and filigreed productions of Rosselini and Giottini's chisels, to the majestic sweep of Canova's classical conceptions.

The monument of Leonardo Bruni Aretino, the Chancellor of the Republic, and the biographer of Cicero, of Dante, and of Petrarch, records the worth of a man of obscure birth, profound learning, and eminent virtue. He was one of those Italian worthies of the fourteenth century, whose humble rank was no impediment to the exertion of their distinguished talents. The utmost simplicity characterizes this monument, in which the statue of Bruni, in his ordinary habits, lies stretched on a superb bier. The details of execution are said to be worthy of Ghiberti. Rosselini, the sculptor, was a pupil of Donatelli.

The tomb of Michael Angelo, in the Church of the Santa Croce, was the first shrine that arrested the wandering steps of Vittorio Alfieri. There he paused; there his restless and agitated spirit received impressions that steadied its painful vacillations, and directed its highest views. He saw Genius conferring immortality on plebeian obscurity; and he resolved to tread in the luminous track of fame, and to commit the name of

Alfieri to a higher destiny than the heraldry of Piedmont had prepared for it. What most fixes the attention to this monument, is the name of "Michaele Angelo Bonarroti," inscribed on the base; and his bust upon the sarcophagus. These recall the Bacchus of the Gallery!—the "Day" of San Lorenzo!—the "David of the Palazzo Vecchio! and not only all that this Dante of sculpture has done, but *the all* he has left undone.* These recall the patriot genius, who worked like a laborious mechanic to defend the walls of his native city against the incursion of a foreign foe, and who, having remained there to its last gasp of freedom, fled never to return, in spite of all the reiterated offers that could tempt the cupidity of man, and the pride of genius. Never did Florence, from the epoch of her slavery, behold one of the most glorious of her citizens, till she saw him stretched on his funeral bier! when those with whom his free spirit refused to associate, bore back his venerated remains to the city his name ennobled.

Close to the tomb of him whose glory had been the spell of the Piedmontese poet, rises the mausoleum of Vittorio Alfieri, one whose temperament and character belonged as much to Italy as her Alps and her Vesuvius. The genius of Alfieri seems to have been his powerful volition. He

* See hereafter, p. 93.

willed himself a poet, and he became one. Nature does not appear to have seconded his self-elected vocation. What he obtained from her, he extorted; and the most poetical of his effusions are but nervous bursts of vindictive vehemence against some law or institute that trod upon his own self-supposed supremacy. He wrote Brutus, because he hated all dictators; and he composed his work against France, because he abhorred all tribunes. Ready to dethrone a despot, he shrunk from emancipating a nation. He was prompt to wrestle with tyranny, alike under a diadem or tiara; but he was as ready to trample upon the cap of liberty, whether the badge of American independence, or the type of revolutionary equality. He was an abstraction of pure isolated aristocracy, averse from all above, despising all below him. The egotism of his rank and character insinuated itself from his principles to his passions. He chose the wife of a British peer for his mistress, and the widow of a legitimate king for his reputed consort; and his prejudice in favour of birth was so inveterate, that he deemed his own works above the level of ignoble minds, and required that the descent of his readers should be illustrious as his own. Such as he was, his splendid apparition is involved in the great events which will ultimately tend to Italy's liberation. He was the first of the nobility, after a lapse of centuries, who disdained to rest his sole claims to distinction

on the privileges of heraldry. He was the first of his class to expose the injustice of her feudal institutions, and to deride the imbecility and despotism of her petty tyrants. He was the first to shew the patricians that they were the slaves of the system they upheld, as much as the serfs whom they oppressed; and when he broke the first link of his own chain, and "unvassalized" himself, he did more by that one exemplary act, than by all his "Tirannide" denounced, or his republican dramas illustrated. He belonged peculiarly to the moment in which he gleamed upon the horizon of Italian society, the solitary, but prelusive day-star of a future and universal effulgence of national energy and national independence.

The monument of Alfieri is placed between the tombs of Michael Angelo and Machiavel, a distinguished position! It was raised to his memory by Louisa, Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany—his lady*, and the widow of the last of the Stuarts. It is the work of his friend and hers—Canova: "the tomb of *Sophocles, by Phidias*," say the Tuscan Classicists. The chief merit of this monument is, that *it is not* the chef-d'œuvre of the modern Phidias. Canova loved Alfieri much; and his art became the victim of his sensibility.

* "*La mia Donna*"—the title by which Alfieri has chosen in his Memoirs to distinguish this celebrated lady.

The monument consists of a rich sarcophagus. A female figure of great majesty and grace, and crowned with a diadem of towers, weeps over the funereal urn. It is *Italy*—

"L'Antica Regina del Universo,"

mourning the loss of her poet, and her champion! In a medallion in the centre of the urn is sculptured a portrait of Alfieri, a living resemblance of the spirited and expressive original.

For more than two centuries and a half, the ashes of MACHIAVEL remained unhonoured by a sepulchre; for the Medici, who forgot his "Prince," written for their use, remembered his conspiracy, undertaken against their tyranny; and it was not until the year 1787, that national gratitude raised a monument to one whose powerful genius still preserved the reputation of Florentine pre-eminence in intellect and talent, when the rest of Italy was sinking fast into its long sleep of inanity and degradation.

The Secretary of the Florentine Republic! the Legislator of Kings! the friend of the people *, the champion of Italian independence †, the SALLUST of Tuscany, and the TERENCE of modern Italy ‡— the author so much talked of, and the man so

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* Bacon. † Rousseau.

‡ Voltaire observes, that his Comedy of the MANDRAGORA is worth all the Comedies of Aristophanes put together.

little known—NICOLO MACHIAVELLI—has been the subject of much vulgar misrepresentation; and he, who alternately exhibited every virtue, who* struggled for the cause of liberty in his youth, and supported an honourable poverty, the result of unblemished probity, in his old age, is accused of administering to the vices of princes, and raising tyranny "to the category of the sciences."

An urn on a pedestal, surmounted by an emblematic figure of *History*, recalls the fallen state of sculpture before Canova revived the recollections of Phidias, and of Michael Angelo. But the marble on which the name of Machiavel is inscribed, fixes the eye, however ill may be worked its

"Storied urn or monumental bust."

AN ill-executed monument, worse designed, inscribed with the immortal name of GALILEO†, recalls the total degradation of the Arts, and the rise as it were of Philosophy over their ruins; for

* He twice conspired against the growing despotism of the Medici—the first time against Giuliano and Lorenzo—the second against the Cardinal Giulio (afterwards the infamous Pope Clement the Seventh). At his death he left his wife (though a Corsini) and four sons in extreme poverty; but full of tender reverence for his memory. He was beloved and admired by all that Florence possessed of noblest and most distinguished; but they, like himself, were fallen, and in adversity.

† Erected by a private family.

Galileo was born on the day that Michael Angelo died*. In the revival of the arts in the thirteenth century, the Church and State saw a new agency raised to spread their power; and they encouraged the public taste for talents, which were to multiply their own means of working on the passions, without awakening the reason of society. When natural philosophy burst forth in "truths divine," upon the settled darkness of the latter end of the sixteenth century, power saw its omnipotence threatened; and Galileo, for teaching the system of the universe, as discovered by Copernicus, and now familiar to the mind of childhood itself, was judged by the Inquisition to have broached a doctrine "heretical in faith, and false in philosophy." Condemned provisionally to a horrible death, for demonstrating that the world moved round the sun, he escaped, by declaring publicly on his knees, that his system was false, that the world did not move; and by protesting never more to disturb *the social order* by such innovations on established systems. Having thus undergone a long and degrading penitence, and a fearful incarceration in the dungeons of the Inquisition, he was banished from his native Florence.†

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* And died the day Sir Isaac Newton was born.

† Milton visited Galileo while a prisoner in the Inquisition. It is curious to remark, that notwithstanding Milton's attacks on

Lost to the world, in sadness and in sequestration, his eyes still turned to those heavens in which he had read the sublimest truths; and then closed for ever. He died under the displeasure of his sovereign, and of the church—blind, poor, and exiled.—His crimes were, the invention of the telescope, the observation of the phases of Venus, the investigation of the movements of the pendulum, and the verification of the theory of the heavens; in one word, the bettering the condition of humanity, by extending the sphere of its knowledge. The houses of Austria and of Medici were then all-powerful in Italy; and they illustrated, in the fate of Galileo, the principles which still govern the representatives of the same interests, and the practices, which, at the present hour, are adopted against all who disdain to propagate error and to sanction fraud.

The monument of Galileo was the work of the three *Foggini,* artists who well belonged to the day in which they flourished. There are many other magnificent monuments in the Santa Croce, inscribed with names not "unknown to fame;" and executed by artists who were among the best in the best day of sculpture. The mausoleums of Bardi, by Giottino, and of Mar-

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the Prelacy, he was severely censured by the Presbyterians for his doctrine of Divorce, in a work which a preacher before Parliament declared worthy of the flames. Every religion has, in turn, been made the pretext for persecution.

suppini Aretino, by Settignano, are among the number.*

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* To those who, with Mr. Eustace, lament that "the impure dust of the licentious Boccacio" should find a resting-place in the Church of the *Santa Croce*, it may be gratifying to know, that no such honour was ever accorded to him. Boccacio died in his own *Certaldo*, in the year 1375, and was buried in the Church of St. Giacopo, where probably he had been christened; and he was then so greatly esteemed, even by the party he endeavoured to crush (the Monks), that, says Villani—"*fu onorevolemente sepolto nella Canonica.*" On his monument was incribed the Latin Epitaph written by himself, to which were added some laudatory lines by Salutati. In proportion, however, as the fame of Boccacio increased with time, the rancour of the Church rose against the discovery he had made of the fallibility of her sons; and the "righteous over-much" of *Certaldo*, not very far back, threw his tomb aside, the sole object that ever directed the stranger's steps to their obscure village, or rescued its insignificance from utter oblivion. When the fever of monkish irritability had subsided, the tomb was found, replaced over the "impure dust" of one of the greatest geniuses Italy had produced, and finely ornamented in marble. The hand that thus redeemed the sacrilege done to the memory of genius, was a woman's; and the tomb of Boccacio was re-erected in the Church of Certaldo, by Signora Tetaldi, a native of the birth-place of Boccacio, and cited for her poetical talents (See Baldelli's elegant *Vita di Boccacio*, Florence, 1806).—Mr. Eustace also warns the visitor to the *Santa Croce, to pass unnoticed the tomb of the malignant Aretino*"—a thing difficult to do, for no such tomb is to be found there. Mr. Eustace has mistaken one of the monuments of the two pious, grave, and philosophical secretaries of Florence, *Marsuppini* and *Leonardo Aretino*, for that of the "Scourge of Princes," Pietro Aretino, who lies buried at Venice, where he died. Another modern and more celebrated writer has fallen into the same mistake.

The beautiful tomb of the Count Scotnicki (an amiable and distinguished young Pole, who died lately at Florence,) is by Ricci, a member of the Florentine Academy, and a sculptor of great celebrity. It is a work of much simplicity and taste; and the lovely female figure seated on the earth, in all the lowly self-forgetfulness of true grief, is in the very nature and truth of sadness. This monument was raised by a young and adoring wife; and the conception is therefore extremely happy.

The spick and span white-washed convent, newly repaired for its restored proprietors, forms a striking contrast with the unfinished and barn-like exterior of the church to which it adjoins. At the period of our daily walks* through the Piazza Santa Croce, the monks were busy in getting in the harvest of corn, and oil, and wine, and fruits; and the groups that were thus formed round its gates, seemed almost to realize the pleasant imagery of the Italian novelists, and to revive the back-grounds of their pictures for our amusement. The convent, with its beautiful chapel, are well worth seeing; and its extent and accommodation are proportioned to the superb temple to which it belongs. Sixtus the Fifth, as a simple monk, passed here those hours of study and duplicity, which enabled him one day to rise

* During our residence at Florence, we resided in the old Palazzo Corsini, contiguous to this church and convent.

from his stoop of affected infirmity, and stun the Conclave with his "*Sono Papa!!*"—Clement the Fourteenth also officiated here as reader: here too were lodged the horrible officials of the Inquisition; and here stood the votive Chapel of the Pazzi, the *Brutuses* of their day. The convent library, once so celebrated for its ancient manuscripts, was, in the year 1766, added to the great national library of Saint Lorenzo. This convent was, with all others, suppressed by the French; but it has been re-established, and appears, by the number of its well-fed and well-dressed monks (almost all very young men) to have regained much of its former splendour, if not of its original power.

The Chiesa Collegiata, or Church of Saint Lorenzo, is one of the most remarkable in Tuscany; and contains the history of the Medicis inscribed in brick and marble, in gems and jewels. It was raised in the year 1425, on an ancient foundation (the Oratory of San Lorenzo), by *John dei Medici*, an old Republican merchant, who thus, through the medium of his piety, got rid of the superfluous wealth which his own industry and the commercial prosperity of his country, had enabled him to accumulate. The architect was his intimate friend and fellow citizen, Brunellesco. This John was the father of that still more prosperous merchant Cosimo, styled by flattery the "Father of his Country;"—one who, though

stained by many crimes, was still the last who may be reckoned among the *worthies* of a family, which so powerfully contributed to the destruction of the liberties of Florence, and to the ruin of Italy.—The church itself is simple, solemn, and Gothic; and is admirably characteristic of the day in which it was raised, and of its honest, honourable, and pious founder, whose monument, by Donatello, is a model of grace and simplicity.*

The sacristy (called the Sacrestia Nuova) has another character, and marks another period in the fortunes of that family. Leo the Tenth, the most superb and the most tasteful of the Medici, gave the order for its erection to Michael Angelo, who began it, at the expense of another Papal Medici, Clement the Seventh, by whom it was destined to become the mausoleum of his family. The first monument raised in it covered the remains of *Giuliano* de' Medici, Duke of Nemours, the brother of Leo; the next was raised to Lorenzo de' Medici, Duke of Urbino, the nephew of Leo and father of the infamous Catherine de Medicis of France:—for the immediate descendants of

* The two sons of John (Cosimo and Lorenzo) formed two distinct families in the House of Medici. That of Cosimo (grandfather of Lorenzo the Magnificent) terminated in the two Popes, Leo the Tenth and Clement the Seventh; that of Lorenzo produced the worthless Dukes. The first of these who took the title of Grand Duke was Cosimo the First, frequently confounded with Cosimo the Father of his Country.

the merchant Medici were now all sovereigns. These tombs are the treasures of *San Lorenzo*, not for the worthless ashes they inclose, but as the most vigorous efforts of Michael Angelo's mighty hand.* The first is a sarcophagus; and on either side are two colossal figures, called "Day and Night." This singular monument seems to have no reference whatever to the insignificant subject, to perpetuate whose memory it was raised. Michael Angelo probably thought not of him. He may just then have had some glorious type in his own mind, and seized on the occasion thus presented by pride and wealth for realizing it. The figure of DAY almost moves in the marble; there is a bold, rude, restless vigour in every limb and muscle, that gives it a vital character: and yet, powerful and magnificent as it is, the petulancy of a genius, that could not brook the inadequacy of human force to realize its inspirations, did not permit Michael Angelo to finish it.† The splen-

* The physical forces of Michael Angelo seem equal to his moral conceptions: his chisel, like the bow of Ulysses, was only to be wielded by his own hand; and it fell with a force that, I have heard the first sculptors in Italy say, (and among others Canova) seemed almost impossible to human strength.

† In the old Court-yard of the Society of "*Le Opere del Duomo*," instituted for the preservation of sculpture falling into decay or neglect, are several unfinished Torsi of Michael Angelo, which exhibit the noblest rudiments of his gigantic conceptions.

did works which he left behind him incomplete, seem to indicate that he expected to have called forth perfection by a blow or a breath; and he flung away the chisel of the artist, when he could not direct it with the creative energy of a god. The figure of NIGHT looks like Sorrow that slumbers. Vasari has called it "*Statua non rara, ma unica*."* Four beautiful lines†, indicating its merits, were written under it; and called forth an answer‡ by Michael Angelo, in the character of Night, which, besides being exquisitely poetical, have a latent strain of plaintive patriotism that gives them a twofold interest.

The monument of Lorenzo Duke of Urbino, is something less imposing. On the arch of the mausoleum repose two figures, which represent DAWN and TWILIGHT; but they are subordinate to the noble effigy of Lorenzo, which rises above them. This figure is so full of life, that Charles the Fifth declared he was "amazed it did not rise and speak to him." In the words of Dante:

"*Che non sembiava imagine che tace.*"

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* "Not a rare, but an unique statue."

† La notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
Dormire, fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso; e perchè dorme, ha vita;
Destalà se no 'l credi, e parleratti.

‡ Grato mi è il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura,
Non veder, non sentir m' è gran ventura,
Però non mi destar: deh! parla basso.

The Ducal Chapel of San Lorenzo, or the CAPELLA DEI DEPOSITI, marks a third epoch in the history of the Medicean family; and contrasts forcibly with the rude simplicity of the Church founded by John, and with the splendid works of the Sacristy commanded by Leo.* The first of the Grand Dukes of that name, the first of the Medici, who assumed in form, as in fact, a sovereign power over their fallen country, Cosimo the First, resolved on raising a mausoleum for himself and his progeny, which should surpass in splendour all that had preceded it; and a design was demanded from Vasari, which was executed under the reign of Ferdinand the First, the survivor of Cosimo's most wretched family. But though these dukes could command jasper from Cyprus, marbles from Egypt, and gold from Golconda, they could not command the genius that raised the Duomo and the Santa Croce, that wrought the gates of the Baptistery, and cast the Perseus of the Loggia. The genius contemporary with their republican fathers was extinct: the Brunellesco's, the Donatello's, the Ghiberti, the Michael Angelo's, the Cellini, all were gone! —and with the wealth of Europe in their coffers, the Medici were thrown upon the mediocrity of the time-serving Vasari, of the obscure Matteo

* Alexander's was scarcely to be called a reign.

Nigelli, and the Court-sculptor Pietro Tacca*, whose best boast was, that he had studied in the work-room of John of Bologna. It is pleasant to observe that these despots, who, in their pride, had resolved to transport the sepulchre of their god from Jerusalem, as only worthy to be placed with their own, have left, after all, but a monument to mark the degradation of that national genius, which their own crimes and bad government had assisted to corrupt, to enfeeble, and to destroy†.

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* The monument of Duke Ferdinand the First is said to have been modelled by John of Bologna; but in this cumbrous work there is nothing of the creative genius—the spring—the spirit that gives life to his *Mercury*, in the Gallery of Florence. Confined to pourtray the stiff, cold figure of an ordinary personage, ermine robes, sceptres, and swords of state, his genius sunk under the vulgar sumptuosity of such details; and nothing in the monumental effigy of the Grand Duke of Tuscany recalls the sculptor of the *Neptune* in the great square of Bologna. The execution of this monument, and almost all the others, is by Tacca.

† The story of Cellini's opposition to the favouritism of Cosimo the First, and his wife Eleonore of Toledo, as told by himself, is pleasant and characteristic. On hearing that an immense block of marble, destined for the Neptune which still stands in the public square, was to be given to Bandinello, he flew to the royal villa, where, notwithstanding that the family were at dinner (the Duke and Duchess in one room, and the Princes in another), he entered without ceremony. Cellini remonstrated vehemently against this mode of procedure, and insisted on the advantages of open competition—a method that had produced

This chapel is the object of much vulgar wonder and critical censure, and is by far the most tasteless and the most splendid edifice in Italy. It is of an octagon form, and of the composite order. From its marble basement spring pilasters of jasper, with bronze capitals, surmounted by cornices of the beautiful granite of Elba, and of giallo antico. The armorial bearings are of precious stones, the tombs are of Egyptian granite, of the green jasper of Corsica, and the flowered jasper of Sicily, supporting those heavy effigies of departed pomp, whose crowns rest on cushions embossed with rubies and topazes, and sculptured out of oriental chalcedony. Here fragments of porphyry and of granite lie unused, amidst the azure dust of lapis lazuli, and the clippings of mother-of-pearl. The very rubbish and sweepings of unfinished magnificence,

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the gates of the Baptistery, and so many other noble monuments of the art. The Duchess, like other persons who have more volition than reason, replied with passion, "*con gran collera;*" but the artist resumed his argument, insisting on the advantage of competition, even to Bandinello himself. The altercation. however, terminated by the Duke's insisting, that it was twenty years since he had determined to give the marble to his favourite, and that he chose that it should be his ("*e così io voglio che il Bandinello l'abbia, e sia suo.*") This is the princely patronage which, maugre its lofty pretensions so liberally admitted, substituted mediocrity for genius, and banished the arts from Italy, with its liberties.

brilliant and sparkling as they lie, would found a temple, richer than primitive Christianity ever worshipped in. Before this chapel could have been raised by one family, how many millions must have suffered, under the extortions of unlimited power, under the exactions of unrestricted despotism! What an unequal distribution of riches—what misery—what pomp—what slavery—and what waste of a nation's wealth—does the *Chapel of the Tombs*, in the church of Saint Lorenzo, recall and commemorate! This little temple of Solomon however—this miracle of princely taste and vain-gloriousness—remains unfinished; and it is "devoutly to be wished," that it never may be completed: the Florentines assert it never will.

The Convent adjoining, with its fine old cloisters, with here and there an orange-tree laden with golden produce, springing from amidst masses of ruin and rubbish, is best worth visiting for its library, the far-famed BIBLIOTHECA MEDICEO-LAURENTIANA. This precious collection owes its commencement to the free times of Tuscany; the first donations were from the old merchant Cosimo, his brother Lorenzo, and his son Peter. Then came the splendid contributions of the Dictators and the Popes of the House of Medici, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Leo the Tenth, and Clement the Seventh. The Grand Dukes seem to have done little; and the Austrian masters of

Tuscany, who succeeded to the last of the Medici, particularly Leopold, were the first, after a long lapse of years, to increase its stores: the libraries of suppressed convents enabled the latter to do so with great effect. This library was raised after the designs of Michael Angelo, and there is an air of Gothic grandeur and gloom about it that well belongs to its destination: the windows, the cornices, the architraves, the very doors, are beautiful; and an exquisite simplicity reigns over the whole, that soon effaces the gaudy impressions of the Medicean chapel, and restores the mind to those pure enjoyments, which no associations of moral degradation sully and embitter.

It is not for some time after having entered this library, and having passed and repassed along the old oaken seats carved by Battista del Cinque, and Ciapino, that one perceives, here and there, a ponderous tome, wrapped in vellum, clasped in brass, and chained in iron, on desks as curious as its own contents. Still this collection is multifarious, consisting of precious and rare MSS. in almost all known languages, illuminated with the most beautiful and curious miniatures. But more interesting than its Manuscripts of Virgil and Tacitus, its Pandects of Justinian, or its Councils of Florence, are the MSS. of Boccacio's Decamerone, and of Benvenuto Cellini's Life, to those who prize not books

for the antiquity of the dust that lies on them, but for their bearings on the social history of man, and the progressive developement of his nature.

On a table in the centre of this spacious hall stands a small crystal vase, covering the fore-finger of one who had been destined to the flames of an *auto da fe*—of Galileo—a relic which some will kiss with as much devotion as the Majesty of Spain salutes the tooth of his patron St. Dominick. This was the finger that traced the luminous "Dialogues on the System of the World." The books of this collection are all locked up in their old presses, as they were in days when books, like gems, were preserved in caskets. Among the few pictures that decorate its walls, are three original portraits of great interest and value—one of POLITIAN, one of PETRARCH, and one of LAURA, by their friend MARTINI, whose saints were all Lauras, as Raphael's Madonnas were all Fornarinas.

THE Church was throughout Europe, in former times, the scene of the most striking events, and the mart of all the passions:—there, misery took refuge, and crime found asylum; there, vengeance raised her dagger even at the altar's steps, and love spread its wiles amidst shrines and crucifixes. It was in the church of Canterbury that Thomas à Becket was murdered: it was in the church of Buon Convento that the Emperor

Henry the Seventh was poisoned *in the Eucharist*: it was in the Duomo of Florence that the Pazzi, urged by public and private wrongs, aimed at the lives of the two Medici, and destroyed the feeblest: it was in the church of St. Clair at Avignon that Petrarch first fell a victim to Laura's charms, and that his imagination imbibed the colours of her drapery, until his eyes saw every object tinted with "green and violet," (*" Negli occhi ho pur le violette e il verde"): it was in the church of St. Lorenzo at Naples, that Boccacio first beheld his beautiful Fiametta gliding along in her sable dress of penitence, on the morning of a Holy Saturday, and had his fate decided on the Easter Sunday, when he beheld her at "*la grande festa*," all radiant in vestment as in beauty: it was in the Church that the *Betsy Thoughtless's*, and the *Harriets*, and *Clarissas*, always did most mischief in former days in England; and according to "The Spectator," that all the idleness, vanity, and intrigue of the fashionables of his day were exhibited!

On entering one of the most interesting of all Florentine Churches, the venerable CHIESA of SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, the first association awakened by its Gothic ailes, is that which it calls forth as the site of *Boccacio's* first scene, with his fair band of young novelists, his "*Brigata Novelldtrice*." Fancy soon decides on the high painted casement under which the seven

pretty Pietists were seated in a circle; when, having "said a Pater," they began to lament the moral and mortal effects of that plague which was depopulating and destroying their native city.* One sees too Boccacio gliding from the high altar in his "*abito lugubre*," in which he says he came to assist at the divine office, approaching the "BRIGATA," overhearing their councils on the prudence of retiring to the safe and rural retreat of the Villa *di Sciffanoja*†, and

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* The virtue of these ladies Boccacio establishes, in describing them as "*fuggendo come la morte i desonesti esempi degli altri*." "flying, as they would from death, the dishonest example of others,"—and their determination "to retire discreetly to their country-house," from the scenes of licentiousness which the miseries of the plague brought with it. But such were the manners of the times, in Europe, that the most virtuous women, even in the theatre of the Vatican, and at the public festivities and "mysteries" of England, listened to things which women far from virtuous in the present day would shrink from hearing. Morals are connected with immutable laws: manners depend upon the existing civilization of the times. The greatest examples of profligacy in morals and manners united, are to be found in the court and days of Charles the Second of England. Of this fact a convincing proof may be found in the King's going to receive the Sacrament with five or six of his natural sons (all Dukes) by different mothers, and many of those mothers (all infamous) present.—See *Evelyn's Memoirs.*

† Villa di Schiffanoja, now the Villa Palmieri, at a short distance from Florence, on the banks of the *Magnone*. The exquisite description of this beautiful scene by Boccacio falls short of the original. It is curious to observe that his details of the

then timidly approaching and presenting himself to the little circle for whom his *Decamerone* was afterwards composed. Much of this venerable edifice remains as Boccacio left it, and as it was finished in 1350. Here are still to be seen unfaded the first attempt of Cimabue at a representation of the Madonna (a horrible monster!); some paintings of the Greek artists, who were then the masters of the Florentine school; and a crucifix, one of Giotto's early works. The choir and several of the chapels are painted by Filippo Leppi and Ghirlandajo: they are singularly curious, as giving the portraits of historical characters, in the representation of scriptural stories. In the *Life of the Virgin*, on the walls of the choir, the principal characters are the portraits of Agnolo Poliziano, and Marsilio Ficino (dressed as a Canon), of the beautiful Genevra Binci, and of Ghirlandajo himself, in an azure vest and scarlet mantle. His brother, master, and disciples, make up ano-

habits of rural life among the Florentine gentry of that time, are precisely the same as may now be given of England. Conversation, reading, music, and walking, occupied the day of the "*Allegra Brigata*;" and even the manner of laying the table, the whiteness of the table linen, the fresh flowers, &c. &c. &c. recall English neatness and English freshness. Florence in his time, though factious, was free. Filth and finery invariably belong to slavery and degradation—they existed in the habits of France before the Revolution, and they are to be found in those of Rome at present.

ther group; and John and Lorenzo de' Medici, (the elder), with many of their distinguished and contemporary fellow-citizens, as saints or doctors, preserve the likenesses, as well as the costume and tournure of that remote but interesting time, in which these worthies flourished. The *picture of Hell* on the walls of one of the oldest chapels, by Orcagna *, has many points of curious study, particularly as giving an insight into the reigning theology of the day; and sculptures by Michael Angelo, and pictures by almost all the eminent painters of the fifteenth century, complete the treasures of this fine old temple.

Adjoining to the SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, is the Dominican Convent to which it belongs, and by whose wealthy brethren it was founded, in 1279, on the designs of two monks, Frà Sisto and Frà Ristoro; the first stone being laid by Cardinal Latina. The convent is most spacious and magnificent; but, as it is now re-instated in all its ancient forms, its interior can

"Ne'er by woman's foot be trod;"

and the Author of these pages thus lost seeing two pictures, which, in an historical point of view (if not as an amateur), she was most desi-

* See his eloquent and philosophical "elogio" by Gio. Battista Niccolini, Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts. Firenze, 1816.

rous to have seen—an original of Laura, by Simon Memni, in her eternal green gown; and the portrait of the gallant Conte Guido Novello, Signor de Poppi. But though excluded from the great cloisters, illuminated with the feats of Saint Dominick! from the superb refectory, with its frescoes by Angelo Bronzino! and from the dormitory, with its portraits of the Dominican monks, who became popes, cardinals, and saints, yet interest had opened another door to her impertinent intrusions, and afforded her a *coup-d'œil* of the sacred interior, from the spacious casements of the adjoining "*fonderia*."

It was a practice by no means uncommon with the monks of old times, to beguile the weariness of their seclusion, by a partial return to the occupations of the world, directed towards objects, whose utility or benevolence might palliate the secular character of their pursuit. In this spirit they frequently applied themselves to the preparation of such Lady Bountiful receipts, as the rudeness of the age had endowed with wonderful and various specific excellencies; and it is probable that the Dominicans of *Santa Maria* commenced *their* operations with stills and alembics, with similar charitable intentions. "*Mais le Diable, qui se mêle de tout*," has so efficiently forwarded the natural course of things towards abuse, that their labours are now more calculated to promote the gratification of the olfactory

sense—that high road to the imagination, than to administer to the ailments of the infirm; and they are now so little intent upon purposes of charity, that the FONDERIA has become one of the most fruitful branches of their revenue.

A ring at the bell of one of the lateral entrances to the convent, brings a little lay-brother to the door, a "*fraticino*," or priestling-page, ten or twelve years old, full of grace and agility; who conducts the customers to the *magazzino*, or shop, through a suite of handsome apartments, where crucifixes and madonnas, china vases, and or-molu ornaments, strangely mingle the sacred and the profane. The magazzino is a spacious and elegant room, commanding a view of the garden, cloisters, and interior of the convent. It is lined with glass cases,—" a wilderness of sweets," where cordial waters and aromatic conserves vie with cosmetics and perfumes, and where Iapis and Hygeia hold divided sway with Aglaia and Euphrosyne; while Venus, couched in atar of roses, looks down upon her frocked and cowled servitors, and smiles at convent vows, as Jupiter is said to laugh at the perjuries of lovers. Here is no "beggarly account of empty boxes,"—no "alligator stuffed." Here every thing is intoxicating to the smell, and elegant to the eye—essences to perfume—dentifrices to purify—prayer-books that turn out to be pincushions—and missals made into dressing-boxes. But

what of all is the most curious and amusing, is the monk himself, or lay-brother, "sober, steadfast, and demure," who presides at the counter of this "nest of spicery." His cowled head, his robe, rope, and rosary, contrast strikingly with his worldly office; and he weighs out his powder, measures his essence of violets, presents his bill, and takes his money, with the same solemn and mortified air with which he would give a "*benedicite*," or pronounce a penance; never, for a moment, forgetting his *trade*, in the exercise of his *profession*.

Among the Historical Churches of Florence, (if such an epithet may be applied to such buildings,) the superb Santo Spirito may be reckoned. It is the work of Brunellesco, and with its Corinthian columns, its mausoleum of the illustrious Capponis, and its profusion of altars, pictures, and monuments, it has every claim on the attention of the antiquary and the virtuoso.

The Santa Annunziata, the church of miracles and fashion, founded by the servants of Mary *(i Servi di Maria)*, with its *Madonna della Sacca**, its golden shrine, and restored proces-

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* Andrea del Sarto, in the days of his greatest indigence, had offered the monks of the Annunziata to paint them a Madonna for a sack of corn. They accepted the bargain, and obtained at this price the celebrated picture in question; which thence derived its epithet of 'Del Sacco.' The monument of this poor painter is one of the handsomest in the Church, which owes its

sion of the Ass, (for on the Restoration, the Ass of the *Annunziata* came back, with the others*,) is one of the most celebrated, and one of the most beautiful, of the religious temples of Tuscany. Here rests at last that spirit so restless, Benvenuto Cellini, in a tomb purchased by himself, for his beloved son, from the monks of the church; and here was pronounced an eloquent funeral oration, to the honour of one of the most versatile and extraordinary geniuses that Italy ever produced, in the presence of nearly the whole population of Florence †, eager to give the last testimony of their respect to the author of the Perseus.

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greatest interest to his works. Not far from his tomb lie buried the three Florentine Historians, the Villani. These are the names that render the churches of Florence far more interesting than those of the rest of Italy, and give them an attraction superior even to the churches of Rome itself.

* In the month of May, an ass, the stoutest that can be found, is laden with oil, fruit, and wine, and conducted processionally through the church to the shrine of the miraculous Virgin, where its offerings are received, with great pomp and ceremony, by the priesthood. On the Restoration, when this long-forgotten ceremony was revived by the present government (the asses not being much employed under the ex-administration of affairs,) it was a difficult thing to find one, equal to the important service allotted to it. The first that officiated is said to have kicked against St. Philip, and brayed in the face of St. Joseph; and the last was accused of devouring most sacrilegiously the offerings—a circumstance that shewed the animal less an ass, than his leaders supposed.

† 1570.

This Church is the haunt of all the devotees of fashion, of both sexes; and the aristocracy of devotion may be found at all times lounging in its ailes, or slumbering on its benches.

For the convenience of the pious vigils of these noble saints, the church is kept open an hour after midnight, and the illuminated Annunziata receives those to whom the Opera may be denied. The good fathers of the "Servi di Maria" are the Monastic *Merveilleux* of Florence. There is no saloon so splendid in the palaces of the pious, in which one of them may not be found; and their bare legs, sandaled feet, and russet robes, are no preventatives to their joining the family dinner of the highest nobles in Florence; where their rope and rosary contrast oddly enough with the vain decoration of the Order of San Stefano, or the Cross of Maria Theresa, which illustrate their hosts. The generic virtue of these monks is said to be their *discretion!* Never yet have they been known to betray the confidence reposed in them by saint or sinner; and had the late celebrated Frà Borgherini, of Florence, been of the "Servi di Maria," instead of the Jacobins, he probably never could have been guilty of a negligence, which lost him, in a moment, the reputation of years.*

* This well-known and popular monk let fall one day from the sleeve of his robe, a billet, beginning thus, "*Molto reverendo mio caro bene*"—My most dear and reverend love.

This Church of the Annunziata owes much of its splendour to the illustrious family of PUCCI. The portico, with its curious frescoes, many of which were painted by their protegé Andrea del Sarto, was built at their expense, as was the magnificent chapel of Saint Sebastian, with statues, pictures, and monuments without number. Three cardinals of this family lie buried in its ailes; and the riches of their donation recall the wealth and piety of this noble Florentine house, as history recounts the patriotism and virtues of its members.

The miracles for which the *Annunziata* was celebrated had wholly ceased before *that* miracle,—which, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all others,—the Revolution. But on the return of the Grand Duke, brother to the Emperor of Austria, the Madonna resumed her long-vacated seat, and daily performed cures, which encroached on the fees of the medical professors, and hung her shrines and altars with testimonies of gratitude and faith. Her servants, unequal to the labours imposed on them, have obtained permission to make one mass equivalent to one thousand; and the government guide-book, revised and approved by the literary censors, bears the following testimony to the special intervention of the image of the Madonna with the laws of nature, and the immutable will of the divinity. "*E accio niuno di questo fatto dubitar potesse operò Iddio per*

mezza di questa immagine molti miracoli, che tuttavia vanno seguitando."*

The brother of the Emperor of Austria has indeed left no means untried, by which the power and influence of the Hierarchy could be restored, or the people plunged back into that brutifying bigotry to which the system of the Medici had reduced them. The State thus again renews her ancient alliance with her old coadjutor, the Church,

"E nel vessillo Imperiali e Grande,
La triomfante Croce al Ciel se spande."—Tasso.

It belongs only to Italy, and more particularly to Florence, to open Galleries in the streets for the study of the artist and the admiration of amateurs; and to expose in her public places and highways those treasures of sculpture, which would make the value of royal cabinets, or be enshrined in the imperial collections of other nations. Of this the *Piazza del Gran Duca* at Florence (once the *Piazza Pubblica*) is the most striking illustration: on one side of this square stands the *Loggia*, or portico, of Andrea Orcagna, a painter, sculptor, and architect of the fourteenth century, and a contemporary of Petrarch and of Boccacio, who may have watched the progress of this beau-

* Guida della città di Firenze, 1818.—"And that nobody may doubt of the fact, God, through the medium of this statue, has worked many miracles, which I shall proceed to relate."

tiful work with delight.* When Cosimo, the first Grand Duke of Tuscany, demanded of Michael Angelo the plan of a fabric for the Magistrates of Florence, the self-exiled artist replied by letter, "You have the Loggia of Orcagna; I can do nothing better." He thus sent back this boasted princely patron to the fourteenth century, to the models left by the artists of the Republic. But the Duke confessed he was stunned by the expense of such a work; and what the mercantile public of Florence had done munificently, the Sovereign shrunk from undertaking.† The treasures, however, wasted on the Chapel of the Tombs at St. Lorenzo, would have completed this splendid enterprise.

As long as the arts flourished in Florence, they contributed to the beautifying of this exquisite portico; and the pilasters of its arches are decorated with the master-work of Donatello, Benvenuto Cellini, and Giovanni di Bologna. The first is in bronze; it represents Judith in the act of cutting off the head of Holofernes: the second (of the same material) is the oft-cited Perseus of Benvenuto: the third is the Rape of the Sabines, sculptured in marble;—any one of them sufficient to excite a pilgrimage to Flo-

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* Begun in 1353.

† Michael Angelo proposed that a similar portico should be carried round the rest of the square.

rence, in those who love the arts, not only *as the arts,* but as splendid illustrations of the genius of man, thrown into action by noble impulsions and liberal institutes.

It has been the good fortune of Cellini to communicate a superadded interest to all his exquisite works, by that pleasant gossiping, through which he has made his readers as familiar with all the details of his workshop, as was Francis the First, during his residence at Paris, or the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, who, to judge by her constant visits to him, with her train of "*Cortegiani,*" bestowed more of her "tediousness" on the artist than his irritable impatience could always brook.

From the *prima intenzione* of his Perseus, when he first described it to Cosimo, till that triumphant moment when he revealed it to the public, amidst shouts of national plaudits (the purest, and by far the rarest triumph of genius), every step of its progress is detailed, with an interest that is infectious. The picture it reveals of the dependance on patronage is too melancholy—Cellini, who might assassinate with impunity under the protection of the Popes and the Medici, produced his immortal Perseus under every impediment and every obstacle, which could be inflicted by the intrigues of rivals, the plots of court-favourites, the delay of agents, and the vicissitudes of princely caprice—now raising him

to the rank of an intimate*, now sinking him to the state of a vassal. To the uncertainty of favour were added the privations of sordid avarice; for every page of his Life relates that his great work was effected without any pecuniary assistance from the Grand Duke; and that he laboured at it for years, "*con difficultà, senza denari, e con tanti altri accidenti*," &c. †

It is affecting to add, that the independent Cellini, who had spurned the offers of a King of France, was bound in the chains of patronage to the upstart Medici, only because he loved his degraded country with a passion which rendered the triumph offered him by foreign and greater nations worthless; and because his affections to

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* The anecdotes of the *Guarda-roba*, where Cellini passed so many days with the Grand Duke and Duchess, making toys and trinkets for them, are treasures, as illustrative of the manners of the *little great* at all times:—One day while he was doing some delicate work, the whole royal family being present, the three young Princes insisted on riding on his back, and continued to tease him. He begged them to desist; they said "they *could not*."—"*Quel che non si può, non si vuole*," said Cellini, drily. The Duke and Duchess, in shouts of laughter, ran after the froward boys. In a few days after, the doors of the palace were shut against him, because he refused, at the Duchess's desire, to recommend a necklace of pearl to the Duke, at double the price it was worth; or advise him to give her some antiquities for her own apartment, deserving a more public place of exhibition.

† "Under every difficulty, without money," &c.

his family (nine orphan children of a favourite sister) wedded him to Florence by ties stronger than those of ambition. If there is one who, like Cellini, sacrifices to such motives the pride of talents and their highest recompense, and who voluntarily returns, under the impulse of such feelings, to a land of degradation, from other and better climes, that one, at least, will sympathise in his fate, and forgive or forget his follies and his faults, for the sake of the genius, the love of country, and the family devotion, which accompanied them.

In pages so unpretending to the honours of *virtù* as these, it would be sacrilege to pass a single criticism on the Perseus of the Loggia. But as it is one of those beautiful things which strictly represent Nature in her finest forms, it charms alike the ignorant and the learned. It is a single and magnificent figure of the young hero, in the moment that he has severed the head of the Medusa from the bleeding trunk. This head, beautiful in death, he holds on high, with a powerful grasp. His form and attitude is that of a

"Feather'd Mercury;"—

he seems springing into the air. One of Cellini's disciples was the model of Perseus*; and the

* "Servitomi di questo fanciullo per ritrarlo, perchè non abbiamo altri libri che c' insegnin l' arte che il naturale."—Vita,

handsome *Dorotea*, his housekeeper, is pourtrayed in the Medusa. The artists of Italy have no such living models now.

The group of John of Bologna is said to be quite as fine, if not superior to the Perseus; and perhaps it is. But I describe what I feel, rather than what I have learnt.

The Loggia on the public place of Florence was raised for the dispatch of public business, and for assembling the magistrates under shelter, but still exposing them to the eyes and observations of the people, before whom all questions of national importance were debated; the government being the agent, not the master, of the Florentines. In the free States of Italy, and in the freest of all, Florence, all the forms were open and frank. Legislation went beneficially forward, and foreign alliances were made without the aid of diamond boxes, State spies,* cabinet councils,

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vol. ii. p. 206. His having "no other book but nature to teach the arts," needs no comment.

* The crime of espionage, with some others that distinguish modern governments, may be traced to the Medici. That family introduced its vices into the cabinets of France, whence they have spread into the rest of Europe. The Medici employed spies for fiscal purposes; and Cellini makes frequent mention of a *spia* having informed against him. A much more horrible instance is recorded by Pignotti. The Cardinal Medici, afterwards Pope Clement the Seventh, encouraged the young men of Florence to believe that he would grant them a free government; and when he thus got possession of their plans, he drove

or cabinet dinners. Then the interests of a people, not of a throne, were discussed before the people; and none assisted at such councils, but men eminent by their genius and probity, and respectable by their industry and wealth. From this *loggia*, which occasionally served as a *rostrum*, the patriot orators addressed the people, and commanded them to oppose the ultramontanes from France or Austria, and to chase the despot Medici from their gates. The *loggia* remains:—but where are the patriot orators who called forth† the echoes of its sculptured roof?

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them to desperation, and beheaded the leader. One of their agents, condemned to death, having refused to reveal any thing when tortured, was visited by a priest to confess him, to whom he disclosed some papers quilted in his bed. The mock priest was a spy of government, who had assumed the sacred habit for the occasion.

† The mode by which they got rid of a factious noble, or patriot citizen, was singular: they took him into seeming favour, and then gave him a foreign mission, with order to stop at such a prelate's, or such a cardinal's, or such a prince's, with dispatches. In these places the Medici had *poisoners of state;* and the ambassador proceeded no further. Terrible revelations of this description were made when the late Grand Duke Leopold permitted the archives to be examined. The examination was speedily suppressed; and a work on the Medici was got up by Zucchelini, under the patronage of Leopold, intended to do away every impression not favourable to the Medicean Dukes, by the bequest of one of whom the father of Leopold ascended the throne of Tuscany.

When the despotism of the Archdukes of Tuscany rose upon the ruins of the free State of Florence, the *loggia* changed its destination. It became the canopy and throne of the new Sovereigns, where, on the festival of Saint John, they received homage, offered with great pageantry and splendour, from tributary States. When we saw it, it had fallen one step lower. It was decked with tawdry draperies, and devoted to the drawing of a lottery. It was surrounded daily by faces as blank as the lot which reached them from a wheel, said to be, like other wheels of Fortune, parsimonious of its prizes.

At the corner of the Piazza, and opposite to the entrance of the Loggia, stands the Palazzo Vecchio, the old government palace, the residence of the magistrates for the time being, whether chosen annually or monthly; and the place of assembly for the "*Signoria*," or great council of the country. This most venerable and striking edifice is coeval with the Duomo, and its ponderous walls were raised after the designs of Arnolfo di Lapo, who has left so many traces of his genius behind him. The circumstance of its being built at the angle, and not in the centre of the square, is worth citing. That centre had been occupied by the house of the *Uberti* family, who became Ghibelines, or partizans of the German power in Italy, the barbarous foes of her liberty and illumination. The people razed

it to the ground, and the site remained blasted and unoccupied, to commemorate the infamy of the traitors.

The Palazzo Vecchio, or del Pubblico, with the Piazza on which it stands, has been the scene of all that is most striking in the various fate of Florence. There the public worth of its popular magistrates, its Capponi and Strozzi, were exhibited; and there the blackest crimes of the Medici were perpetrated. As often as the latter oppressed the people into insurrection, the Florentine youth, suddenly accumulating into armed bands, and directing their steps to the government palace, raised that cry so fearful to their despot's ears—"Popolo e Liberta." It was thus, in 1527, they surrounded its walls, occupied its portals, and climbing on the David of Michael Angelo, entered at its windows, and chased the guard, and forced the Gonfaloniere Luigi Guicciardini, and the Council of the Signori, to declare the Medici rebels to their country. The arts of the historian Guicciardini, a leading instrument in the ruin of his country, suppressed a tumult which had nearly ended in the destruction of the Medicean power for ever, and the restoration of Florentine independence.* Over the dark mas-

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* The conduct of Guicciardini upon this occasion obtained him the contempt of all parties; and he stood accused both by his patrons the Medici, and by the Florentine republicans.—See Pignotti, vol. ix. p. 94.

sive walls of this vast fabric, five centuries have passed innoxious, and far more (to judge by its appearance) may yet pass over, and find them time-proof and undecayed. The windows, balconies, and door-cases, though disfigured by paltry paintings of armorial bearings hung round them when we were at Florence, are strikingly beautiful. Before the ponderous gates of its *cortile,* stand on either side, the gigantic David of Michael Angelo, the powerful work of his youth, and the colossal Hercules of Baccio Bandinelli.

When Florence and its Gonfaloniere, the feeble but honest Pietro Soderini, were under the special displeasure of that ambitious *Furibondo* Pope Giulio the Second, and Michael Angelo was at Rome—he hastened home at the call of his country, though then a youth, and abandoning the splendid patronage that awaited him at the Vatican, undertook the work assigned him by the public and government of his native city, the David of the Palazzo Vecchio, for the moderate price of four hundred scudi. The splendid mass of marble, in which lay latent the rudiments of this magnificent statue, had been originally designed by Soderini for Leonardo da Vinci; but the people decided for Michael Angelo, who first struck his chisel in the block in 1501. When it was finished, in 1504, the difficulty of moving it to its destined position, where it was to command the gaze and homage of future ages, became a

subject of public occupation and anxiety :—for the placing of a statue, or the displacing a government, all alike then belonged to the public. A machine of great ingenuity was at last constructed by Antonio and Giuliano da Sanjalo, on which it was placed, and moved in triumph amidst the shouts of the whole people of Florence; who gave it a solemn installation—*Pier Soderini*, alone affecting the virtuoso, found fault with THE DAVID, and observed to the immortal sculptor, that "the nose was too large"—Michael Angelo, pretending conviction, instantly ascended the scaffolding; and hammering his chisel at the face, clouds of marble dust fell from time to time into the upturned eyes of the flattered magistrate; who, fearing that not only the *nose*, but the *head*, might be knocked off by the docile but impetuous artist, cried out from time to time, "*Guardatelo ora; a me piace più—gli avete dato vita* *." Michael Angelo, who had previously taken up the dust, and never touched the work, descended the scaffold exchanging looks with the spectators, which justified the epigram of Machiavel on the Gonfaloniere †. Through his whole life from boyhood to caducity, Michael Angelo was the enemy and

* "Now look at it. I'm satisfied;—you have given it life."

† "La notte che morì Pier Soderini,
L'anima andò dell' Inferno all' bocca:

Ma

scourge of pretended *virtù* and its cant of criticism!*

When the Medici were hunted out of Florence for the third time in 1527, the Piazza Pubblica and the Palazzo Vecchio were the principal scenes of the revolutionary tumults. The tolling of the great bell, which so often rallied the people to the defence of their liberties, now assembled them for a time in vain. The Medici party, headed by their cardinals, poured an armed troop into the public place, dispersed the unarmed multitude, and attacked the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the Gonfaloniere, with those whom the usurpers called rebels, were shut up. But while the soldiers applied battering-machines to force the gates, the historian Nardi, who was shut up within, and well acquainted with the palace, discovered a

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Ma Pluto le gridò, anima sciocca
Che inferno?—Va nel limbo de' Bambini."

Talent of every description was still afloat in Italy, in the 16th century, even at the breaking up of the great mass of national genius!

* On the statue of snow, which Piero de' Medici commanded from M. Angelo, Condivi remarks concerning the *pretended virtù* of the would-be Princes of the day—"*Così molti Signori proteggendo i Virtuosi, essendo essi ignoranti; in vece di rendersi gloriosi, si rendono ridicoli.*"—"So princes often pretend to encourage the Arts, being perfectly ignorant of the subject; and thus, instead of rendering themselves glorious, become utterly ridiculous."

quantity of stones and marbles; and pouring them down on the assailants, saved the palace and its inmates. Even the cumbrous furniture of the council-room was put into requisition on this memorable day, and one heavy bench fell on the arm of Michael Angelo's "David," and broke it in three pieces. So many heads, however, were broken at the same time, that this sacrilege remained unnoticed; and for three days the fragments were trodden on by the soldiery and the people. It happened that a boy, an enthusiast respecting the genius of Michael Angelo, who had been present during the tumult, had observed the accident. He flew to the *Ponte Vecchio* (then, as now, occupied by the goldsmiths and jewellers, where Cellini served his apprenticeship, and the Bandinelli kept their shops*), and carrying off a young artist like himself to the scene of action, they had the courage and enthusiasm to mingle in the tumultuous multitude, which still occupied the piazza; and creeping through files of soldiers and the still contending people, they succeeded at last in collecting and carrying off the fragments of the arm; which, when peace and security returned, they re-united in the perfection in which it now appears. These "boys" were, Georgio

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* Cellini served his first apprenticeship to the father of that Cavalier Bandinelli, whom he afterwards hated with such virulence.

Vasari, afterwards the pupil friend, and biographer of Michael Angelo;—and Francesco Salviati, the painter, and pupil of Andrea del Sarto.

The Hercules and Cacus, which formed a *pendant* to the David, is the work of Baccio Bandinelli, and has been the subject of much criticism: still, however, Bandinelli was highly estimated as an artist, by Michael Angelo*.

The "*cortile*" of the palace is adorned with a porphyry fountain, with the bronze figure of a playful child by Verrochio, and several other pieces of sculpture. The *gran salone* (a vast apart-

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* Vasari and others have described a curious scene between Cellini and Bandinelli, which took place in the presence of the Grand Duke—Cellini driving his rival mad by the severity of his criticisms—and the Duke enjoying equally the diatribe of one artist and the mortification of the other, though that other was his protegé. Among the droll phrases applied to the Hercules by Cellini, he observes, that it is difficult to know, whether the head were that of a *Man*, or a *Lion-Ox*, ("*Lion Bue*") a term which greatly puzzles his *Della-Cruscan commentator*. The public, however, of that day were of Cellini's opinion, as to this group—for Bandinelli complains, that an hundred "*Sonettacci*" were written by the *Popolaccio* (the vile people) against his Hercules. This was a fact; and Alexander de' Medici had the satirists imprisoned in consequence. Bandinelli's unpopularity with the Florentines arose from his being a sordid and selfish person, and a favourite with the Medici, and from his having got this work of the Hercules to do, from Clement the Seventh, which had been previously promised to Michael Angelo. Buonarroti had the generosity, however, to praise the designs of Bandinelli.

ment, where so many national councils were held by the Republican government, and so many pageants and festivities were given by the Grand Dukes,) is remarkable for its walls being painted by Vasari and Cigoli. The subjects are principally taken from the Life of Cosimo de' Medici, the first Grand Duke. The first compartment represents Cosimo elected Chief of the Republic, when but eighteen years of age; and the court painter has given the detail with all the servility of pencil, which court painters are paid for enduring. The senators of Florence are all represented as doing lowly homage to the young usurper; but history has left a more faithful picture of this election than Cigoli or Vasari.

When the Emperor Charles V. forced the natural son of Pope Clement VII. (Alexander de' Medici) upon the Florentines, as their chief or prince, the nation had no hope of emancipation but from the death of a monster, who in his short reign had committed every crime that could disgrace humanity. Led by ambition, or by love of liberty, Lorenzino de' Medici, the cousin of Alexander, killed him, and fled; but ere the amazed Florentines could rally round their ancient standard, which still bore the inscription of *Libertas*, the Medici faction, conscious of being seconded by the Imperial power in Italy, filled the city with soldiers, and proclaimed

Cosimo de' Medici*, a descendant of the second branch, Chief of the State. Even the manner of this usurpation, backed as it was by Papal and by Imperial influence, evinced the respect paid to the free forms and independent spirits of the Florentines; since, instead of proclaiming Cosimo, something like an election took place. While the lovers of liberty assembled in the house of Salviati to deliberate, the opposite faction collected their forces in the *Casa Medici*, filled its courts with military, and assembled the old council of forty-eight † in the saloon. The young Cosimo, brought in from his Villa Trebbia, was proposed; but when the brave *Ruccellai* opposed his nomination, and some others would have seconded him, Vitelli, who led the military, told them the soldiery could not wait on their debates; and Guicciardini the historian, who had governed under the feeble Alexander, nominated *Cosimo*, who was then introduced as a private citizen, to become the most despotic prince of his age, and the founder of a dynasty that lasted uninterruptedly for two centuries. Still he was only permitted to take the title of "*Capo del*

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* He was the son of the famous Condottiere, *John de Medicis, of the black band*—the only military hero the family ever produced.

† A council devoted to the Medici.

Governo" (chief of the State); but in a few days he realized the prophecy of Vettori, who replied to some artful observation of the false Guicciardini on a limited power—"He who has guards, armies, and fortresses, need not care what title he bears." Guicciardini thought to reign for Cosimo, as he had done for the worthless Alexander: Cosimo disappointed, and—poisoned him.

Another of the pictures in the saloon of the *Palazzo Vecchio* represents the Coronation of Cosimo, by Pope Pius the Fifth, who gave him the style and title of Grand Duke. The roof of this historical apartment is richly painted by Vasari; and it is related, that while he was mounted on a scaffold in the execution of this work, he became the unsuspected confidant of a most deep and dangerous secret. The fall of a brush, a motion, a breath, might have betrayed him to his employer, and he would have been lost for ever. When, on his death-bed, he related the atrocious criminality of Cosimo, which accident had thus discovered to him, public report had already anticipated his revelations; and the murderer of his own son had acquired new titles to the execration of posterity, by the injury offered to his daughter.

This palace, under the Ducal Medici, was the site of many a guilty deed. In the time of the Republic it answered the purposes of general

festivity, as well as of state; and the old John de' Medici, the merchant, led hither to the gaieties of the Carnival, his prudent faithful wife Picarda, whose simple virtues and happy innocent life form a striking contrast to the dark stories of the wretched Grand Duchesses and Princesses de' Medici.

The Guarda-roba, the next apartment in rank, but first in interest in this old palace, occupies the whole of the upper story. The *guarda-roba* (a term from which the French have derived their *garde-meuble*, and the English their *wardrobe)* was in ancient times the domestic treasury, the cabinet, the gallery, the lumber-room, and, above all, the lounging-room of the great; where their toys and trinkets and play-things, their collections and superfluous furniture, with all those trifles which amuse semi-barbarous minds when unoccupied by deeds of violence, were preserved.

In this *guarda-roba* of the *Palazzo Vecchio*, the first Grand Duke and Duchess seem to have passed much of their time. Cellini always found them there amusing themselves by watching the sculptors on gold and silver, and precious stones. That he might work with these men at little vases *(vasselli d'oro)*, at golden girdles and rings, and toys, "*con mascherini e figurini,*" the Duchess frequently drew Cellini from his Perseus; and many of the treasures of his genius (since bought

at any price) were the fruits of his slavish attendance on a capricious but powerful woman, who persecuted him with her resentment, when he refused to sacrifice his high calling to her frivolous tastes*.

The Chapel of the Palazzo Vecchio was rich beyond all description in works of art, in gold, silver, and jewels; but its most valuable materials were removed by the Grand Dukes to the Chapel of the Monuments at St. Lorenzo; and what else remained, was sold as national property by the French, in the early part of the Revolution.

Cosimo the First, Grand Duke of Tuscany, thought it a *pierre de touche* of his power, when he left the old family mansion, the Casa Medici, to reside *en Prince* in the Government Palace. He, however, soon abandoned it for the more elegant and commodious dwelling of the Casa Pitti, which has remained the royal residence to the present day. The Palàzzo Vecchio is now devoted to the purposes of public offices.

The Palazzo Pitti was built by Luca Pitti, a Republican merchant, in the middle of the fifteenth century. Machiavelli has celebrated the worth, the wealth, and patriotism of this Pitti,

* Some of the beautiful vases made in this Guarda-roba, and long preserved in it, are said to be in the possession of private families in England.

who was raised by the suffrages of his country, for his patriotic resistance to the growing power of the Medici, to the most eminent offices in the state.

This noble fabrick, then called *House*, remains a monument of the riches, taste, and munificence of Luca Pitti: but it is curious to remark, that his immediate successors, becoming too much elevated above their fellow-citizens, and being enervated by the riches acquired through the industry of their fathers, became more tolerant of the despotism of the Medici, lost the confidence of the popular party, and fell into immediate adversity and indigence. The people, who had volunteered their services to raise the Palace Pitti, for the father, withdrew from their labour under the sons;—the citizens who had lent money to complete the work became clamorous for payment, and enforced it;—and the unfinished palace was purchased by Duke Cosimo the First, in the name of his Duchess Eleonore, from the immediate descendants of the old enemy of the House of Medici.

The Palazzo Pitti has been the scene of many important diplomatic treaties—of many *purchased* alliances with Royal Houses*—of many princely

* Duke Ferdinando, in the year 1592, paid *eight hundred thousand crowns*, to induce Henry the Fourth of France to marry his daughter, Marie, afterwards accused of being an accomplice

festivities, and of many crimes of the darkest nature. Its marble floors have been stained with blood, shed under circumstances of unparalleled horror. Brides here were given away with more than royal splendour, soon to be murdered by their husbands' hands; and princely assassins have stalked through its sumptuous halls with reeking daggers, unquestioned and unpunished.* The domestic affections of the *merchant Medici* degenerated almost into weakness:—of the Medicean Princes, there was scarcely one, that had not raised his hand against his nearest kindred. One of the worst effects of unlimited power is, that it destroys the natural feelings, numbs the finest instincts of humanity, and turns the milky tide of the affections to blood or gall.†

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in the murder of her immortal husband. Catherine and Mary de' Medici were fair, or rather *foul* samples of the school in which the dames of that family were reared.

* For instances of this criminality, take the fate of the unfortunate Isabella de' Medici, the favourite daughter of Cosimo, strangled by her husband the Duke of Bracciano, who, far from being punished by her brother, Francesco, the then reigning Duke, received at his hands her magnificent Villa of *Poggio Imperiale*. The miserable end of the young Eleonore di Toledo is not less striking. She was married to Isabella's brother, *Don Pietro de' Medici*, who murdered her with his own hands. He was jealous of his father Cosimo, the uncle of his bride, who had forced his son to marry her. (*Notizie Istoriche dei Palazzi, &c. &c.*)

† The Grand Duke Cosimo plunged his dagger into the heart of his old servant *Sforzi Almeni*, in one of the rooms of the Pa-

It is a singular fact, that, in 1819, we found the Palazzo Pitti still unfinished, and in the hands of workmen, though begun in the year 1440, under the superintendence of Brunellesco. The present Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand the Third, called by the Royal Guide-book of Florence "*Principe adorabile,*" has inherited, with the dominions of the Medici, their taste for building; that taste so fatal to all in Tuscany, as long as there was any space left to build on. If, therefore, his Imperial Highness has not turned his sword of steel into a ploughshare in this time of "piping peace," he has at least converted his sceptre into a *trowel;* and leaving

—— "All meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings,"

he presides over his beautiful little dominions in the character of a *master-builder.* Happy were it for the rest of Europe, if her Kings were occupied, like "*l'ottimo ed incomparabile Ferdinando,*" in build-

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lazzo Pitti—his crime was *the suspicion* of having betrayed the Duke's passion for Virginia Albiggi, to his son Francesco, who feared a rival in Virginia's child. Cosimo is accused by many historians of having killed his son Don Garzia, in the arms of the Duchess his mother, for having killed his brother the Cardinal an hour before, at the chase: the unfortunate mother died in consequence. The partizans of the Medici endeavoured to conceal this horrible event; but all Italy believed it. Muratori relates it in his Annals, and Alfieri has made it the subject of his fine Tragedy, "*Don Garzia.*"

ing houses without stairs*, or any houses, on a modern plan, instead of patching up that ancient tottering feudal "*Social edifice*," which, in spite of its *custodi*, the Metternichs and the Castlereaghs, must soon moulder to nothing, and, like other "baseless fabricks,"

"Leave not a wreck behind."

The Palazzo Pitti, vast and noble as it is, and most wonderful as the house of a merchant in the middle ages, is still the most notable for its precious collections of pictures, the chefs-d'œuvre of the Tuscan, Florentine, and Roman school.† Here is Michael Angelo's picture of "*the Three Fates*." They are Shakspeare's "weird sisters." Here glows the divine beauty of Raphael's famous *Madonna della Sedia*‡, so known to the world by the countless copies and engravings, the sure proof of its excellence. Here too are some of Salvator Rosa's finest sea-pieces, with those calm skies and waters, and brilliant lights, so contrasted to the force, gloom, and energy of his Ca-

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* Duke Ferdinand is unlucky in the article of stairs; as he is said uniformly to design his staircases, when he does not forget them entirely, with a step too few.

† Out of this collection the French took sixty-four capital pictures. They are now all returned.

‡ The copy said to come nearest to the original is by *Monsieur Fabre*; and is to be seen in his own very precious and interesting collection at Florence.

tiline conspiracy. Here also is the noble Cleopatra of Guido, that true woman's *painter-laureate!* and here, in short, are hundreds of pictures, some of supreme merit, and all of interest, by the names attached to them, or the likenesses they preserve. —Among the latter is, Titian's superb portrait of Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, the elegant voluptuary and princely virtuoso.—*Luther playing on the Spinnette;* his strong marked and somewhat vulgar face turned towards a priest, who accompanies him on the guitar, evidently asking his opinion of a chromatic transition, through which he has just modulated: Luther's wife, who has exchanged her nun's veil for a smart Flemish hat and feather, more lady-like and less hideous than in any other of her pictures, is their '*sole auditress.*' —Numberless portraits of the ladies of the Medici family, particularly in the latter times, loaded with gold and jewels,—simple and common-place looking women, such as one meets making up the mass of assemblies, all "very fine and all alike." I could not trace among their prim countenances the brilliancy of talent for which the accomplished and unfortunate Isabella was so celebrated, nor the ferocious genius of Catherine, nor the cold dull iniquity of Marie de' Medici; yet some of them were handsome.

The portrait of *Cardinal Bibbiena*, the friend and favourite of Pope Leo the Tenth, the Buckingham of his court (for whose theatre at the Vatican he

composed his *Calandria**), the minister of his state and of his pleasures! This is the portrait of a man of genius, *by* a man of genius; it was also the picture of a friend, by a friend: it is by Raphael, to whose acceptance the Cardinal offered his niece, as a mark of his esteem and affection—the death of Raphael interrupted an alliance, so honourable for both parties.

Whenever Albano mentioned the name of Raphael, he always uncovered his head, in token of a reverence that amounted to adoration; and the portrait by Raphael, of Pope Giulio the Second, at the Pitti, almost justifies this religious enthusiasm. The Pope is seated in an arm-chair (in itself a portrait); before him stands a table richly draped; a beautifully sculptured bell (probably Cellini's famous bell), and some books, lie on the table. The large golden reading-glass, which the Pope seems just to have lowered from his eye, and holds in his hand, is also of fine workmanship. Giulio's comely but characteristic countenance, marked by the intense expression of one who listens to a detail full of interest to the hearer, is turned towards a monk, who is making the important communication. But that monk!—such a head—such a visage!—his fine, fearful, and pallid face, lighted up by the bright, black, Italian eye;—contrasting its acute sagacity, and artful

* Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital. tom. vii.

vigilance of the impression his eloquence is making, to the impetuous vehemence and florid colouring of his auditor, whom unlimited power placed beyond the necessity of dissimulation. Opposed to these two speaking physiognomies is the placid, insignificant face of the *Camerlingo*, who, with his *anti-chambre* look of pliant subserviency, stands behind the Pope's chair. This is, I should suppose, one of the finest, if not the finest, portrait in the world.

The Library, built and furnished by the present Grand Duke, contains forty-two thousand volumes; and what is greatly to the credit of the collector, the major part are modern works, chiefly belles-lettres and science. We found there, amidst a multitude of other English works, Boydell's Shakspeare, Sowerby's English Botany, and the Duke of Bedford's folio on Agriculture—a presentation copy. It is much to be regretted, that in condescending to fill some of his shelves with English authors, his Imperial Highness did not also adopt the model of some noble English library—that prime apartment, in the house of an Englishman of rank, which, spacious, airy, and dominating, usually unites some fine view, to all that can delight and occupy the mind—all that can gratify taste or conduce to comfort. The library of the Grand Duke of Tuscany consists of thirty-seven little *dovecots* or cells, each furnished with a table and chair, surrounded by plain bookcases;

commanding, from a small window, a view of the roofs of the out-offices. There was no carpet, no fire-place*, no picture, no bust; its narrowness and simplicity recalled the cloistered dwellings of the monks of the Certosa. The room which contains the classics is part, I believe, of the old building; it has much fine carving and gilding: adjoining these is also a collection of ancient and modern music, inestimably precious. A prince who collects books, and sometimes reads them—who is fond of music, and sometimes listens to it—is, beyond all doubt, a distinguished exception to the present race of anti-intellectual Legitimates; and the exception appears the more striking, when that prince is the brother of the Emperor of Austria, the declared foe of learning and learned men. Of late years, however, it is observed, that the Grand Duke associates more with his masons than his muses; and is oftener found listening to the melody of the mallet, than the strains of Rossini. To judge by his buildings, which are said to be a vexatious, because a useless, expense to his people, nature seems to have designed him as little for an architect as for a sovereign; but all agree, that his humanity, and amiable domestic habits, would have admirably fitted him for the best of ranks—the rank of a private citizen.

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* I can answer for the severity of the cold in Florence, during the early winter months, when snow is much more common than it is at the same period in Ireland, or even in England.

The Palazzo Pitti is the principal residence of the court and archducal family; although, strictly speaking, its members are in a perpetual state of perambulation from one villa to another*. The Grand Duke has one daughter, and a married son, whose family reside with him. The Hereditary Prince lives like a private gentleman, and is not permitted to take any part in state affairs†. The court is made up of a few elderly ultra gentlemen and gentlewomen, who, with the titles of *maggior-domo's*, chamberlains, grand chamberlains, and *dames de compagnie*, stand behind the Grand Duke and the Princess at the opera, make up his card-party at the palace, and talk of the court of the *Granduchessa Maria Luigia, di gloriosa memoria*, in contrast to the "*tempo di Lutto*," when the Baciocchi ruled in the saloons of the Medici."‡ Some, however, of the *intimates* of the Grand Duke have another voca-

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* The royal villas are very numerous, and chiefly in the environs of the city.

† This young Prince (born in 1797, and married in 1817 to Maria-Anna, daughter of the King of Saxony) is Major-general in the Austrian army. The Grand Duke's youngest daughter, Maria Therese, (born 1801) is married to the Prince di Carignano, heir presumptive to the throne of Sardinia.

‡ The last of the Medici Princes, Duke Gaston (who, like his predecessors, lived and died here), when closing his dissolute life, was soothed in his death-bed sufferings by his confessor, who promised another and better world. The Duke, with a deep sigh, replied, "*Caro amico, son contento col Palazzo Pitti*," —"The Pitti Palace is good enough for me."

tion; which is, to sow the seeds of dissension between him and his ministers, who are not courtiers. But as the ministers leave the Grand Duke little of the toil of office, and as he sees that his people are the most contented, and his state the most prosperous, in Italy, "*Il laisse parler l'envie*," and goes on playing his game of cards with "*les Envieux*."

THERE is nothing in the monuments of antiquity to be found in Italy (Pompeii excepted) comparable in interest to the edifices which remain of the middle ages; in the eyes at least of those who seek in such relics evidences of manners and society, which books fail to record. In this respect Florence has the advantage over all the rest of Europe, perhaps of the world. The dwellings of the Medici and the Strozzi, as the edifices of private citizens of the fifteenth century, are without parallel; and they are strong testimonies of the superiority of civilization in Italy in the middle ages, over that of the ancients.

The CASA MEDICI is indescribably imposing. It is built of hewn stone: its first story is of the Tuscan, its second of the Doric, and its third of the Corinthian order. Its ample portals open into a spacious court, whose portico with a sculptured frieze, by Donatello, is enriched with ancient inscriptions and basso-relievoes. Changed as its interior now is by its recent master, many of its numerous rooms and corridors remain as

they existed in the time of the early Medici; and the little family-chapel is precisely in the same state in which it might have been left by old Cosimo and his domestic dame, Mona Contessina. The fine old carved oaken seats, on which the heads of the family were raised above the benches appropriated to the use of the servants, are perfectly preserved. The walls are covered with curious old frescoes, very irrelevant to the place; and the *dim religious light*, admitted through one high casement over the altar, leaves this little oratory in such gloomy obscurity, that, to see the frescoes in mid-day, we were obliged to have a lighted flambeau.

This mansion was built by Cosimo de' Medici, the merchant, the "*Padre della Patria*," who, after the death of his son Giovanni, foreseeing the approaching dissolution of his sole surviving son Pietro (the father of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Leo the Tenth), had himself carried through this vast palace, exclaiming mournfully as he surveyed it, "*questa è troppo casa a sì poca famiglia**." Pietro (during the short time he survived

* "This is too large a house for so small a family."—When Charles the Fifth arrived at Florence, after he had completed its ruin, he was lodged at the Casa Medici, and was struck by the magnificence of this mercantile house, such as his own feudal dominions never produced.—"*Ne ammiro* (says Pignotti) *la bellezza e l'eleganza*."—Compared to the enlightened private gen-

his father), Lorenzo the Magnificent, and all the heads of the Medici family, continued to reside as private citizens in this patrimonial mansion, even in the days of their greatest power; until Cosimo the First, when he was made Grand Duke, removed to the Palazzo Vecchio.

The Casa Medici was purchased by the family Riccardi from the Grand Duke Ferdinand the Second, in 1659, for the sum of forty-one thousand scudi. It was then enlarged, changed, and refitted, till its ancient simplicity was destroyed; and the immense sums expended on this occasion contributed to the ruin of a fortune, as noble, as the house of Riccardi is ancient and respectable. Among the greatest works effected by the Riccardi in the Casa Medici, is the painting of the walls of the great gallery in fresco, by Luca Giordano, who has rendered this magnificent room one perpetual riddle, by covering it with those "*hieroglyphic cattle*," which, under the name of *allegory*, in painting or in poetry, form the very maximum of bad taste, to which mediocrity can arrive. In one corner an old man standing by a sort of corner-cupboard, is *Time at the Cave of Eternity!* In another *Temperance* is *tête-à-tête*

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tlemen of Florence, to the Ruccellai, the Capponi, the Nardi—this Austrian Emperor (all powerful as he was) was still a barbarian; at least, so the Romans thought his German preceptor, Pope Adrian, who wanted to break the statues of Phidias, and deface the works of Raphael.

with an Elephant! *Hunger* associates with the Wolf! and *Envy* lives at the sign of the Serpent! Here Mount Atlas means *Constancy;* and there Minerva gives a key to *Intellect* to find out *Truth* (a chubby, fat, middle-aged lady, not difficult to discover; and who is, besides, very literally the *naked truth);* while Orpheus plays, and nobody listens to him; and the *tout-ensemble* means *Human Life!!*—Such was the wretched state of the arts in that age, when the Medicean Dukes and Luca Giordano succeeded to the Republic of Florence and the Michael Angelo's.

The Library (called, from its noble founder, the "RICCARDI LIBRARY,") to which this gallery opens, is a munificent establishment. It owes, however, its principal treasures to the fair Cassandra Capponi, who brought them as part of her marriage-portion into the house of Riccardi.

In 1788 this library was opened for the public use, when the celebrated Fontana was its librarian. In 1807 it was ordered for sale by the Revolutionary government, with other national property; but on the representations of Fontana, through his pupil the Prince Neri Corsini, then *Conseiller d' Etat* at Paris, the government purchased it for the public.

On the Restoration, the Commune of Florence made it a present to the Grand Duke, who (says a printed Court-Calendar account of the transaction) "*Con suo benigno sovrano rescritto se degno,*

d'accettare l'offerta della civica magistratura di Firenze," &c. &c. *—for such is the corporation eloquence of the *civica magistratura* of the present day!†

The Casa Strozzi, of the same age as the old palace of the Medici and the Pitti, is still more picturesque than either of those domestic fortresses; and the fine workmanship of many of its details, and the Corinthian elegance of its *cortile*, are contrasted by the massive strength of its façade, composed of what the Italians call "*bozze di pietra forte*." But the great interest attached to this noble and ancient palace is, that it was raised and inhabited by Filippo Strozzi, the *Cato* of his age, and by his strong-minded and ambitious wife, the famous Clarice de' Medici. When the rank, the wealth, the high consideration in which this illustrious citizen was held, induced the people to give him the title of "Messire," he observed, "My name is Filippo Strozzi; I am a Florentine merchant, and no more:—who gives me a title, insults me." Yet at that moment he held the Popes and Cardinals of the house of Me-

* "Who by his benign sovereign rescript has deigned to accept the offer of the magistrates."

† Close to the *Casa Medici* stands the church of St. John the Evangelist, and its restored Convent, where the *Ignorantins* have succeeded to the Jesuits. "There," said a Florentine to a stranger, pointing to the Casa Medici, "there stands *the cradle* of arts and letters; and there—(pointing to the convent)—*their tomb!*"

dici at bay. The Casa Strozzi is at present the property of *Duke* Strozzi, a collateral descendant of the hero Filippo, but who does not seem to have the same objection to a high-sounding title, as his republican ancestor *. In one of the apartments are held the sittings of the famed Della-Crusca; where, according to Monti, they continue to accumulate their "*Vilissimo, schifosissimo, barbarissimo ammasso di lingua* †."

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* This superb and interesting fabric is within view of the beautiful *Ponte Trinità*, the handsomest of the four bridges thrown over the Arno; it also commands the lofty Doric column which was raised to commemorate the defeat of Pietro Strozzi, and the taking of Siena, by the tyrannic conqueror of both, Cosimo the First, in 1564. The column was taken out of the Baths of Antoninus at Rome, and presented by Pope Pius the Fourth for the purpose. It is surmounted by a figure of Justice. This is the scene of the tragical story of that now popular drama the "*Gazza Ladra*." A noble lady who resided in a house which still stands opposite to this column, lost a valuable pearl necklace; and one of her waiting-women (a very young girl) was accused of the theft. Having solemnly denied the fact, she was put to the torture, which was then given *à plaisir*, at Florence. Unable to support its terrible infliction, she acknowledged that "she was guilty," and without further trial was hung. Shortly after, Florence was visited by a tremendous storm—a thunderbolt fell on the figure of Justice and split the scales, one of which fell to the earth—and with it fell the ruins of a magpie's nest, containing the pearl necklace!! These scales are still the haunt of birds; and I never saw them hovering round them, without thinking of those "good old times," when innocent women could be first tortured—and then hung—on *suspicion*.

† "Their most vile, nasty, and barbarous jumble of words."

The ORTI RUCCELLAI, with the palace of that illustrious family, whose members were among the purest patriots and most elegant literati of Florence *, still exist in the Via della Scala—

"But oh, how fall'n, how chang'd!"

While the Strozzi, the Pitti, and Medici were occupied in raising those palaces, long destined to command the admiration and wonder of posterity, BERNARDO RUCCELLAI, a young Florentine merchant, (so wealthy, that on his marriage with Nannina de' Medici, sister to Lorenzo the Magnificent, thirty thousand florins were expended on the wedding-feast,) built a palace, and planted and adorned gardens, which became the site of the Platonic Academy, of which he was the soul. Officiating alternately as *gonfaloniere* and ambassador to Naples, he had still time to cultivate letters; and the hours not given to diplomacy and commerce, were deliciously spent in these gardens; sometimes composing his elegant and learned work on the antiquities of Rome (DE URBE ROMA, the source from which so much has since been borrowed), and sometimes writing carnival ballads (CANTI CARNASCIALESCHI).

Under the sons of Bernardo, these gardens were not exclusively devoted to academic ques-

* Thirteen of the Ruccellai family obtained the supreme dignity of Gonfaloniere; and yet they were but cloth-merchants.

tions: the state of the country induced discussions of a more important nature. Machiavel here read aloud to the listening and ardent youth of Florence, his Discourses on Titus Livius; and Buondelmonti recited his opinions on the necessary reformation of the Government of Florence, which the cunning Leo the Tenth then affected to approve. Here, also, Savonarola influenced his auditors with his fanatic eloquence in the cause of liberty and religion; Michael Angelo described his plans of national defence; and the Capponi and the Strozzi staked their lives and fortunes in their country's cause. It was in coming forth from these gardens that Agostino Capponi and Pietro Boscoli, two patriot youths, dropped that list of the conspirators against the Medici, which brought them to the scaffold, and Machiavel to the wheel. The discovery of the conspiracy dissolved for ever those academic societies, founded equally in sympathy of literary taste and political principle. To these noble associations, to which all that was illustrious in Florence belonged, succeeded those pedantic and frivolous *coteries*, which, with names as ridiculous* as the subjects that occupied them, were founded by, and flourished under, the Ducal Medici, and the other

* The "Insipids,"—"The Humids,"—The Arcadians, &c. &c. &c.

petty tyrants placed over the free States of Italy by the Imperial and Papal influence.

Exile, torture, and death, soon dispersed the free spirits which formed the literary and patriotic circles of the ORTI RUCCELLAI; and when Leo the Tenth visited Florence, on the same spot where the most fearful conspiracy had been formed that ever was attempted against his family, the tragedy of *Rosamonda* was acted for his amusement. The author, Giovanni Ruccellai, was cousin to the Pontiff, and an ecclesiastic. He became afterwards the Pope's nuncio in France, and supported the literary reputation of the family.

The dimensions of these interesting gardens, consecrated to so many brilliant recollections, are, I believe, still the same as they originally were; but of their ancient disposition nothing remains except the grotto in which the conspirators assembled. Its frescoes are still but little faded; but the lofty groves, interspersed with antique inscriptions and monuments in the time of the worthies of the house of Ruccellai, are replaced by Gothic churches, and Grecian temples, Roman aqueducts, &c. Sibyl caves, mountains high as mole-hills, and falls for torrents where no water is to be found. The whole is terminated by a distant view with a setting sun, painted on the garden walls, and was called by the late and present owners, "*Giardino In-*

glese." It might be supposed from its actual aspect, that neither were aware that this "English garden" was the famous ORTI RUCCELLAI of the sixteenth century.*

THE CASA CAPPONI.—The name of Capponi follows naturally those of the Strozzi and the Ruccellai. Ages have cemented their association; and the titles of nobility, which have since been lavished on the descendants of the NERIS, the BERNARDOS, and FILIPPOS, (the heroes of these families,) have added no lustre to names consecrated by whatever is elevated and noble in human story. The palace of the present Marchese Capponi is not that inhabited by his ancestors: it was built after the designs of Carlo Fontana, and is one of the most magnificent modern palaces in Florence. A spacious portico opens into gardens laid out with great taste and elegance: to the left are a range of summer-apartments, on the ground-floor; on the right, a noble open staircase, with statues and paintings by Matteo Bonechi, leads to various suites of rooms above: some of them furnished with all the cumbrous richness of the

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* The Orti Ruccellai, or Oricellari, with the Palace, now bear the name of Strozzi. There are still in Florence several other monuments of the taste and munificence of the *cloth-merchants*. The façade of Santa Maria Novella was done at the expense of Giovanni Ruccellai, by Giov. Battista Alberti; and the *Palazzo Ruccellai nella Vigna*, remarkable for the beauty of its architecture, is by the same celebrated artist.

seventeenth century, when the Florentine nobility emulated the splendour of sovereigns; others fitted with all the luxurious elegance of the modern Parisian boudoir.* The apartment which fixes most steadfastly the attention, is the *Grande Sala*, on the first floor. This room served formerly, in the great houses of Italy, for all the purposes of family festivity; and the gallery, which runs round the upper part, and opens into the second story, was appropriated to the domestics and inferiors, who looked down as spectators. In this part of the Florentine houses, where few chimneys are to be found †, stood *the hearth;* or its place was supplied by a great *braziere*, which occupied the centre. The *sala* of the Capponi palace is most remarkable for its walls, on which are painted three pictures, representing events in the lives of the patriots of that illustrious house. The most interesting, and the best executed of these is the famous scene between Pietro

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* In the state apartments, which are furnished with crimson velvet and gold hangings, there is a curious cabinet, or coffer, inlaid with gems of great value. In the first revolutionary tumult a subaltern officer, quartered in the palace, carried off this cabinet; but the plunder being discovered, the Chief of the Division insisted on its being restored.

† In the suite of apartments which we occupied in the old Corsini palace, there was but one fire-place, and that had been recently opened in our sitting-room, by our hospitable friend and host Signore Bargiacchi; yet the view from our windows at the end of November was the Apennines covered with snow.

Capponi and Charles the Eighth of France. The King, after various successes in Italy, (to which he was called by the usurper Lodovico Sforza), entered Florence with royal pomp, and an immense military force, and took up his quarters in the Casa Medici, where he assumed the tone of the Conqueror of Tuscany. Four of the principal citizens were sent to treat with him, one of whom was Pietro Capponi. But scarcely had the Royal Secretary begun to read aloud the insulting terms of the capitulation, when the deputies shewed signs of indignation and impatience, and the haughty Monarch, starting up, exclaimed that "he would sound the trumpets forthwith." Then Pietro Capponi snatched the treaty from the Secretary's hands, and tearing it in pieces, replied in noble language, but in bad French, "*à vous trompette, à moi cloche;*" and turning his back on the King, went forth followed by his fellow-citizens, to ring to arms, and to oppose the energy of free citizens to the military force of a barbarous invader. This act of Capponi, perilous and imprudent as it was heroic, saved the city. The inhabitants made their own terms, and Charles marched peaceably out of Florence*. The painter

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* Machiavelli, in his Decennali, makes the following proud, but punning allusion to this act of heroism :—

"Lo strepito delle arme e dei cavalli
Non puote fare che non fosse sentito
La voce d'un CAPPONI fra tanti GALLI.

has chosen the moment when Capponi tears the paper from the hands of the Secretary, whose astonishment, as well as that of the Courtiers, and the stifled rage of the King, are admirably expressed. Well may the Capponi preserve such recollections! For who would not rather possess such pictures of family biography, than lineally inherit the gallery of the Medici, accompanied with the recollection, that its treasures were purchased by the debasement and slavery of a free people?

The name of Capponi was long in Florence, what the name of Russell still is in England—the watch-word of liberty! Agostino Capponi was the William Russell of his country: both met the same fate in the same cause; and it is gracious to observe, that after the lapse of ages, the flame by which both were warmed, still brightens in the bosoms of their respective representatives—who, alive to the splendid responsibility devolved on them, satisfy the claims which posterity makes on those who stand pledged to their country by the deeds of their ancestors. This is the true aristocracy, which kings cannot bestow, nor revolutions abolish.*

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* When the Marchese Gino Capponi (almost a boy) was introduced at the Tuileries, Napoleon, who had passed by attendant kings with but a slight and transient notice, was fixed by the recollections connected with the name of Capponi; and

THE CASA BUONARROTI, the house of Michael Angelo, and the residence of the family Buonarroti, his collateral descendants, is a plain, well-

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pausing, abruptly observed, "Je connais votre famille." After a moment's pause, a dialogue took place, which is here given verbatim.

N. Je connais votre famille. Vous avez fait des révolutions.

C. Anciennement, Sire.

N. Oui, oui, on ne fait plus de révolutions en Italie: à présent vous êtes tranquilles. Vous êtes les meilleurs sujets que j'aie. Autrefois, c'était bien différente: j'ai lu vos historiens. J'ai calculé que l'Italie pouvait armer soixante mille chevaux. Je ne les trouve plus, à présent. (Puis tournant le dos, et ayant l'air de réfléchir profondément) Pourquoi n'y-a-t-il pas à présent soixante mille chevaux en Italie? (Il se retourne encore sans écouter la reponse, et répète pour une troisième fois la même question.)

C. Je crois, Sire, que l'Italie n'a jamais produit soixante mille chevaux; mais comme nous faisions alors la guerre pour

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N. I know your family. You have stirred up revolutions.

C. Formerly, Sire.

N. Yes, yes, there are no revolutions in Italy now. At present you are very quiet. You are the best subjects I have. Things were different in Italy formerly. I have read your history. I have calculated that Italy might have armed sixty thousand horse; but I don't know where they could be found now. (Then turning his back, and apparently wrapt in profound reflection) Why are there not sixty thousand horse in Italy now? (He turned again, without attending to the answer, and repeated the same question a third time.)

C. I believe, Sire, that Italy never produced sixty thousand horse; but as we were then at war on our own account, we caused

preserved, but scarcely antiquated building. The court round which it is built, is still filled with fragments of sculpture: some said to be his

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notre propre compte, nous faisions venir des chevaux de dehors, qu'à present votre majesté fait venir directement en France.

N. Comment faisiez vous pour être si riches que vous l'étiez?

C. Par le commerce, Sire.

N. Quel commerce faisiez vous?

C. Le commerce directe du Levant.

N. Et comment le faisiez vous? (Il donnait la dessus lui-même des détails très approfondis.) J'ai pensé une fois à rétablir ce commerce. Je suis Toscan aussi, moi. Nous sommes des familles de Condottieri. Mes ancêtres étoient les Seigneurs de San Miniato. J'avois même là un vieil oncle que j'ai vu lorsque je suis venu en Toscane. On a déterrée à la bibliothèque une comédie faite par un de ma famille. Elle est comme toutes les comédies de ce tems-là, lubrique. C'est

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horses to be brought from abroad, as your Majesty now has them brought to France.

N. How did you manage to grow so rich as you were?

C. By trade, Sire.

N. What trade did you carry on?

C. A direct trade with the Levant.

N. And how did you do this? (He himself entered into some very deep details on this subject.) I once had some thoughts of restoring this trade. I am a Tuscan myself. We are descended from a family of Condottieri. My ancestors were the Lords of San Miniato. I had an old uncle there, whom I saw when I went to Tuscany. An old play has been discovered in the library, written by one of my family. It is, like all the

own, and precisely in the spot where he worked at them; others are antiquities of his collection; but all (as being his) sacred and interesting to

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comme la Calandria du Cardinal Bibiena et tant d'autres. Elles sont toutes comme ça.

C. Les comédies de Machiavel sont aussi dans le même genre.

N. Quoi! Machiavel a fait des comédies aussi? Quel grand homme, que celui-là! Ses Décades sont admirables. Quand je suis venu en Toscane, j'ai passé par la route de Modène à Pistoja. Je ne connais que celle-là. Elle étoit bien mauvaise. J'ai eu de la peine à faire passer mon armée. N'est-ce pas que je fais faire une route pour unir les deux mers?

C. Votre Majesté a beaucoup améliorées toutes les grandes communications. Elle avoit même annoncé le projet d'une nouvelle route pour aller en Romagne.—(Il entra dans plusieurs détails sur la manière de la tracer, et parloit beaucoup sur cet article des routes. Puis il continuait)

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plays of that age, licentious. Like the Calandria of Cardinal Bibiena and many others. They are all of the same stamp.

C. Machiavel's plays are in that style also.

N. How! did Machiavel write plays too? What an extraordinary man! His Decades are admirable. When I went to Tuscany, I took the road from Modena to Pistoja. I did not know of any other. It was a very bad one. I had some trouble in getting my troops through it. Have I not made you a road to unite the two seas?

C. Your Majesty has greatly improved all the great communications. You even announced the design of making a new road to Romagna.—(Here he entered into details on the mode of drawing the plan, and spoke at some length on the subject of roads. He then continued)

every eye that gazes on them, save to that of their actual inheritor. For in this court, where Michael Angelo walked, and worked, the negligence of those who bear his illustrious name, has permitted filth to accumulate, until every sense is offended, and the steps turn involuntarily from a spot, to which the imagination is solicited by a thousand recollections.

The gallery of the Casa Buonarroti is said to contain some fine pieces of sculpture; but, in consequence of the temporary absence of its

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N. Votre Leopold a fait des belles choses. Son code criminel est excellent.

(En réponse Capponi a conté qu'il-y-a eu un tems, où il n'y avait pas des criminels du tout, et que les prisons ont étées ouvertes pour quelques jours, ce que Napoleon a écouté avec beaucoup d'admiration.)

N. J'ai payé votre dette publique.

(Puis il demandait de plusieurs personnes, et poursuivait son chemin.)

This curious dialogue took place partly in French, and partly in bad Italian.

N. Your Leopold has done many good things. His criminal code is excellent.

(In reply Capponi observed, that there was a time when there were no criminals at all; and that the prisons were open for some days. This Napoleon heard with much astonishment.)

N. I have paid your public debt.

(He then made enquiries respecting several persons, and pursued his course.)

present owner from Florence, it was not to be seen. Michael Angelo was wont to excuse his life of celibacy by his devotion to his art; and to say, "his works were his children." These he bequeathed to posterity, which has not neglected his charge. His house and gallery he left to his nephew and his descendants, who appear to have been less worthy of their sacred deposit.

The Casa Machiavelli, a *rus in urbe*, stands outside the Porta Romana, and crowns with Gothic turrets, the summit of a vine-covered hill. This villa, raised by Machiavelli in the days of his prosperity, became the refuge of his adversity. His walks to this villa from Florence, he has himself pleasantly described. Here many of his works were written; here he struggled with great indigence, and died bereft of all (as he has himself observed) "save his family and his friends."* His descendants however, it appears, recovered some of the ancient prosperity of their house; for one of them redeemed this historical villa from a mortgage, and it has now come, in a female line, to *Signore Rangoni Machiavelli*, who married the heiress of that an-

* His own words in one of his letters:—"*La fortuna non mi ha lasciato che i parenti e gli amici.*"—His son confirms this melancholy observation, in one of his epistles to his father's friends; in which he says,—"Our father has left us in the deepest poverty, as you know."—"*Il padre nostro ci ha lasciato in somma povertà, come sapete.*"

cient house, and was obliged, in consequence, to adopt a name, which it is so proud a distinction to be permitted to bear.

THE CASA and VILLA GUICCIARDINI, still in excellent preservation, were the residences of that despotic statesman*, but candid historian, *Francesco Guicciardini.* They are at this moment possessed and inhabited by Francesco Guicciardini, his collateral descendant and representative†. His "*amena e deliziosa Villa d'Aratri*" (which stands near *Santa Margarita sopra l'Emo),* where he

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* "Per naturale inclinazione non amava punto il governo popolare, e contro de' Cittadini, che ne erano parziale, si dimostrò più del dovere, trasportato e severo."—*Vita di Guicciardini.*

† Guicciardini had seven daughters, but no sons. Like all the great men of that day, he died poor; and in his letters to Machiavel, expresses his anxiety for the fate of his almost portionless daughters, among whom he had but twelve thousand florins to leave. His pride revolted at Machiavel's advice to apply to the Pope; for the Medici, like the Stuarts, never forgave an enemy, nor rewarded a friend. The nephew and heir of the historian, Angelo Guicciardini, edited his uncle's works, which, incomplete and mutilated by order of the government, appeared twenty years after his death. The censor of that day was Concini, private secretary of Duke Cosimo the First:—all despots are aware that their power depends on a trammelled press. The present Grand Duke is not a despot (either from character or principle); but the press, at this moment, in Florence, is not more free than in the days of the sanguinary Cosimo, and if Florence now possessed many Guicciardinis, their talents and veracity would avail her nothing.—The *true Censors* of the European press are the members of the Holy Alliance.

finished his history, and where he is supposed to have died by slow poison, is now kept in high preservation, by the good taste of its present possessor; who has ornamented it with many classical and appropriate inscriptions*.

On the site of the present beautiful Villa of the Orlandini family, on the brow of one of the acclivities of Fiesole, stood the dwelling of Boccacio. Among its charming prospects it commanded the far-famed *Valle delle Donne*, where† the *Decamerone* was composed, and where every image still answers to the glowing descriptions of its author.

The Casa Altoviti (still occupied by the descendants of the handsome Bindo, the dear friend of Raphael, and intimate of Cellini,) is well worthy observation from its singular façade, decorated with the portraits of fifteen of the most illustrious of the citizens of Florence; among which are the heads of Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, Alberti, and Guicciardini. In this palace hung the celebrated and long-disputed portrait of *Bindo Altoviti*, or of *Raphael*, painted by Raphael‡.

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* The Count Francesco Guicciardini is married to the sister of the Marchese Pucci, whose beautiful palace is among the historical fabrics of Florence.

† Now the property of Signore Frossini—adjoining the Convent of La Doccia.

‡ The disputes to which this picture has given birth for a century back, arise from the looseness of Vasari's text, which

No poverty should have induced—no sum tempted the owners of this splendid and most interesting picture, to have parted with it. The Counts of Altoviti are wealthy, as they are by descent noble; and yet this picture was purchased in 1807, by the hereditary Prince of Bavaria, for eight thousand *scudi*, and now hangs in the gallery of Munich.

The PALAZZO CORSINI is a truly princely fabric, though raised in the seventeenth century, when all the arts were in degradation. It is of

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leaves it in doubt whether it was *the picture of Raphael himself*, painted for his friend Bindo Altoviti, by himself, or the picture of *Bindo*. The following is the passage, which has set all the *virtuosi* by the ears. Speaking of Raphael, VASARI observes, "*E a Bindo Altoviti fece il ritratto suo, quand era giovane, che è tenuto stupendissimo.*" ("And for Bindo Altoviti, he drew *his* picture when he was young, which is esteemed stupendous!") The following observation, however, from one of Vasari's commentators, seems to settle the question, if such questions were ever permitted to be settled by the demagogues of criticism. "*Fra i molti ritratti fatti di suo mano e di mano d'altri, il più bello e meglio dipinto e meglio conservato è quello rammentato dal Borghino, ch' egli fece da se allo specchio per darlo a Bindo Altoviti, nelle cui casa di Roma era conservato fino a pochi anni sono, ed è stato sempre creduto il ritratto di Bindo. Ma l'equivoco l'hanno fatto le parole del Vasari e del Borghino.*" The commentator adds, that he had himself conversed with Altoviti on the subject, who had positively said it was Raphael's own picture. The present Count Altoviti expressed himself of the same opinion to the author of this work, one night at the opera, in the box of the Prince Borghese, where the picture was the subject of discussion.

the Tuscan order, built after the designs of Silvani, and forms a conspicuous contrast to the massive and antiquated edifices of the fifteenth century. It stands on the Lung-Arno, and, from its *ricetto*, or open gallery, commands the windings of that beautiful river, and the valley scenery, in which it loses itself. A fine statue of the Corsini Pope, Clement the Twelfth, to whose *nepotism* this princely family owes its immense wealth, stands in this *ricetto*. But the true glory of the Corsini dates beyond that epoch of corruption, when red hats, and pontifical tiaras, shaded their brows. One Rinaldo is worth a thousand Clements; and the most splendid page in the archives of their family is that which his name illustrates.* The grand saloon is a truly royal apartment, supported by marble columns, and decorated with busts and statues, modern and antique. Among the vast and valuable collection of pictures, are some of Carlo Dolce's chefs-d'œuvre, and a great historical picture by Benvenuto, the present chief of the Florentine school. Of the superb and valuable details of this palace, the Author of these

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* When *Rinaldo Corsini* heard that the Medici were about to be forced once more on Florence, by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, he headed a party of the Florentine youth, and, raising the cry of "*Libertà*," assisted in banishing the Medici, and in declaring Alexander a traitor to the state. It is impossible to light on a name in Florence, which has not been illustrated by some deed of patriotism. Even the Medici were once patriots.

volumes is but little qualified to speak, having never visited it but as a guest, and under circumstances that rendered even the frescoes of Gherardini, and the divine heads of Dolce, objects of minor consideration.*

Reale e Imperiale Accademia delle Belle Arti.—Notwithstanding the social efforts of the fathers of the Tuscan school to establish a club or company of artists, and the despotic attempt of Cosimo the First, in after-times, to compose and govern an academy, nothing absolutely deserving the name, as applied to such institutions in France and England, was incorporated until the year

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* Shortly after our arrival in Florence, the Minister of the Interior, the Prince Neri Corsini, made a dinner for the purpose of presenting us to the literary society of Florence. Among other distinguished persons present were—the Senator Alessandri, Director-general of the Gallery of Florence, and President of the Academy of Fine Arts, to which his taste, talent, and liberality have largely contributed. The Marchese Lucchesini, author of a work on the Rhenish Confederacy. The Cavaliere Fabroni, the Ex-chief of the *Ponts et Chaussées* of the Department of the Alps: (some of the noblest works executed by Napoleon, are due to his genius and enterprise.) Signore Niccolini, Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, best known to the Italian literati of England as the author of the fine tragedies of Polissena and Nabucco. Signore Micale, author of the learned work "*L'Italia avanti il Dominio dei Romani*," &c.—Italy, perhaps, is the only country in Europe, where Ministers of State surround themselves with men of talent, and where a well-known difference in political opinion forms no obstacle to the reception of a literary stranger.

1784; when the Grand Duke Leopold united the several scattered schools of painting, and founded the present academy of fine arts, in the suppressed convent and hospital of Saint Matthew. Large sums were appropriated to support this new institution, by which it was expected to revive the days of the Vinci and the Raphael. The most eminent professors were appointed, its galleries were filled with the most precious works of the great masters; and prizes were offered, with the intention of stimulating genius and rewarding merit. The French improved on the plans, and far exceeded the liberality of Leopold. The number of the pupils increased, the schools were filled from all parts of Italy, dramatic *séances* were got up worthy of the scenes now enacted at the Institute of Paris; and yet not even a *Vasari* was produced. Bad pictures were multiplied *ad libitum;* but there were no purchasers even for good ones, had such existed; and the young *aspirants* wore green-paper laurel crowns in vain. It is the spirit of the age that must direct the course of genius. Academies can do little more than stimulate mediocrity, or excite pretension.

What, however, the French did, better than increasing the number of bad painters, was the opening schools in the Academy for music, declamation, mechanism, and chemistry. The two former were as beneficial to the drama, as the two latter were useful in disseminating know-

ledge, though here only studied with reference to the arts; and though the liberal efforts of the ex-government could not re-produce those *Dei mortali*, whose vivid creations were only inferior to Nature's own great work, yet they did the next best thing—*they rescued* the works of the great masters from impending destruction; and, by transporting them from the damp churches and mouldering cloisters of the innumerable Tuscan convents to the galleries of the academy, they conferred the only benefit such institutions could then bestow upon the art of painting.

The Gallery of the Academy, called the *Galleria del Mezzo-Giorno*, from the lights falling most favourably at that hour of the day, presents a chronological series, beginning with the Greek painters, and the revival of the arts in the time of the Lower Empire, and continuing by Cimabue, Giotto, Perugino, and Raphael, down to the decline of the arts in the latter end of the sixteenth century. This gallery was anciently the hospital-ward for female patients in the old convent; and it is a curious instance of the neglect which falls on fine pictures in such places, that a beautiful fresco of Andrea del Sarto, in chiaroscuro, remains on the walls, where it was long exposed to the fading influence of the sun. It is now covered by an indifferent picture of Raffaello del Garbo, which serves it as a screen. All

the *galleries* of this academy are sufficiently interesting, as containing many noble specimens of the arts, as they existed in the great days of Italian genius. There is also a gallery filled with casts from the antique, admirably executed in plaster of Paris.

In the Accademia delle Belle Arti is the school of that art so purely Florentine, *La Scuola di Lavori in Scagliuola;* and the studio, or work-room, of its present amiable and eminent professor, Signore Pietro Stoppione.

Next to the great depositories of the works of the ancient artists, the studios of the most eminent of the moderns excite attention. Raphael Morghen belongs already to posterity, and his works are so universally diffused, that one enters the work-room from whence they issue with a feeling of acquaintanceship, as if the author was visited more from friendship than curiosity. We found him, as such men are best found, employed on his art, and busily occupied in engraving* from a picture which stood before him, in which he told us he was deeply interested. It was the original portrait of Petrarch and of Laura, by

* Vasari asserts, that the art of engraving was invented at Florence, in the middle of the fifteenth century. It is well known that the Germans dispute the invention. The schools of engraving in Florence, in Milan, and in Bologna, are attaining to great perfection.

Memni*, belonging to the family Bellanti of Siena, who had liberally lent it for the purpose of an engraving, to be prefixed to a splendid edition of Petrarch's Works, publishing at Padua by Professor Antonio Marsana. Raphael Morghen, like all persons of great genius, is simple, unaffected, and unpretending; and he good-naturedly threw aside his burin to accompany us through his gallery, and to point out, at our request, those of his works for which he had himself a preference. He selected Vandyke's famous picture, known by the name of the White Horse, the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael's Transfiguration. "But here," he said, taking down his fine engraving of The Fornarina, "here I worked *con amore*, or, as a French artist would say, *Je l'ai soignée au possible*." His enthusiasm, in speaking of Raphael, was unbounded;—he called him frequently "*Il mio Padre Santo*," and said, his works were like inspiration, to those who copied them. Morghen had the gallantry to insist on being an *Irishman*, as his forefathers, he said, were natives of that country.† Fortunately, however, for the arts, and for himself, he is not. Since, in Ireland, even talents like his might

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* Petrarch's picture by the same artist has been engraved for this splendid edition of his Works, by Maura Gandolfi.

† The name was originally spelt Morgan. Signore Morghen, under the late regime, was made Knight of the Legion of Honour.

perish in oblivion, or wither in neglect: for hapless Ireland, however she may originate talent for foreign markets, has no *home consumption* for its produce.

The studio of a sculptor is always a delightful place to visit: that of Signore Bartolini is particularly so to an English traveller, because it is a "brief abstract and chronicle of the times" and country to which he belongs; where a physiognomist might give a lecture on British heads, from subjects supplied by those three great councils of the nation—the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and Almack's. There is scarcely a living bust in Great Britain, on which fashion has set her mark, or notoriety stamped her signature, that may not be found in the studio and galleries of Signore Bartolini, dispersed among the heads of antique sages or republican worthies. Here the wooden face of some great captain of the present day, shadows the finely cut features of the chief of some Condottieri band of the past—there the sharp intelligent traits of Machiavel mock the imbecile placidity of a modern ministerial countenance—the Venus's of Phidias and Praxiteles yield every where to the Venus's of St. James's—English dandies niche themselves on the same shelf with Grecian sages, and the jacobinical head of the author of Florence Macarthy stands close beside the cranium of an ultra-royalist reviewer. But while Signore Bar-

tolini is reckoned one of the first portrait-sculptors in Italy, as he is unquestionably the most fashionable, he has established his claim to a higher rank in his noble art, by his beautiful "Bacchus pressing grapes." It is said to have the stamp of the *true antique*, by the *connoisseurs*; by the *ignoranti*, it is admired because it has the stamp of nature. The groups of the lovely children of Prince Esterhazy, and the beautiful daughters of Lady Charlotte Campbell, are historical works; and independent of the extraordinary fidelity of the likenesses (their greatest merit in the eyes of their possessors), they are eminently precious as specimens of the perfection to which modern sculpture has arrived, at an epoch so near to that of its revival from a state of absolute degradation.* Signore Bartolini is as great an enthusiast with respect to Michael Angelo, as Morghen is about Raphael.

Signore Ricci has already formed a gallery in the *Santa Croce*; his studio we did not visit.

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* The busts of Lord and Lady Burghersh are admirable, both for their resemblance and execution. Lord and Lady B. were among the early admirers and liberal encouragers of this artist. When very young, he was also distinguished by the late government; and executed some important works under its patronage.

CHAP. XVI.

TUSCANY.

Florence.—The Gallery.—Collections of Lorenzo the Magnificent, &c.—Anecdote of Michael-Angelo.—Dispersion of the First Collection.—The present Collection founded by Cosimo the First, who built the Gallery.—The Building.—Magliabechi Library.—Medicean Venus.—The Fornarina of Raphael.—Other Pieces in the Tribune.—Tuscan School.—Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci.—Martyrs.—The French School.—Cabinet of Gems.—Dutch, Flemish, and Venetian Schools.—Cabinet of Painters' Portraits.—Medicean Vase.—Cabinet of Antiques.—Cabinet of Bronzes.—Etruscan Statue.—Mercury of John of Bologna.—Bust of Cosimo.—Conduct of the French in respect to this Collection.—Voyage of the Venus to Paris.—Cavaliere Puccini.

The mercantile founders of the Medici family, the Giovanni and Cosimos, were the friends and fellow-citizens of the great artists of their day. Lorenzo the Magnificent was the first of his family who assumed the importance, and affected the protection, of a patron. His love for the arts was pure, innate, and enthusiastic; and the immense wealth accumulated at the counters of his fathers, where for a time he himself assisted, enabled his liberal spirit to indulge in those ele-

gant pursuits, which threw a halo of glory round his name, that long dazzled the eye of admiring posterity, and concealed his treasonable views against the liberty of his native country. The precious antiquities he had accumulated in the courts and gardens of the *Casa Medici*, and the permission he allowed to the artists of Florence, to study and work from such perfect models, rendered his domestic residence a sort of public studio. A youth who had engaged to work in the shop of Ghirlandajo, the painter, for three years, for the sum of twenty-four florins, came, like others, to see these prodigies of antiquity, and from that moment the workshop of Ghirlandajo was abandoned. One of the sculptors, struck by the assiduity of the clever boy, provided him with some materials to try his hand on. He began to copy the mutilated head of a faun: he made good its deficiencies, and produced a miracle. He was still occupied in finishing it, when a person, sauntering in the gardens, stopped to consider the work and the artist, and was struck by the perfection of the first, by the youth of the second. He begged the lad from his father, and assigned him a place at his table, and an apartment in his house. This host was Lorenzo the Magnificent: —the boy was Michael Angelo! and the head of the faun is among the treasures of the gallery of Florence!!

Under Pietro, the son of Lorenzo, and at the

period of the banishment of the Medicis, so frequently hunted from the gates of Florence by their indignant and oppressed compatriots, the collections of Lorenzo were scattered, sold, or concealed; but on the restoration of the Medici to power, with the wealth of Italy at their feet, they felt that the arts were the sole medium by which they could acquire a consideration more durable than that which their crimes had procured them. All that money could recover of the collections of Lorenzo was re-purchased; and the Duke Cosimo the First raised that vast edifice, called the UFFIZII, destined to receive the Medici Gallery, which the pride, rather than the taste, of the successors of LORENZO continued yearly to increase and to enrich.

LA FABBRICA DEGLI UFFIZII, forming three sides of a parallelogram, is of the Doric order, and raised after the designs of Vasari. Its Arcades, or Porticoes, serve as a sort of Bazar, and are occupied by small traders, whose gay stalls are filled exclusively with French and English merchandize. The contrast these display, with the surrounding objects*, is extremely pleasant: the produce of the Manchester looms attracts the eye from the Perseus of Cellini and the David of Buonarroti—Birmingham blades dispute at-

* The Uffizj stand between the Loggia and the Palazzo Vecchio.

tention in the mind occupied with the Knife grinder of antiquity—garters and French fans are purchased by votarists on their pilgrimage to the Niobe—and *pomade divine,* Whitechapel needles, and Swansea flannels, are ordered home by the English Corinna as she ascends the stairs which lead to the Tribune of the VENUS DE MEDICIS.

The first range of apartments of this edifice is dedicated to the public offices of the government—the treasury, the cabinet of the archives, and the famous *Magliabechian Library,* founded by *Antonio Magliabechi,* but immensely enriched by the libraries of suppressed convents, and by the precious and rare manuscripts of the Strozzi family. Above all, occupying the whole attic story of this edifice, and ascended by a superb flight of marble stairs, stands the celebrated gallery. When its threshold is passed, and the eye first scans the long vista of its vast corridor, there is a rush of recollections, a fulness of hope, that almost amounts to a physical sensation; and the breath shortens, as imagination hurries from object to object, and knows not where to pause, or what to enjoy. It is a proud, an agitating consciousness, to feel that we stand amidst the accumulated monuments of time and genius! that we gaze on the best that ages have produced, and time has spared! that we are permitted to read the history of man in the progress of his works—to follow the dark rude animal from the

moment when he abandons his brutish instincts (launching into the vague of untried imagination, scooping his hideous idol in the rock, or carving it on the rind), until he wields the chisel of a Phidias or a Michael Angelo, and gives to marble the impress of divinity—himself only less than a god, his god much more than man!*

There is yet another gracious and cordial emotion arising in the contemplation of such collections as that of the gallery of Florence: it is the obvious re-union of superior intellect, severed by the lapse of ages; the adaptation of high conceptions, over which time has no power—the Faun of Praxiteles restored by Buonarroti—the Ganymede of Scopas completed by Cellini! But best of all is the conviction that these splendid creations of human effort were produced under the influence of liberty, and that the artists of Greece and Italy, like the Miltons and Lockes of England, belonged to the highest state of political freedom that the world was then acquainted with.

Three corridors, two of four hundred and thirty feet each, united by one of ninety-seven, form the main body of this temple of the arts; and the lateral cabinets for the various schools, ancient and modern, into which they open, are the votive chapels, dedicated each to some particular

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* The Apollo of Belvedere.

deity. One side of the corridor is lighted by a range of windows: the ceiling is richly painted. On either side are historically arranged, monuments, sarcophagi, statues, and busts: above these antiquities are distributed, in a chronological series, the pictures of the early masters of the Tuscan and Italian schools; and high above all, a collection of portraits of nearly all whom history has rescued from oblivion. These form a curious and interesting study to such as look upon the human countenance as—"a book in which men read strange things." In gazing here, the physiognomist may trace the moral aberration that overturned States, swelling beneath the turban of a Saladin: and the organ of personal vanity, which nearly ruined his subjects, escaping from the redundant coiffure of Louis the Fourteenth. Here the fanciful novelist may find many a delusion dissipated; as the straight Greek* nose of Roxalana leaves the secret of her influence unaccounted for, or as the ferocious Catherine de Me-

* "*Est-il possible qu'un petit nez retroussé renverse les loix d'un empire?*" It may be possible, but it was not true, whatever the ladies of the Fauxbourg St. Germain may think to the contrary. Roxalana's nose was straight. She, however, was a *bel esprit*, a devotee, and a queen; and she made her point, built her mosque, and murdered her man, *tout comme un autre.* Besides winning the heart of Solyman the Magnificent, she strangled his son, and cut off the head of his Vizier Ibrahim.

dicis smiles benignly, in spite of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The vanity would be unpardonable, and the bad taste obvious, which should tempt a traveller of the present day to enter on all the details of that stupendous collection, on which volumes have been written, to be found in every library in England*, from that which belongs to the public in Conduit Street, to the smallest assortment that decorates the hanging shelf of a lady's dressing-room. Yet it is difficult to pass by the *Tribune*, where, as every body has said, since Thomson wrote it, near a century back, reigns

"That bending statue that delights the world."

Above all, it is most difficult for short ladies and "dumpy women" to pass on without dropping one bead, or telling one *ave* before the shrine of that tiny goddess, whose four feet eleven inches render her the "*Madonna della Conforta* of all who have

"Found the blessedness of being little." SHAKSPEARE.

It belongs to this age of anti-beau-idealism, that

* The Senator Buonarroti's "*Museum Florentinum*" amounts to ten volumes. Then come descriptions and catalogues by Stolberg, Eckel, Cinelli, Caylus, Maffei, Addison, Swinton, D'Ancreville, Denina, Goethe, Cocchi, Bianchi, Lanzi, (and from them verbatim) Lalande, Zannoni, Landé, and an hundred others.

even the Venus which has been eulogized, from Pliny to Byron*, in an unbroken series of raptures, should fall, like the emerald dish of Genoa, into the unsparing hands of science; that the beautiful head which has turned so many others, should be discovered to belong to a Becky, and that the goddess of love should be neither more nor less than an idiot.† Venus, however, is not called upon to be a wit; and the disciples of craniology may, if they please, take refuge from the silly head, "too small for an intellectual being," in that *foot* which a critic of another school has declared to be "a monument in itself."‡

But, alas! it is not from modern science alone that the Venus de Medicis has to defend itself. Modern scepticism has been equally busy in its attacks. Côchin and Lessing have both declared against the antiquity of the head; the right arm is given to one modern artist, the left to another.

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* We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty.
Childe Harold, Canto iv. 50.

† Gall and Spurzheim. Lawrence also has given the preference to the head of a Georgian girl over that of Venus, observing, "that it combined the personal charms which enchant the senses, with those rational endowments which command esteem." The face of the Venus is certainly destitute of expression.

‡ "Ce pied est si parfait, que, trouvé seul, il serait, à lui seul, un monument. DENON.

The feet are pronounced to have undergone a compound fracture. "*Tout le reste*," however, it is comfortable to know, "*est evidemment antique—à l'exception de quelques petits morçeaux dans le corps et ailleurs.*"*

The fact is, that the Venus de Medicis, like other long-revered antiquities, has felt the blighting breath of revolutionary change; and daily sees her shrine deserted for that of a rival beauty, who is no goddess, and still less a saint; who is, after all, but a mere woman; but who was at once the model and the inspiration of Raphael—his own Fornarina.†

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* Gallerie de Florence, 1818.—These restorations are sad stumbling-blocks for those indiscriminate amateurs who come prepared to admire whatever they are assured is admirable; and wonder with the same foolish face of praise through the whole collection. But when every discount is made for ugly hands and silly heads, which taste and science require, still enough remains to fix the admiration of those who are in the least alive to a feeling for beauty; and to justify the eloge of Denon, as replete with delicacy and with grace as the object it describes. "Descendue du ciel, l'air seul a pressé ses fluides contours: pour le premier fois son pied vient de toucher la terre, et fléchir sur le poids du plus souple et du plus élastique de tous les corps."

† "Ritrassi Beatrice Ferarese, e altre donne, e particolarmente *quella sua*, e ne serviva per tenere al naturale, quando faceva i suoi studii per quadre che doveva dipingere." This "*quella sua*" of Vasari has set all the *virtuosi* of Italy (who believe every thing but what it is unimportant to doubt) disputing the picture of the Fornarina, as they have that of Raphael himself. As

This tribune is the *sanctum* of the gallery, and contains the *capi d'opera* of the great masters. In this room is a picture of Michael Angelo's, which, by its contrast to the humour of his BACCHUS*, and the force of his "DAY," gives the strongest testimony of his wonderful versatility of genius. It is a household scene of the Holy Family. The Virgin is carelessly giving the little Christ over her shoulder to Joseph! It is Nature itself! This picture was bespoke by a rich Florentine merchant, Agnolo Doni, probably the husband of Maddelena Doni, the pretty prim prude, whose picture by Raphael, in his first

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Vasari has not mentioned the Fornarina by name, they deny that such a person existed. Raphael's passion for her is, indeed, more traditional than historic. On this unrivalled picture is the date 1512; and Raphael died in 1520. Like most of the great painters of his day, Raphael, though devout, was frail; but the Church, which had need of his talents, was indulgent to his errors, and the Cardinal's hat had already been destined for his handsome head, when he died in the flower of his age.

* The Bacchus of Michael Angelo is placed among the antiques, in the corridor. It was, in fact, purchased as such by a connoisseur; having been previously buried, out of a frolic, by Michael Angelo, whose triumph it was to discover the imposition. This Bacchus is just flushed, not drunk, with the juice of the grape; which he seems to have pressed into the goblet in his right hand. His brows are wreathed with ivy and vine leaves; a little urchin satyr, half hidden under the goat-skin drapery of the god, endeavours to taste the grapes, which seem dropping from his grasp!—Antiquity has left nothing more beautiful than this.

manner, hangs opposite to it. The price agreed on was seventy crowns. Doni, when he got his picture home, thought it dear; and began to haggle. Michael Angelo, indignant, took it back and doubled the price. Doni was too happy to have it on any terms; and well he might.

The Tuscan school is naturally very rich and very exquisite: some of the prime works of the Hierophants of the art are preserved here. In this precious cabinet is the famous Medusa head of Leonardo da Vinci, the work of his wondrous boyhood! Old "*Messere Pietro,*" his father, an honest notary of Florence, who took great pride in the talents of his son, requested him to paint a buckler for a peasant who dwelt near his own *Podere of Vinci.* When Leonardo produced his work, the old man fled in horror. This buckler was the Medusa's head, for which the Duke Galeas Sforza of Milan afterwards gave three hundred ducats; and which is now deemed one of the most precious treasures of the gallery of Florence. It is a fact, that the venomous reptiles which tress the fine head of the Medusa, owe their terrific vitality to the deep study of the young artist in living specimens. When his shield was finished, his closet was found filled with the noxious productions of marshes and fens, the *originals* of the serpents, which hiss and dart round the brow of the dying monster, whose last sigh seems to mingle with their pestiferous

breath. The contrast to the horrible sublimity of the Medusa is his sweet portrait of *Mona Lisa.*

The Adoration of the Kings, by Friar Filippo Leppi, is historically interesting, as preserving portraits of the Medici family! Here too is a fine portrait, by Allori, of Eleonore, the Duchess of Cosimo the First, the mother of many murdered children, whose heart breaks under the splendid finery, which Cellini's exquisite taste designed for her. Here, by the same artist, is the portrait of the Syren Bianca Cappella, whose story is a romance, whose death was a tragedy:—and here is the Saint Lucia of Carlo Dolce (whose women always look as if they were painted by angels): a gaping wound in her beautiful neck emits rays of light. The female martyrology of these Italian painters might serve for a gallery of Mahomet's Houris, or the Harem of Charles the Second! Close by each other, hang two famous compositions of Allori and Carradi: the one represents St. Laurence broiling on a gridiron!! the other, Saint Theaclea, boiling in a pot. This *was*

"A dainty dish to set before a King."

In the adjoining cabinet stands the fine Torso of Ganymede, so exquisitely restored by Cellini; and the splendid bust of Alexander, who, with such a head, might well have believed himself to be the Son of Jove!

The French school has all the generic features, which the Italians ascribe to the Guidos and Guercinos of the *Ultramontains*. The perpetual effort at the "*air noble*" is observable in most of the heads of their theological Aristocracy, and the Saints and Magdelens, all "*gentiles au possible!*" are evidently the Sevignés, Montespans, and La Vallières of the French monachology. There is an "ANNUNCIATION" by Vouet, where the Angel seems to say, "*Madame, J'ai l'honneur de vous annoncer, &c.*" Some wreathed Virgins*, looking like French queens, and infant Christs, resembling Cupids of Versailles, recall the courtly adulation into which bishops† and painters alike fell in the days of Louis the Fourteenth.

There are, however, some redeeming works in

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* The bad taste of putting wreaths of cherubim, like wreaths of roses, round the Virgin's head, is however deducible from some of the greatest masters. Fragonart, a painter and *mauvais plaisant* of Paris, attacked this false taste in a picture, which represented a Holy Family on the usual model: a glory of cherubs environed the brow of an infant, who, having caught one of the stragglers, held it by the wings, as children hold a butterfly. In a corner of the manger prowled a cat, her back raised, her whisker bristling, and ready to pounce upon the cherubim, whose destiny might be read in her glaring eye.

† Bossuet, in his oft-quoted Sermon, preached before the Queen of Louis the Fourteenth, is not contented with calling that pious profligate "*Le Rampart de la Religion, Le Vengeur que Dieu envoye à la Chrétienté*; but he ends by comparing the Queen to the Virgin Mary, and the Dauphin to her divine Son.

this cabinet; among others, some noble battle-pieces (in which the French always excel) by Borgognone and his élève Parrocel, and the delicious landscapes of J. Vernet (a name consecrated to the arts through successive generations). The Sea Storms of Pilmont are fine and close studies of nature; and Gagnereau's *Lion Hunt*, and his *Rencontre of Cavaliers*, are well worth N. Poussin's *Venus and Adonis*, and *Loves and Leverets*—ticklish subjects to French painters. Several original portraits of Madame Sevigné and Madame de Grignan, are not among the least interesting things of the collection.

When Lord Orford visited Florence, he had not yet acquired his passion for virtù, and "*Notre dame des Rochers;* otherwise days given to the Lady Mary's and Lady Betty's of the English circles of Florence, would have been devoted to these most interesting portraits of Mignard's, in the gallery of the Medici.

The Cabinet of Gems—the boudoir of a Crœsus, or a Sheba, is a thing in itself unique, and peculiar to the age, the family, and the country, of which it is an epitome. This room or casket,

> "Enchased with all the riches of the world,"

is worthy, by its beauty and magnificence, of its splendid deposit. Four columns of purest oriental alabaster, and four of precious *verd-antique*,

support the glittering roof of this cabinet. Six armoires of exquisite workmanship contain the brilliant produce of Indian mines, sculptured into every form, receiving every impression which the magic finger of Genius could give to their unyielding surfaces. For this, Cellini was forced to neglect his Perseus, Bandinello his Hercules, and Valerio Vicentio, to give those powers to chiselling a toy, which might have produced a Laocoon, or a Niobe. This cabinet is a monument of a new and rare epoch in the history of the Arts—it marks a period when public taste declined with public spirit, and when the caprice of powerful individuals, seconded by their unparalleled wealth, gave a fantastic direction to talent; and, diverting it from its higher purposes, substituted private patronage for public encouragement, and replaced the stimulus of competition by the salary of dependence. The six armoires of the Cabinet of Gems are decorated with eight columns of agate, and eight of crystal, whose vases and capitals are studded with topazes and turquoises. They contain vases cut out of rubies, and urns each

"Of one entire and perfect crysolite,"

cups of emerald, in saucers of onyx; Roman emperors, in calcedony; and Roman beauties, shedding from their amethyst brows the true *lumen purpureum* of love and loveliness. But the objects most curious are, St. Paul and Peter preaching, in

jasper; a knight fighting in a mail of diamonds; a pearl dog, with a tail of gold and paws of rubies; Duke Cosimo the Second, in gold and enamel, praying before an altar of gems and jewels; and a shrine of crystal, representing the Passion: the whole infinitely fitter for a Parisian *Magazin de Bijouterie* in the Palais Royal, than for the high altar, for which they were destined by the toy-shop piety of that true Medici, Pope Clement the Seventh.

The Dutch, Flemish, and Venetian schools, are eminently rich, and elegantly disposed in apartments worthy their possession. There are a verity and a life in the works of the Flemish painters, that bring them more home to the feelings, than the productions of any other school. This is a merit peculiar to nations unshackled by the conventional ideas of academies, and the aristocratic prejudices which exist where the great body of mankind are "*canaille*." The scenes of domestic enjoyment; the exhibition of pleasures, which are placed within the reach of humble life, and which, if sometimes coarse, are always exhilarating; the faithful representations of rural nature, that abound in the works of the Dutch and Flemish painters—afford a gratifying relief to the murders of the martyrology, and the unmeaning miracles of Roman legends, forced upon the genius of the Italian painters, and repeated to perfect nausea in Italian collections. Whatever

may be the *pictorial* merits of different schools, one brilliant landscape of Claude*, that warms and lights the chamber of the Flemish collection, is, *morally*, worth a whole army of martyrs.

The Cabinet of Painters' Portraits is one of the most interesting in the collection: it was begun by the Cardinal Leopold de Medicis, and is a sort of posthumous academy, where the privilege of admission marks the immortality of the candidate. A English artist of either sex have obtained this *brevet* of merit; and Reynolds and Damer † take their places with Titian and Rosalba. In the middle of the cabinet stands the famous *Medicean Vase,* representing the Sacrifice of Iphigenia—the innocent victim offered to appease the gods, and dispose them favourably to her murderers. Always a sacrifice! Gods in wrath! and man in vengeance!—it is a fearful picture!

The Cabinets of Greek, Latin, and Egyptian monuments and inscriptions, that of coins and medals, and that of the Niobe, take days to see, and require volumes as well as learning to describe. The Cabinets of ancient and modern bronzes

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* The beautiful marine view, in which is introduced the Villa Medici at Rome.

† The Hon. Mrs. Damer's fine bust, in this cabinet, is by herself. It is curious to follow this very distinguished Lady's dawning talents (recorded in Lord Orford's delightful letters) to that moment, when her work was added to the wealth of a collection, for which Buonarroti has worked.

have a peculiar claim even to the attention of the unlearned and unpretending, who visit Florence and are interested in her story: the one, as containing the first efforts of the arts in Tuscany, exhibited in the splendid series of Etruscan monuments, vases, and statues; the other, as displaying the revival of the arts in Florence under its own free government. The most splendid specimens of these distant epochs struck the writer of these pages to be, first, the Etruscan Orator, haranguing with a dignity and animation that give the impression of one whose soul is in his subject: there is, in the composure and firmness of his attitude, all the emphasis of conscious reason. This exquisite figure is undoubtedly Etruscan; for though its tunic is Roman, the connoisseurs observe, that the style of composition is obviously distinct from that of Greek or Roman antiquity. It was dug up near the Lake Thrasymene, under Duke Cosimo the First. The second is the Mercury of John of Bologna, the last of the great sculptors of the sixteenth century. Antiquity is said to have produced nothing more perfect. The delicate and winged foot of the beautiful god is just balanced on the breath of a zephyr. He is already in the air—in air less light than his own form! The conception is perhaps a *conceit;* but the execution is so exquisite, that criticism is lost in involuntary admiration. What a region of genius has this little territory been! What volumes does

its story afford, to prove that institutes, not climates, nourish or depress the better powers of susceptible humanity!

Near the Mercury of John of Bologna stands the superb head of Cosimo the First, one of the chefs-d'œuvre of Cellini, and yet executed merely as a *passe-tems*, and an experiment, before he trusted his precious Perseus to the furnace.*—Temporary indisposition led him more frequently than usual to join the young workmen of the *guarda-roba*, in the old palace; and while the Duke and Duchess gossiped with him, he sometimes amused himself in chasing a golden water-cup, or setting a girdle for Eleonore ("*con molto piacevole invenzione*"), and sometimes in moulding, in clay, a likeness of the Duke, a work, he observes, in which the Duke took the greatest pleasure.†

The Gallery of Florence, with all its treasures of art and wealth, may be supposed to have tempted the rapacity of French invaders, and to have afforded boundless sources of plunder to the conquerors, infinitely more powerful than Charles the Eighth, backed as he was by splendid alliances; but the supposition is not borne out by facts. The French revolutionists in Italy, as in

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* "Questa fu un' opera che piacque, ed io non la feci per altra causa se non per far esperienza delle terre da gettare il bronzo." *Vita*, vol. ii.

† Among the bronzes is a shield by Cellini, a perfect unique, of most exquisite workmanship.

France, seized on all the property of the Church and State, which was sold in Florence, as elsewhere, by public auction, under the name of "national property." But though individual rapacity occasionally availed itself of general confusion, and pillaged where it could, still *private property* was understood to be sacred—even the *property of sovereigns*; and under this head the gallery of Florence remained inviolate; and yet the Venus de Medicis decorated the halls of the Louvre!!

At the period of the French invasion, there stood at the head of the gallery and the arts, in Florence, as "*Direttore della Galleria*," one whose enthusiastic love of both still makes the subject of many a pleasant anecdote in the Florentine circles, the Cavalier Puccini. Of this arduous director of the Museum, and zealous guardian of the Venus de Medicis, the Hesperian dragon "was but a type:" one object only had ever divided his passion for the fine arts, and that was his taste for the *gastronomic* ones. Torn by contending inclinations towards the cabinet and the kitchen, he is said to have habitually confounded the phraseology of both—to have talked of the Venus, as a "*cosa da mangiare*," and of "*mouton à la braise*," as being of the true French school.*

* Pointing out the best pictures of the gallery one day to a Roman gentleman, in his usual strain of culinary criticism, he observed of one, "*Come questo quadro è butiroso*" (how buttery

In the commotions which shook Europe to its centre, Puccini saw nothing to interest or to fear, but as the changes affected his Gallery; and when the Grand Duke deserted Florence, Puccini, without seeking counsel or asking aid, packed up all the most precious pictures, and taking with him the Venus de Medicis, he freighted an English vessel, bound from Leghorn to Palermo, with his precious charge. On his arrival, he presented his Beauty of Gnidus to the King of Naples (then a fugitive like herself), and claimed and obtained his legitimate protection for the deposed Queen of Hearts. The King received the beautiful emigrant, *en Preux*—a tribune only less superb than that of Florence was allotted to her,; and Puccini saw his deity receiving the same homage at Palermo as at Paphos: when, to the astonishment of all, and to the utter consternation of her own high priest, the goddess deserted her temple for a French frigate, and exchanged her Royal protector for the Jacobin Directory of France. The Directory coquetted about her reception; the King of Naples declared he knew nothing of the transaction; and, after a variety of *pour parler's* on both sides, it appeared that Acton, the Minister, an Englishman, and the favourite of Queen

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this picture is!); of another, "*Come è midolloso!*" (how full of marrow is this!) "If you say another word," interrupted the Virtuoso, licking his lips, "I shall eat them;"—"*State zitto; se no, lo mangio!*"

Caroline of Naples, (names alike consecrated to national execration) had presented the Venus de Medicis to the French; and Acton, whatever was the *dessous des cartes,* declared frankly, that he took the responsibility of the transfer on his own head;—a head that stood responsible for deeds of infinitely deeper consequence than this shameful breach of trust.

Possessed of the Venus by *legitimate* means, as coming from a legitimate minister, the French next sighed for the bust of the Alexander. But it is a notorious fact, that they only begged a *plaster cast* of this magnificent work, which they obtained,—as they would have done the original had they demanded it: for it is said that the Florentines were then

"Very, very, very kind indeed,"—

and exhibited none of that furious resistance to the *ultra-montain* invaders, which drove Charles of France, in less complying times, from their republican walls.*

When the Restoration occurred, in 1814, the Venus de Medicis was to resume her ancient

* Bonaparte was dining with the Grand Duke of Tuscany in the Pitti Palace, when the news was brought to him that Mantua was taken. It was the last town that had made resistance and its fall rendered the French masters of Italy.—The Grand Duke, in return, lived in habits of intimacy with Bonaparte's family at Paris; where, it is said, he led a life most congenial to his taste—while Bonaparte's sister, Elise, governed Tuscany under the superintendence of the supreme lord of all.

throne in the tribune, and to be reinstated, like other deposed sovereigns, with the Horses of Venice, and the Asses of the *Annunciata, et ailleurs.* In this instance, as in every similar one, an effect was endeavoured to be produced on the people by the "glorious pomp and circumstance" of her triumphal entry; but it wholly failed in the issue. It was in vain that an escort of cavalry was sent to meet and convoy her to her ancient residence; that she entered the city with colours flying and drums beating—not three hundred people assembled to greet her as she passed. The lapse of near a quarter of a century had changed their tastes, and dulled their apprehensions. They wanted *statutes,* not statues; and the restoration of their ancient commerce, or the continuation of that prosperity they had enjoyed under the more liberal institutions of their ultra-montane invaders, would have been a much more welcome result of the re-establishment of their old dynasty, than all the statues that ever filled and adorned the Capitol of ancient, or the Vatican of modern Rome.

Still the Florentines are truly and justly proud of their unrivalled Gallery. It is a great national monument of their former supremacy in illumination, above all the nations of Europe. It is also the only good that remains to them from the influence of that direful family to whom they owed a long series of political and moral degradation.

CHAP. XVII.

TUSCANY.

Historic Sketch.—Corruption of Morals at the Destruction of the Republics.—Influence of the Medici Family on the Fortunes of Tuscany.—Cosimo Pater Patriæ.—Lorenzo the Magnificent.—Alexander, Son of Clement the Seventh.—Cosimo, the First Grand Duke.—John Gaston.—Francis Emperor of Germany.—Grand Duke Leopold.—His Reforms.—Opposition of the Clergy and Aristocracy.—Ferdinand the Third.—French Revolution.—First Occupation of Tuscany.—Re-action during the Austro-Russian Campaign.—March to Florence of the Inhabitants of Arezzo.—Massacres.—Second Revolution after the Battle of Marengo.—Kingdom of Etruria.—Duke of Parma King.—Queen Regent.—Tuscany aggregated to the French Empire.—Elise, Governante of Florence.—Restoration of Ferdinand the Third.—Rospigliosi.—Present Administration.—Society.—Anecdotes of the Restoration.—Old Noblesse.—Cavaliere Servente.—Scroccone.—Bottegone.—The Fattore.—Maestro di Casa.—Secretary.—Retail Trade in Wine of the great Proprietors.—Town and Country Life.—Multiplicity of Villas.—The younger Nobility.—Lancastrian Schools.—Middle Classes.—Porcellain Manufactory of the Marquis Ginori.—Rural Ball.—Peasantry.—Social Intercourse of Florence.—Diplomatic Circles.—Lower Classes.—Theatres.

Of the causes which originated the ruin of Italy, the primary and most influential were the ambitious contentions of the Popes and the Emperors,

and the partition of the Peninsula into numerous petty and independent jurisdictions.* The contests which had so frequently armed the Italian Republics against each other, though fatal to that unity by which alone Italy could become a powerful nation, had still an energizing influence on the people; and during their civil broils, the domestic virtues, and the love of country, remained unchanged and conspicuous. When foreign irruption spread its licentious armaments over the land, and pestilence and plague occasioned a temporary relaxation of the bonds of moral obligation, the poet, or philosopher of the day, boldly attacked the reigning vice, and exposed the public shame;

* From the absurd claims of the Popes and Emperors, originated the miseries of Italy: each being incapable of possessing it exclusively, both operated to divide and to debase it. German influence over Italy was infinitely more destructive than that of the French; because the sway of the latter was an occasional incident,—that of the former, claimed by prescription and inheritance, threatened to be eternal. Nothing more strongly proves the short-sightedness of Alfieri in politics, than his Miso-Gallo! Had his judgment been uninfluenced by his passions, he would have perceived that the chains of France would have yielded to the pressure of those very circumstances they were themselves preparing, by the diffusion of knowledge; but that the dominion of Germany, by resting its policy in the annihilation of the national spirit, and the extinction of all illumination, anticipated the possibility of change, and efficiently provided against it. The Italians, in speaking of these two powers, say with their usual partiality to the French, " It is better to die by the claw of a lion, than the hoof of an ass."

and on such occasions Dante reproached in immortal verse, and Boccacio launched the satires of his Decamerone!* But when military adventurers became sovereign princes, and the rude fortresses of Ferrara, Modena, Milan, and Parma, were converted into Courts;—when powerful individuals were placed by accumulated wealth, and foreign alliance, beyond the pale of public opinion, then the morals of Italy fell with her liberties. An Inquisition established in all her cities by the Spanish and Papal influence, the increased sale of indulgences necessitated by the extravagance of the Medicean Popes, the ready absolution of crime, and remission of sin, to all who could pay the price of redemption,—completed the work of degradation, and annihilated national morality, as well as national independence! From the middle of the sixteenth century to the epoch of the French revolution, the people of Italy became generally demoralized in all their social relations. Their virtues had in their best days been all their own!—their vices, even in their worst, they owed to their rulers.

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* Of the domestic manners which prevailed in Florence in the olden times, Dante has left a glowing and exquisite picture.—See the passage beginning with his eulogium on the women of the Republic.—"Si stava in pace, sobria e pudica."—Paradiso, xv.

England, in her best days of domestic virtue, has nothing to present finer than this description of a Florentine matron.

Florence had been the Sparta, as well as the Athens, of the middle ages!—and when she fell

"From her high estate,"

her fall was commensurate to her previous elevation. She shared with the rest of Italy the general sources of misery and debasement; but she had another vein of evil within her own bosom, that co-operated with the external pressure on her welfare:—for the talents and virtues of some of her citizens became as fatal to her liberties, as foreign invasion and influential alliances. The moment that power is permitted by the partiality of a people to vest in an individual, or to centre in a family, liberty receives its death-wound. Man, in his highest state of moral and intellectual perfection, is not to be trusted with absolute dominion. His nature was not made for it; and there is not one instance on historic record, in which he has been so trusted, without his affections becoming perverted, and his instincts depraved:—with no public opinion to guide, and no public force to control his volitions, he has uniformly degenerated from his social character, and inflicted lasting misery upon the subjects of his misrule. For power there is but one safe depository; and that is, the responsible administrator of recognized laws.

When the people of Florence gave to their fellow-citizen, Cosimo de' Medici, the title of *Pater*

*Patriæ**, their work of degradation was begun; and the germs of the future crimes of that atrocious race were already deeply planted. To those who might have

> "Look'd into the seeds of time,
> And seen which grain would grow—and which would not,"

what a perspective the future story of this race would have opened!—Parricide—infanticide—the murders of the Palace Pitti!—the massacre of St. Bartholomew!—the assassination of the Strozzi—the martyrdom of Henry the Fourth!—with other enormities more disgusting, if not more sanguinary, filling up the pauses of blood and death. Yet, after all, the retribution falls heaviest on the hand that wields this overweening power: Nature in this, as in all things, righting herself, and justifying her own law.† Cosimo,

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* Such epithets, bestowed on power, are only records of human folly. The infamous Livia was *Mater Patriæ*. The Roman emperors received apotheosis, in proportion to their crimes. The "*Grands*," "the *Desirés*," "the *Beloveds*," are already laughed at, by those who invented the ludicrous adulation. In ruder times, however, a hit at a *sobriquet* was made in another way; and a *Long-shanks*, and a *Penny-less*—a Charles *the Bad*, and Philip *the Cruel*—are instances of contemporary candour, which posterity confirms.

† Of this the private history of many despots affords proof. Sultans and Satraps are found invariably considering their sons and brothers as rivals, and becoming their assassins. Even the paternal history of the paternal kings of Christian Europe is not free from imputation. The story of the Imperial parents of Russia is terrific: Peter the First killed his own son—Catherine

the *father of his country*, like his sire Giovanni, had virtues that imposed; and, like his grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent, he had talents that dazzled. He united the domestic habits of the Tuscan merchant to the princely munificence of a sovereign potentate. He promoted the great public works which distinguished his age and country; and preserved the manners

the Great seems to have had the same object in the long persecution of hers—the present Autocrat sits on a throne stained with the unavenged blood of his father. Philip the Second of Spain, having deprived his son of his bride, put him to death. The King of Prussia formally condemned his son, the Great Frederick, to death; and when the Emperor Charles the Sixth interfered in his behalf, he pleaded *his divine right of son-killing*, by observing, "that God only was above him, and that no human power had a right to dictate or control him." Almost all the Dauphins of France lived in open variance, or under the secret suspicion of their fathers. The parental persecution of the "*Gentil Dauphin*" of the Maid of Orleans, originated all his after-misfortunes. The cold-hearted etiquette of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, on the death of their sons *, and the jealousy with which they watched them while living, are notorious. The royal heirs apparent of England were invariably *frondeurs* to the parental power—even "Hal" is accused of stealing his father's crown before his death. The Princes of Wales, down to the present day, have been chiefs of every opposition that thwarted their father's ministers. The father of his late Majesty was something more. The filial disaffection of the house of Stuart was uninterrupted. James the First left his mother's execution unavenged; and Anne and Mary, traitresses to their father, usurped his throne, and broke his heart.

* See Dangeau, Memoires—and the Reign of Louis the Fifteenth.

of a frugal and simple citizen. He encouraged, without affecting to patronize, arts and letters; was the friend of Brunellesco and Masaccio—the host of Poliziano—the associate of the learned, and the admirer of the ingenious. By opening his house to the fugitive rhetoricians of Greece, he rescued the works of the ancients from the oblivion that awaited them. By substituting the mysticism of Plato, he broke up the tyranny of Aristotle, gave a shock to inveterate habits of opinion, and opened a highway (though a circuitous one) to inquiry and research. These were his virtues, as a citizen: —as a demagogue and usurper, they are effaced by his crimes. Under the modest toga of a republican merchant were hidden the folds of the imperial purple: and beneath the simple manners of a private individual, he exercised a sway powerful as the dominion of unlimited sovereignty. He devoted his enormous wealth to the corruption of his fellow-citizens: he attacked by his calumny, and banished by his influence, all that was most illustrious in the State; and bought and sold, with heartless cupidity, the liberties of the people. Suspected and exiled for a period from Florence, he left it full of vindictiveness: and returning more cruel than he had departed, he founded a system of espionage, which the Courts of Europe have since constantly adopted.* Ruthless to his

* Ogni parola, ogni cenno, ogni usanza, che a quelli chi governano fosse in alcuna parte dispiaciuta, era gravissimamente punita. MACHIAVELLI, *Ist.* L. iv.

personal enemy, lenient to the fomenters of factious broils, timid in contest, severe in peace, he hated patriotism, and he feared and he persecuted with an equal intensity. The fate of his victims, the Albizzi, the Pazzi, the Orlandini, the Anghiardi, the Capponi, illustrates this blackest page in his history. Having stamped all who opposed his power with the epithet of *rebel* to the State, he finally succeeded in producing a torpid toleration of despotism, which he called peace; and he bequeathed (through his feeble and short-lived son Pietro) to his grandsons, Lorenzo and Giuliano, a domination the more powerful, because its extent was concealed under a popular and untitled name.

Lorenzo the Magnificent becoming, by the death of his brother (who fell a victim to the vengeance of the much-wronged Pazzi*,) a sovereign *de facto*, though remaining a private individual, was to Cosimo what Augustus was to Julius Cæsar. All his deeds merited the epithet bestowed on him; but the pupil of Politian, the protector of Michael-Angelo, the friend of Alberti, the most gallant lover and elegant sonnetteer of his day, was, after all, but the most splendid and accomplished despot of his family.† Even his virtues

* See Machiavelli and Nardi, in opposition to Roscoe, who endeavours to exculpate his hero from the iniquity attributed to him, in the case of the Pazzi.

† "Laurent appesantissoit chaque jour davantage le joug, que portoient ses concitoyens : au commencement de l'anné 1489

served but to steep his country deeper in that ruin to which his fathers had urged it. His lôve of letters brought round him an host of literary parasites.* His extravagant and improvident expenditure of the public wealth produced that national bankruptcy under which he concealed his own.† His deep-seatêd policy gave rise to institutions which deadened the activity of the people, effected an inglorious torpidity, and induced habits of voluptuous indulgence. His balance of power, his lôve of intrigue, and ambition of high alliance, produced a system, which spread with baneful influence over Europe, deferred its epoch of illumination, and checked the progress of political philosophy; and his bequeathing his native country as a patrimony to

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il osa punir avec un insolence révoltante, le gonfalonier Neri Cambi, qui venait de sortir de charge, pour avoir lui-même maintenu les droits de sa magistrature, et admonété, sans consulter Laurent, quelques gonfaloniers de compagnie qui ne s'étaient pas rendus à leur devoir. On trouvat cette conduite trop orgueilleuse vis-à-vis du Laurent prince du gouvernement—et ce nom de Prince, jusqu'alors *inconnu à une citè libre*, commence à etre prononcé dans Florence." SISMONDI, Tom. x. p. 346.

* "Ne se meravigliano che gli eruditi di quell' età, al viver libero fossero contrari; e nelle corti dei nuovi principi adulando cercassero ozi e fortuna." NICCOLINI.

† "Telle était la corruption dans laquelle Florence était tombé, que cette commission ne rougit pas de faire banqueroute à la patrie pour sauver de la banqueroute les Medicis." SISMONDI, [illegible] 248.

his heirs, substituted the interests of a family for the prosperity of the State.*

The history of the nation finished, when the history of the Princes of the House of Medici began. Alexander de' Medici, the natural son of Clement the Seventh, was the first of that family who assumed the exterior of princely sway; and exhibited all that licentiousness of manners, that depravity of tastes, and disregard of moral obligation in the private relations of life, which distinguish despotic princes and corrupt courts, where-ever they are permitted to exist. Had he lived, he would have been the Charles the Second, or the Louis the Fifteenth, of his country! It was

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* The Medici have found able biographers and elegant eulogists in two foreign writers, well calculated, by their tastes, their learning, and love of arts and literature, to estimate all that was most estimable in the characters of the family—I mean Mr. Roscoe and Monsieur Ginguené; and their works will be read with pleasure, so long as the languages in which they are written shall exist. But to judge of the true political and domestic characters of the Medici, their own compatriot and contemporary historians must be consulted—Machiavelli, Michael Bruto, Nardi, and one who in the present day has written like a true Italian of the best days of Italy—Sismondi! Although the Italians are now violently *Anti-Medici*, they do justice to Mr. Roscoe's Lorenzo de' Medici, which is much read and much disputed. Such was the state of Italian despotism in 1819-20, that to attack the Medici was to incur the imputation of jacobinism—for Austria is still grateful for the benefits she received at their hands.

in pursuit of an illicit intrigue with a lady of rank and character, who had resisted his power, that he met his death, and fell by the hands of his kinsman Lorenzino. But his sins were almost venial, when compared to the crimes of his successor, Cosimo the First, the Tiberius of Florence.

Of all the Medicean Princes, COSIMO THE THIRD seems to have been the most fatal to the moral and political interests of Tuscany. It was he who had drawn tightest the bonds of Church and State; who, taking monks for his ministers, through whom alone favour could be obtained (for right there was none), gave them that jurisdiction over the domestic concerns of his subjects, which they held over his own councils.* To the utter ruin of Tuscany, this fearful reign lasted fifty-three years! and in that space of time morality was completely overthrown; bigotry received its highest influence; commerce languished; money disappeared; taxes were trebled; riches were concentrated in the hands of a few monopolists and landed proprietors; the government was cruel; the people were steeped in

* Cosimo, by the counsels of the priests, passed a law to prevent young persons having interviews before marriage, and obliging their families to make use of the negotiations of an ecclesiastic in the most important transaction of life. This was one of the great means by which the marriage-tie became merely an affair of interest and convenience.

ignorance and superstition; the clergy became as illiterate as they were despotic; and the noblesse, submissive to priests and princes, reigned with more than feudal sway over all classes.

JOHN GASTON, the son of Cosimo, and last of the Princes of the house of Medici, began and ended his career in low debauchery; and seems to have done good only to mock and revoke the decrees his father had enacted. He drove the monks from his court, because he had already taken for the minister of his state, the minister of his pleasures.* He abolished the pensions his father had given to converted Jews, Turks, and Protestants; or, as the people called them, "*pensions on the credo;*" and bed-ridden by disease (the result of his profligacy), he indulged in dissipated orgies, affected to *hiccup* away his dominions, at drunken carousals, sometimes to one, sometimes to another potentate†; while it was supposed that he secretly resolved to restore the country to its ancient independence.‡ While,

* This person was the son of a poor peasant near Florence, whom chance and vice had early and intimately associated with Gaston. From being the companion of his debaucheries, he became his major-domo and minister; and the sole agent, through whom any claim or request could meet the attention of the bed-ridden Sovereign.

† See "Galuzzi."

‡ He is said to have left a will, in which he formally bequeathed to the Florentines their liberties. But it appears that the will of the dead Sovereign was not the pleasure of the living ones.

however, contending sovereigns disputed the succession* to a kingdom over which he still reigned, he is said to have displayed much of the old Medicean finesse and prudence; and from his couch, the scene of his sufferings and his vices, to have played off the candidate princes whom he resolved to deceive—by being just—and respecting the rights of nations!

But at what period in the political history of the world, have the rights of nations weighed against the claim of powerful dynasties? There *then* existed, as *now*, a holy alliance against the liberties of mankind; less audaciously avowed perhaps, but equally tenacious of its system of aggression. The heads of those families which desolated the Roman empire, still claimed what they called their *rights* over unhappy Italy, as descendants of the Cæsars; and by the usual craft and juggling of Congresses and great national councils, Tuscany fell to a German Emperor†, in the person of the feeble husband of

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* In the Via Larga of Florence, reside two elderly gentlemen devoted to retreat and celibacy. They are agriculturists, and their rigid frugality is said to be remarkable even for Florence. They are little known but by name; but that name is—*Medici!!* They are the lineal descendants of old Cosimo, the Pater Patriæ, whose legitimate progeny was set aside for the natural son of Pope Clement the Seventh; Charles the Fifth, the Arbitrator of Italy, not having included that branch in his fief.

† Had the Emperors settled at Rome, instead of Germany,

Maria Theresa. After a short visit to his new Italian possessions, FRANCIS resigned their government to his Viceroy de Beauveau, Prince de Craon, whose administration was chiefly directed to restoring and reforming the finance of the State.

On the death of the Emperor Francis, his second son, the Archduke Leopold, in 1765, became Grand Duke of Tuscany. Neither the despotism of his mother's government, nor the relaxation of domestic morals which prevailed in Vienna, had prepared Leopold for the state in which he found the society of Florence; and the impatient vehemence, the impolitic promptitude, with which he urged on his great work of reformation, evinced how strongly he felt its necessity. Still he exhibited in his little State all the wisdom of a legislator, and his theories were rarely contradicted by experience. He constructed a criminal code, and crimes disappeared. He formed a system of internal economy, and wealth increased. He abolished capital punishments, and for four months the prisons of Tuscany held not a single delinquent. This triumph of good laws over human frailties and long-cherished habits deserves a splendid page in his-

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their claims might have been of some utility to Italy, as Dante has observed. The Pope would then have been no more than the Patriarch of the Greek Church is in Russia.

tory. The benevolence which dictated them was strongly evinced by one of those trifling incidents which paint a character in a fact. It having been proved to Leopold, at the moment when about to retire to rest, that an accused prisoner was innocent, he had promised his release on the following day; but, unable to sleep with the weight of an injustice on his heart, he arose in the middle of the night, to order the instant liberation of the prisoner. The chroniclers of kings have few such anecdotes to record. Over deeds so splendid it is melancholy to throw a shadow of blame; but even the good effected by Leopold was due too often to means which replaced the crimes they removed by a vileness more degrading. Leopold adopted and improved the Medicean system of espionage; and, governing his subjects like Capuchin novices, corrupted one half of the population, to controul the other:—his friend was the inspector of the police; and no tale was too insignificant to meet his ear, or win his attention. But his object was always the reformation of the people; and he who abolished the torture, capital punishment, and the Inquisition, may be pardoned even that insatiate curiosity, and love of gossiping, almost inseparably connected with the system under which princes are educated.

The obstacles which interest and habit invariably fling in the way of the most laudable reform,

were wisely expected, and artfully met by Leopold: he struggled to make his reforms appear the vow of the people, and to render public opinion a guarantee for their execution. Aware of the inadequacy of force to lead society even to good, his laws were indirect, and the people submitted to change without feeling its shock. Happy had it been if his impatience of superstition, and the craft of ecclesiastics, had permitted him to act with equal moderation in Church as in State; happy if he had occupied himself with promoting freedom of inquiry, and disseminating liberal instruction, instead of playing the theologian with disputatious prelates, and endeavouring to convince those whose interest it was not to be convinced. He did not perceive that the passage from darkness to light can never with impunity be made sudden; or that the Jansenism he attacked with so much ridicule and argument was no unserviceable precursor of sound philosophy and scriptural christianity.

To the glory, the eternal glory of Leopold, it is recorded, and still believed in Florence, that it was his intention to establish a *constitutional government* *; but that a minister, in whose

* The system of Communes established by Leopold was well calculated to pave the way to a representative government; and a House of Commons might easily be established in Tuscany, where the *Tiers état* consists of small industrious land-pro-

experience he confided, opposed the usual sophism of narrow minds to his wise intention —that the public intellect was not yet fitted to receive so great a benefit. On the authority of this position, a vicious circle is established, in which despotism and ignorance, acting mutually as cause and effect, must continue to produce each other to the end of time: and nations be bound, in hopeless permanency, to the errors of their infancy.

But neither the wisdom nor the benevolence of Leopold's efforts were acknowledged by a large class of his subjects, a class composed of all that was interested in the maintenance of the abuses he abolished—the priesthood, the noblesse, and the refuse of the people. Convents suppressed, religious orders dissolved, licentiousness reproved, activity called forth, indolence roused from its voluptuous slumbers, and reformation universally suggested or imposed, excited a powerful enmity and resistance against the royal reformer, when, by the death of Joseph the Second, Leopold exchanged his Dukedom for the throne of an Empire, and the Government of Tuscany lapsed into the hands of his second son.

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prietors. He gave a civil capacity to Jews, and to women. A Jew or woman of landed property could be a magistrate. Signora Ricci was made Treasurer of her Commune.

The priests* and nobles exhibited their joy at this event, in manifestations by no means equivocal: they well knew that the example of royal fathers holds little influence over their successors, and their opinions were amply justified in the event†. The young sovereign, FERDINAND THE THIRD, became the agent of his then Major-Domo Manfredini; and, acting under his auspices, he abolished, amidst the plaudits of the rabble, the freedom of commerce given by his father; he impaired that code, the object of admiration to the philosophical and the benevolent of all countries; he restored capital punishments, and fostered that long-discouraged bigotry, which once

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* The Ecclesiastics were open in their resistance to Leopold's reforms, and to those undertaken by Archbishop Ricci. They raised the populace at Porto, Pistoja, and Leghorn, who took arms in the name of the Madonna—the ordinary leader of all the anti-reformists of Italy, in all times. In the instance of the Church it happened with Leopold, as with Napoleon. The Bishops who individually approved his plans of ecclesiastical reform, opposed them when united in a Provisional Council. Leopold, too feeble to resist Rome, might have won it to his interests, and obtained a concordat. A Court that claims infallibility must be flattered or annihilated.

† Leopold accompanied his son to Florence to instal him in his new dignities. On his arrival, he found a placard attached to the gates of the Pitti Palace, with the following inscription:—"*Chi non qui ha fare se ne vada.*" "He who has nought to do here may depart."

more raised its drooping head under royal protection.*

Fortunately, however, the routine of business obliged Ferdinand then, to employ the ministers of his father's school, as he now finds it his best policy to retain those who acted under the late French regime; and convinced, through their representations, or by the test of experience, of the ill effects of restrictions on commerce, he restored it to its former liberty. Capital punishment, always so inefficacious in preventing crime, and so instrumental in brutifying a people, remained in full force; but the humanity of the Prince, and the mildness of the national character, rarely called for an execution—and it was but as a sword destined to rust in its scabbard.

When the French Revolution broke out, and the invasion of Italy followed, the Tuscan government exhibited all the indecision of weakness; and, vibrating between fear and policy, it passed through an incessant vicissitude of war and neutrality, attacked by French power, worried by

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* Notwithstanding the errors into which Manfredini led the young Grand Duke, he is described by the Florentines as an honest and well-intentioned Minister, and they lament that he is not now Major-Domo in place of the Prince Rospigliosi. These Major-Domos of the Italian Courts resemble the *Maitres du Palais* of the *Rois feneans* of France: their influence is always considerable, and often fatal.

English intrigue, and menaced by both*. Always temporizing, and never deciding, it purchased a humiliating and precarious existence by sacrifices the most mortifying; but obtained from its neutrality advantages denied to the other States of Italy. After the well-known defeat of the Neapolitans, under General Mack, by the gallant Championet, Tuscany was formally invaded by the French army. The plea was the discovery, or the suspicion, of a secret intelligence between the King of Naples and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in violation of his neutrality, by which the former was to be allowed to occupy Leghorn. It was then that Ferdinand the Third, obliged to abandon his States to the French, exhorted his subjects by a public edict to obey their new sovereigns. The Florentines took this counsel *tout de bon*, and acted under the politic suggestions of their Sovereign. The result was singular: the names of all who obeyed the edict were noted, and there was scarcely one who accepted employment, or entered into the national guard, but upon the temporary restoration of the Tuscan government, during the successes of the Austro-

* Lord Hervey opposed himself to this neutrality by every species of menace that was likely to intimidate the Tuscan government; and when threats failed, he challenged the Grand Duke's Minister, at the convention of St. Castellò.

Russian invasion, became a mark for persecution. The re-action which took place was horrible. Instructions were secretly transmitted from the cabinet of the Grand Duke to the Florentine Senate (a body of nobles marked by the execration of their compatriots, for a cruelty founded in bigotry and ignorance), which in Tuscany are never even yet mentioned but with a thrill of horror*. On this occasion many persons of distinguished merit evinced a courage, that in ruder

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* In the *processi-œconomici* which occurred in this interval of vengeance, the accuser and the accused were never confronted; and every rule of justice was violated. Every sigh was counted, every smile noticed, and brought in accusation against the Florentines, who had submitted to the new government:—even such crimes as it belonged exclusively to ecclesiastical discipline to notice; namely, eating meat on fast-days, was taken as a sign of revolutionary tendency, and punished as a civil delinquency. The number of these processes amounted to *fourteen thousand*: almost the whole of the youth of the city was prosecuted—whoever was noted for superior talent was marked for persecution, and there are but few families in Florence who will bear to have that dark moment of re-action recalled to them, in which Austria, England, and the rabble of Tuscany played so infamous a part. On that occasion it passed into a proverb, that the mob were Kings, and hangmen something more. During this reign of terror, Mascagni, the celebrated anatomist and physician, was near falling a victim to the popular rage. The axe of an assassin was ready to fall on his head, when some of the people exclaimed against the murder of so great a man, whatever might be his political principles, and saved him. Others, of equal merit if not equal celebrity, were less fortunate.

times would have claimed the palm of martyrdom; and a frenzied populace, armed against them by the Church, the State, and the English Minister, could not subdue their fortitude, nor induce them to forego their principles.

But in this deep tragedy there is an episode, which the truth of history demands to be told, and from which British humanity will turn revolting. The town of Arezzo had been long noted for the bigotry and ultra-ism of its inhabitants; and materials were supposed to exist there, more than in any city of Tuscany, for forwarding a re-action. A Madonna was made to perform a miracle, to raise the populace against what was called the revolutionary party: the most ferocious of the ignorant population mounted a leaden Madonna in their hats, seized arms, and, drunk with wine and fanaticism, proceeded with most sanguinary designs to Florence. Their leader was Mr. Wyndham, the British minister: he rode at the head of this infuriate mob, his frail but beautiful mistress* on his right (dressed and mounted as an Amazon); on his left a Monk, with the crucifix in one hand and a pistol in the other. Countrymen of Milton, of Newton, and of Locke, it is thus your glorious name and honourable wealth have been prostituted at various epochs

* Now a Baroness of the German Empire—created such for having "*done the state some service.*"

to aid the cause of oppression and of bigotry! It is thus that while you have been instigated to persecute your Catholic brethren at home, your agents have been made instrumental abroad in reviving and upholding an abject mummery and a barbarous fanaticism; which, however beneficial to the corrupt interests of temporal dominion, are despised and execrated by the sincere of all religions. Ultra-protestants in Ireland, ultra-papists on the Continent, constitutionalists in parliamentary debates, despots in the interior of cabinets, the faction of which you have been so long the dupe, are still consistent in the uniformity of their selfishness, and in their stoical indifference to the character of their means.

Nothing that has been revealed of the horrors of the counter-revolution in France, or under the Reign of Terror, approached the deeds of blood executed in the horrible interval of this re-action in Tuscany.—At Siena, seventeen persons, principally Jews, were burnt alive; an infant at the breast shared the same fate with its wretched mother; while the Cardinal Archbishop of Siena remained tranquilly in his palace (like him of Arezzo) to bless the fury of the populace, and the zeal of the *Protestant English minister;* and to return thanks to Heaven, that in spite of the heresy and philosophy of the age, one Jew more was roasted to the honour and glory of God!! But if the natives suffered—if they burnt and

bled, as the "BLACK CHAMBER"* marked them with the name of jacobin, or revolutionist, of heretic, or Jew—the tortures inflicted on such of the straggling French as fell into the power of these terrible bands, shames the ingenuity of savage cruelty. They will not bear relation, and least of all from a woman's pen.† Be it hoped that they were the expiring efforts of a ferocity and a fanaticism incompatible with the growing intellectual illumination of the day; the last impulsions of that feudality which has heaped upon the European population fourteen hundred years of poverty, of slavery, of ignorance, and of blood.‡

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* "*La Camera Nera.*" The society which took this dark denomination was composed of the most furious fanatics, both in sect and politics, in Italy. They were the dregs of ancient systems, and acted under the influence of the Aulic counsellor Cremari. This man, who was loud in supporting the moral and social order of things in Italy, was obliged to fly Florence on account of a fraudulent bankruptcy, while Giunti, the secretary of the senate, absconded to avoid the penalty of a forgery.

† One of the terrible consequences resulting from the brutal outrages and unexampled cruelties committed on the French, was the retaliation exercised by them when they became masters of Arezzo. The officers could scarcely restrain the men from avenging the dreadful deaths of their tortured fellow-soldiers, by means almost as barbarous.

‡ Had this resistance to the new order of things arisen from love of country, the motive would have been laudable, however atrocious the means resorted to; but no such exalted motive was pleaded. It is now asserted by all ranks, that the Bishops

To these atrocities, over which Allied Sovereigns and diplomatic cabinets have thrown a veil, the battle of Marengo put a period; but their remembrance will be indelible in hapless Italy, so long as one true Italian heart shall throb with love of country and hatred of persecution!

By the impress given to Italy, in the changes effected through the conquests of Napoleon, the Duke of Parma, husband to the daughter of the late King of Spain, the sister of the present, was put in possession of Tuscany, with the title of *King of Etruria*. This manikin prince, alternately insane, or imbecile, has left behind him few notes of his flitting existence, that are not traceable to this mental infirmity. Having lived long enough to revoke all that was most salutary in the laws*

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and Nobles persuaded the people the French were armed against *the Madonna;* and that the English minister, availing himself of their stupid bigotry, promised them rewards adequate to their services, should they restore the Imperial Archduke of Austria to his Tuscan dominions, and re-establish the system disturbed by the French.

* Among these revocations was his law *dello Sabato Santo*, by which he abrogated the salutary regulations of Leopold, that tended to lessen the Papal influence. As a Catholic Prince, Leopold was not able to abolish Monachism; but he had endeavoured to render it less pernicious to society, by decreeing that the vows should not be taken before the age of thirty. This was one of the first edicts that the Duke of Parma or King of Etruria revoked.

of Leopold, he died leaving an infant son*, and a young widow, who was made regent, and who followed undeviatingly in the track of her bigot husband. Her court was modelled on the old type, and like that of the Bourbons, from whom she was descended, was made up of devotion and gallantry, superstition and intrigue. Monks were her counsellors; and ministers are said to have been more than friends. The Queen of Etruria was profuse of the public money; and she was obliged, by the necessities of the State, to raise the taxes. But she is at the same time charged by the Florentines with a female inconsistency, which rendered her alternately a miser and a prodigal, extravagant beyond all bounds, economical beyond all necessity. Although generally permitted to act, in her interior policy, as an independent Sovereign, the influence of France was in some cases felt in her cabinet, which occasionally checked her in her full career. By discountenancing an ecclesiastical academy, which met to denounce the infidelity of the age, this influence probably prevented the restoration of the Inquisition, which her principles, acquired in the Escurial, naturally led her to respect. Over such establishments the French minister watched with unrelenting vigilance; and per-

* The proposed King of Spanish America, of the French minister.

ceiving by the march of the *craft*, that persecution following persecution was gradually restoring the supremacy of the disciples of St. Dominick, he demanded the suppression of this *conventicle*; and the government had not the means of refusing his request.

That the faults of the Queen of Etruria were generally referable to the same royal education, which assisted to make her brother of Spain what he is, may be charitably inferred, from her protection of the fine arts, and her disposition to improve the system of education, which had long enfeebled, rather than enlightened, the youth of Florence. To her government was due a school of Natural Philosophy, composed of professors in every branch of science, calculated to exercise a beneficial influence on the people. Her reign was short.* She retired from her

* The Ex-Queen of Etruria, now Duchess of Lucca, resides with the Prince, her son, at Lucca. Her court was described to us by some of her new subjects, as a miniature imitation of her brother's, Ferdinand the Beloved. The Queen-Duchess is said to raise equal subsidies on the purses and piety of her people, who are obliged to pay double taxes, and to go twice to mass for once that they used. "Woe to him," said a Lucchese, who was complaining to us of the present state of things in his ancient Republic—"Woe to him who eats the wing of a chicken on a Friday, or takes milk in his coffee on a fast-day!" On this point it is worth observing, that for the last twenty years chickens' wings and new milk were objects of very little importance, in a conscientious point of view, in Italy.

royalty of Etruria, under the influence of new changes; and on Tuscany becoming a department of the empire, she was succeeded by ELISE, the elder sister of the Emperor Napoleon, who presided over a Court rather than governed a State, and was permitted to take no higher title than that of Governante of Florence. Elise had given proof of talent in her government of Lucca, and displayed much of that energy of character, which made the genius of her brother, and much of those graces, which, even more than their beauty, constituted the fascination of her sisters. She had encouraged manufactures, constructed roads, drained marshes, and colonized the deserted wastes of Piombino; and if her strenuous efforts and lavish liberality met not all the success they deserved, the fault was attributable to others. She had an oligarchy to oppose, and was then as little appreciated as she is now deeply regretted.

In Florence, however, either her means were more confined, or her measures less salutary; though the acute Lucchesini, the disciple of Frederick of Prussia, and his son, were of her court, and I believe of her councils. But the prefect had the power of controuling her authority; and in some instances it is said her conduct rendered such a check but too necessary. If however her cabinet was defective, her court was delightful; and its taste, its gaiety, and its

splendour, are frequently opposed (by those who resorted to it) to the gloom and monotony, which at present prevail in the Palazzo Pitti.

On the restoration of Ferdinand the Third, in Florence, as elsewhere, ancient order resumed its ancient influence—things returned to their old *assiette*—old servitors were brought forward, from the obscurity in which they had long lain—new agents were dismissed back to the obscurity from which their talents had drawn them, and the Pitti Palace resumed its old solemnity under the influence of a *Maire du Palais**, who, with the title of Major-domo, governed, or sought to govern, the Dukedom of Tuscany, from the wardrobe of the sovereign to the councils of his Ministers. This epitome of the good old times of Gaston de Medicis, (described by the Tuscans, in their epigrammatic way, as being "proud as a Roman, intolerant as a monk, and avaricious as a Florentine,") expected, by an effort of volition, to recall all that was past, and to annihilate all that existed; and his influ-

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* The titles and honours of this Major-Domo run as follows:—His Excellency the Signore Prince Bali Don Giuseppe Rospigliosi, Prince of the Austrian Empire, and Chamberlain and Privy Counsellor to his Imperial and Royal Majesty the Emperor, Knight of the Noble Order of the Golden Fleece, of the Order of St. Joseph, and Counsellor of State and of Finance to his Royal and Imperial Highness, MAGGIORDOMO MAGGIORE.—Almanacco della Toscana.

ence over the Grand Duke justified the hope. He had arrived in Florence before his Royal Master, armed with sufficient power to effect great changes; and he prepared a welcome for the long-absent Prince, by exiling the sciences from his city, by banishing the most able professors from a Lyceum where a Fontana and Fabbroni presided; by threatening the suppression* of the Academy of the Fine Arts, and by encouraging persecutions against the unfortunate clergy, who had acknowledged the sway of an archbishop appointed by Napoleon†, and were now the victims of the intolerant Piccolini, the Pope's Vicario in Florence. Fortunately, however, Don Giuseppe, who calculated on driving learning from its ancient seat; on banishing the arts from the

* It was mentioned to us at Florence, that the intentions of Prince Rospigliosi were suspended, by great concessions on the part of the Accademia delle Belle Arti, by a superb festival which its members gave to the Grand Duke on his return, and by the clamours of the public.

† The Church, as a system, in Italy, must always be considered apart from a great mass of its members, many of whom are ardent lovers of liberty—men of pure morals and profound learning: the Provincial Clergy, who have not tasted of the sweets of power, are almost universally so. The persecutions arising from polemic disputes, on the return of the Grand Duke, or rather of his Major-Domo, and the Pope's Vicario, fell heaviest on the Country Clergy of Tuscany, and one of the most exemplary ecclesiastics and profound Hellenists of Italy, nearly fell a victim to the vexations to which he was exposed.

soil where they were first cradled; on fomenting theological squabbles; on raising the dead, for the purpose* of re-burying them according to the old fashion in the time of the Medici; and on hovering round his Prince, like a noxious vapour, instilling a poisonous influence at every pore—Don Giuseppe was utterly incapable of governing the dominions of a poultry-yard; and a lucky necessity threw the Grand Duke on the services of men, who (belonging to their age and to Europe, long practised in the routine of diplomatic business, and honest beyond the reach of suspicion, even of the calumny of their enemies) were called on in time to rescue their Sovereign and the State from utter confusion, and from the sway and influence of fanaticism, tyranny, and ignorance. It is pleasant to record names which redeem the diplomacy of the present state of Europe from the contempt into which it has generally fallen. The ministers of the Grand Duke of Tuscany are, Signor Vittorio Fossombroni, Don Neri Prince Corsini, and Signore Leonardo Frullani. To these gentlemen Tuscany owes the comparative liberty she enjoys—that her people are less en-

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* Among many absurdities committed by the Canons of the Duomo, during the viceroyalty of Rospigliosi, was the disinterment of the Vicar Capitular Carboli, in order that he might be buried with certain solemn rites, belonging to Vicars Capitular in anti-revolutionary times.

slaved, and better contented, than in any other of the Italian States: and that her society enjoys advantages not to be found in the dominions of Austria.* In this instance, Florence recalls Turin and its minister, the liberal, the excellent Count Balbo, to the mind. Still, however, these ministers are chained down to a system; they can but soften, they cannot reform. The influence of the Church is daily strengthening in Florence, through the medium of persecution.† The taxes,

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* The people are fully aware how much they owe to the good intention of their ministers, but still are jealous of the influence which Austria indirectly usurps over Tuscany. The Imperial titles of their Grand Duke recall his Austrian origin, and soldiers daily recruited among them and drafted into German Legions, afford a source of the deepest indignation. The Tuscans range the influence of Austria over Italy with the evils of *famine*, *fever*, and *friars*, to all of which, they say, they are become liable in the present order of things—an idea which they have rendered into the following proverb:

"Ecco d'Italia i fatti,
Tifo, Tedeschi, e Frati."

"Typhus, Germans, and Monks, are the plagues of Italy."

† The common people of Italy are still devoted to Church-ceremonies, and prone to superstition, but the Papal influence is shaken to its centre; and among the educated there is so little bigotry, that they take every opportunity of ridiculing the promptitude with which the French have submitted to the revival of Church influence. They say they are *Cattolici arrabbiati* ("Catholic mad"), and instance the massacre of Nismes as a proof; asserting that it was Napoleon's knowledge of this national tendency, which induced him to flatter the bigotry of the

in time of peace, are higher than during the war; and the means of paying are infinitely lessened. The Grand Duke is surrounded by a little group of Ultras in politics and religion, with Rospigliosi at their head. The police is in perpetual activity of espionage, and the press has not even a shadow of liberty; for even to praise Dante with too much ardour, is to incur the suspicion of hostility to that Papal influence, which he was the first so boldly and so nobly to attack.*

Society, as it actually exists in Florence, presents, as throughout Italy, two distinct *phases*. Taken among the elders of the highest classes, it preserves the unobliterated stamp of the ancient regime of the Medici:—taken among the present generation of all classes, (and more particularly the male part of the population,) it is diversified by the changes, which the last thirty years have universally impressed upon all Europe. A more general distribution of property, a total change in public education, Lycées sub-

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people, and restore them their beloved Church. This criticism of the Italians betrays the obvious error of mistaking the exception for the rule.

* When an improvisatore recently arrived in Florence, and advertised as his theme the raising of a monument to the memory of Dante, he was silenced by the police;—that subject being too ticklish for the Florentine authorities.

stituted for monasteries*, the bustle of military existence succeeding to the voluptuous indolence to which the youth were previously condemned,

* Such of the Church estates in Tuscany, as fell to the government in the Revolution, have been restored by the PIETY of the Grand Duke. The *Padri Reformati*, or *Minorites*, are said to have had the whole of their possessions restored to them. But the begging orders have multiplied *ad libitum*, and in proportion as the idle and vagrant have found them the surest and easiest means of existence. The honest Tuscan peasant, who would have turned the sturdy beggar from his cottage door, now beholds, if not with respect, at least with fear, some *Padre cercatore* arrive with his mule and panniers, containing vessels for oil and wine, which he assures the contributor "God and St. Francis will restore to him!"—while the *Madonna Sposa*, who sits shivering over her *caldanini* to save her fire, is obliged to share her little faggot with the holy beggar, who pokes his face against her casement and cries peremptorily, "*Si fa l' accatto della legna.*"—"I am collecting wood for the convent." To this request, authorised by Church and State, she dares give no refusal; and having made her offering, she is permitted to kiss the cross of St. Francis, and to take a pinch of snuff from the friar's box—a holy relic, blessed by some Pope, or consecrated by some martyr.

The Grand Duke encourages all this by his example. When the famous robber Guazzino was hanged, the Monks del *buon morire* surrounded him; and it having been intimated to the Grand Duke that the Church had pardoned this robber, and placed him under the protection of the Virgin, and that it was certain, through her intercession, he would go from the scaffold to Paradise, his Imperial Highness is said to have piously ejaculated "*Che felicità!*" Such are the anecdotes afloat in Florence. If not authentic, they at least shew the temper of the people.

Of

the sciences liberally encouraged, and ardently pursued! and ancient superstition long rendered the butt of fashionable as well as of philosophical ridicule,* have inevitably separated sons from their fathers, by a moral distance greater than the lapse of ages have hitherto produced! Although the monastic institutions are restored in all their plenitude, though commerce is restrained, philosophy discouraged, and a military youth replaced (in appearance) by legions of monks and friars, more numerous in Florence than elsewhere (Rome and Genoa excepted), still the impulse that has been given, works secretly but surely through the present generation, and breaks forth in those works of patriotism and national utility, to which the lives and fortunes of the chief among the younger nobility and gentry are devoted: while the growing information of the middle classes brought home to them, through their

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Of these Monks *del buon morire* a word may be said, as they peculiarly belong to the revived order of things in Italy. In cases of fever, at the expiration of the third day of the malady, the physician is obliged to call in a priest (on pain of being denounced), who arrives with all the ceremonious forms of the sacramental rite, as administered in Catholic countries; and whatever be the stage of the disorder, the room of the invalid is filled with smoky torches, and the noisy underlings of the Church:—but the moment it is known that any individual is fallen sick, the Monks "*del buon morire*" force their way to the patient's bed, who, if he is *a friend to social order*, cannot die *decently* without their aid.

interests, through the falling off of their commerce, the revived interference of the priesthood, the weight of increasing taxation, and the discouragement of all liberal institutes, has hurried them forward over a century of improvement, and has placed them on a niveau with the population of Lombardy.

Yet ere the "*dernier rejeton*" of the old stock of aristocracy withers and falls of, to give place to the younger and more vigorous shoots, engrafted with the spirit of the age, it is pleasant to view them, like their own old pictures, presenting the precise forms and aspects, and moral costume of their progenitors; and exhibiting to the curious and philosophic eye, the results of that evil policy which merged the virtue and patriotism of the fifteenth century in the slavery and demoralization of the eighteenth.

The noble Florentine, of the old cast, of either sex, begins this troublesome life as the "*Bambino fasciato**," resembling an Egyptian mummy—the

* The practice of swaddling infants is happily almost forgotten in England: it produces much distortion, and may account for the dwindled size of many of the old nobility of Italy. It is a fact that the race which have grown up since the Revolution are of a loftier stature than their fathers. The physiognomy, in like manner, of the French nation, is much changed since that event. The middle classes in Florence have been the first to abandon the practice of swathing infants, though the priesthood, we were assured, have endeavoured to prevent this innovation.

An

little form distorted by tight swathing up to the throat, and the little face purpled with the pressure of bandages, which drives all the blood into the head, and lays the foundation of future malady. If it survives these probationary bonds, and escapes from the knocking and tumbling of its flaunting, gaudy, over-dressed nurse*, whose carelessness has little to dread from the mother's quick ear or watchful eye, it is forwarded from one bondage to another. If a female, it is sent in earliest childhood to a convent†, there to re-

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An English lady of high rank in Florence, assured me that she had vainly urged her nurse to vaccinate her own infant, when her nursling was undergoing the operation: she constantly refused, saying that her confessor had told her it was "flying in the face of God." Vaccination is considered as strictly jacobinical, and revolutionary by all the adherents of the old regime.

* The nurse is the same important and troublesome personage in Italy, as in England and elsewhere; for the position being a false one, and against the law of nature, brings its penalty along with it. During her office, the nurse assumes all the finery of the gala toilette of the Tuscan peasant. This induced Mr. Fordyce to suppose that her sash and finery were the livery of her station.

† It was Bonaparte's intention to have established such noble seminaries at Florence for female education as had been founded at Naples and Milan by the French government: meantime he permitted three female convents to remain, for the education of the female nobility; so that the women have had fewer advantages than almost in any other States of Italy; and this accounts for their preserving many of the fatal habits of their ancestors. The *cavaliere servente*, in all the due forms of

main until a suitable alliance presents itself; or, if that fails, to return perhaps to the paternal house; where, banished to an attic story for life, and far from the refining pleasures of social intercourse and the endearments of domestic affections, the victim pursues no occupation but that of conning the rubric taught at the convent, working the eternal Adam and Eve under the Tree of Knowledge (with a serpent in the branches, to show the danger of seeking it), and is thrown for all recreation on the legends of the old *Duenna*, or the charity of some female friend, who begs permission of the mother to take the *Signorina* to drive to the Cascino*, or once in a way, to go to the opera!

Prisoners for life to etiquette, the unmarried women of rank are never seen in the Florentine circles, and their bloom and their hopes wither together in the cell of a convent, or the garret of

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the good old times, is now exclusively confined to Florence, though by no means universal even there. I have, however, seen a matron-mother enter a Florentine assembly between her *cavaliere servente* and her young and innocent bridal daughter, who was thus sent into the world with this fatal example before her eyes. No exposure, no reprobation is adequate to this shameless and unblushing libertinism: to such a mother as this, the hapless victim of circumstances, the libertine of necessity, is a respectable personage.

* The Cascino takes its name from a sort of Royal Dairy. It is a delicious drive along the Arno, richly wooded—the Hyde-park of Florence.

a palace. The life of the young married dame is, however, as free from restraint, as that of the hapless victim of celibacy is enslaved. After the birth of the son and heir, who is to carry on a name registered in history, she legislates for herself, independent of her husband, as her husband is of her: she forms her social establishment—places her *cavaliere servente* at the head of it—and issues that great law of Florentine society to all her subjects—to "*Vivere senza suggezione.*" To this *vivere senza suggezione** all yields—all submits—even vanity and the toilette strike their labours; and mornings are passed, even by the most determined coquette, on a sopha or couche, in a deshabille, to which the *senza suggezione* is most perfectly applicable. To this indolent indulgence, a walk in the Mercato Nuovo (the Bond Street of Florence), or the Lung-Arno, and most frequently alone, or with the *cavaliere servente*, forms an occasional interruption: the robe de chambre and large wrapping shawl are then exchanged for the smart French *douillette* and large bonnet, which frequently shades such eyes and faces as are not always to be found under the chapeaux of the Rue Vivienne. Their costume is generally black; for in the streets, a black dress affords the same protection in Florence, as the Turkish veil in Constantinople. The morning

* "To live without ceremony."

thus passed in loitering abroad, or lounging at home (for here there are no domestic or maternal duties to perform), an early dinner "*senza suggezione*" assembles the *habitués* of the family circle, which generally consists of the *cavaliere servente*, some favoured or obtrusive *scroccone*, or spunger*, (a sort of *état* in Florence, as is that of the *gallopini* at Rome,) some fashionable confessor or preacher, and occasionally, as the business of the household or the condescension of the masters induce, the *maestro di casa* (the factotum of the family), and *maestro dei signorini*, or preceptor of the young gentlemen, if they are educated at home. This last personage is generally the son of the *Vinajo*, or butler.†

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* The *Scrocconi*, or Gallopini, belong to no party or class in Florence, and find their way to all. They are idlers of small means and good families; and are indifferent whether their hosts are Ultras or Liberals—Carbonari or Calderoni. Their political toleration is alluded to by Pulci, in his well-known lines—

"O Guelfa, o Ghibellina,
Ei la coccarda avea, *della cucina*."

† The *Vinajo* presides over the cellarage, and the retail sale of the wines. His son, if he has one, is usually made a priest, as a step towards gentility: and in some instances becomes tutor to the little boys of his master's family, before they are sent to some monastic seminary to finish their education. This mode of tuition is reviving since the Restoration; but is chiefly confined to the class here described. The young nobility of Florence, among the liberal party, are educated upon a very different principle. Men of the most eminent talent and universal information

The *prima sera* succeeds to the dinner; and visits are received from those who are in the habit of paying them, or forming the circle of which *La Signora della Casa* is the centre, and in which it rarely happens any other lady disputes her supremacy (for the Florentine beauties associate but little with each other). Upon these occasions the male relations, who have the immunity of hanging up their hats in the anti-room, drop in; and there are few circles which have not their privileged *Seccatore*, or *Bore;* a large and very ancient class, naturally arising out of a state of society, in which all important topics are forbidden, and men, thrown upon trifles, become tedious in their discussions. As the time of the Corso at the Cascino approaches, the circle breaks up, a more brilliant toilette is assumed; and the difficulty of getting rid of time between the corso and the opera, induces the elegantes to "*far l'ora*," as it is termed, *or make out the hour*,

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are employed for their instruction. Of this the youth of the family of Torrigiani are an example. The father's house is a Lycé, and his table is open to all the talent and acquirement of Florence, without distinction of rank. We have also often had occasion to witness the happiness arising from an improved system of domestic life, in the charming family of the Prince Corsini, elder brother to the Minister, whose children are educated at home by able and accomplished persons of both sexes, under their father's eye. The fact is, that the errors of the old regime in Italy, as in France, are confined to a very small party, and that party is fast fading into nothing.

before the *bottegone*, the great shop; whence ices and lemonade are supplied to the long string of carriages which are drawn up before it. The "*senza suggezione*," and "*far l'ora*," are two very important words in the vocabulary of Florentine phrases, and form a commentary upon the dangling office of the *cavaliere servente*.* Still, with all the faults of their education, and the prejudices bequeathed to them by their mothers, and advocated by a party whose interest it is to cherish and preserve them, the Florentine women, even of this class and cast, are full of graciousness and grace; and much of their reluctance to associate with foreign ladies, which has stamped them with an anti-social reputation, and a want of all hospitality and attention to strangers, arises, it is said, from a consciousness of deficient education.

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* It is almost unnecessary to mention here a fact universally known, that throughout Italy, and particularly in Florence, within the last century, it was not unusual for provident parents to make a clause in the marriage-articles, to secure to their daughters the advantage of a *cavaliere servente*, beyond the chance of a husband's caprice. The *cavaliere* then, as now, was not admitted into the family till after the birth of a son and heir. Even still a husband avoids the ridicule of being much seen with his wife, notwithstanding Bonaparte's Jacobin institutions in favour of this innovation on the old Continental manners: and if they are observed together in public some *arch wag* is sure to whisper in Sposo's ear "*Avete fatto la pasqua?*" in allusion to the temporary reform of manners, to which all submit during that period appointed by the Church to be kept holy.

Wherever they have received the benefit of instruction and good example, their quick and intelligent natures have responded to the influence; and some of the most agreeable women, as well as the finest private musicians with whom we were acquainted in Italy, we found in Florence. The Florentine matron was once the model of her sex; and she has still all the natural qualities for becoming so, whenever institutes more favourable to the virtues shall permit the developement of her maternal affections, and call forth intellectual powers by the due exercise of her sensibility.

While females of the highest class, and a particular party, thus preserve the taint of the Medicean regime, the men of the same rank and principles, the true genuine Florentine nobles of the good old times, remain equally unchanged, and probably, until a generation shall have passed away, unchangeable. The *married* members of this class (and the number is daily diminishing) have all the toleration for the system of Cecisbeism which distinguished their worthy fathers; and though they are rarely *cavalieri serventi* themselves (for the office is now principally filled by unmarried men), yet they live in great harmony and strict intimacy with the *cavaliere servente* of their wife; with whom, it is pleasantly, but maliciously, said in Florence, they form a "*triangolo equilatero.*" If this important personage is a man

of rank and fortune, he is always "*l'amico intimo*" of the "good easy man." If, as sometimes happens, he is of a rank inferior to his talents and personal advantages, he becomes a very useful person in the family in various ways—he is a check on the *maestro di casa*, or *vinajo*, assists in letting out the spare apartments of the vast palace to the foreign lodgers, and sometimes rescues "*il marito della sua Genza*,"* as he familiarly calls the husband of his liege lady, from that ruin, so frequently impending over the heads of the Tuscan nobility, by their neglect of their private affairs, and their leaving every thing in the power of their stewards and agents.† There is in the remains of the old stock of nobles in Florence, the visible helplessness of men who have been long forbidden to take any part in public affairs, to exercise any profession, or exhibit any activity. Their *fattore* ‡ manages all the details of their estates, of farms rarely seen, and of vineyards and olive-grounds rarely visited. The *maestro di casa* is the head to which all is referred in town;

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* Literally "the husband of my love or mistress."

† Whenever an inquiry is made in Florence relative to the ruin of a noble family, the cause invariably assigned, and mentioned with a significant shrug, is "*La mal amministrazione*," a negligent administration of affairs.

‡ The *Fattore* is thus satirized in Italian doggrel:

"*Fatemi Fattore, e in un anno*
Se non son ricco io, è il mio danno."

and may be said to carry not only the intellect of his lord, but sometimes is the depositary of his feelings also. For he is occasionally employed in such negotiations as Eleazar, the *maestro di casa* of Abraham, undertook to Mesopotamia. To the secretary is deputed the whole of the epistolary department, and letters of friendship or of business, or even of a more intimate nature than either, are all the product of his taste and pen, to which his Eccellenza only signs his ennobled name.* The old contempt for writing and spell-

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* The pretty note-paper correspondence, which occupies so much of the ladies' time in France and England, and calls forth so much of "*l'eloquence du billet*," is unknown in Florence. All intercourse not personal, among the *elegantes*, is there carried on through the verbal medium of the principal *cameriere*, or groom of the chambers; and one of the requisites for his vocation is a good memory and clear enunciation. I have received many an "*ambasciata*" (as every unimportant message is still called in Italy), which has struck me with admiration for both those qualities, as displayed by the *ambassador*. Sometimes this person is the herald of a long profession of "*amicizia*," sometimes of a friendly reproach; but most frequently the negotiator of preliminaries for a game of *minchiate*, a tiresome game, played with ninety-seven cards, (in which the Devil and the Pope are leading characters, for every card is a picture,) which frequently supersedes the opera, particularly with the devotees. This domestic plenipotentiary is usually announced by the servant in waiting, as *capo della famiglia*, or head of the family, of the Marchioness or Duchess ***. On his admission, after an obsequious bow, he draws up into a formal attitude—hems—clears his voice, and then begins with—*La Signora Contessa *** fa molti*

ing like clerks, which distinguished the Richelieus and the Saxes, is still to be found among the genuine ultra-nobility of Italy.

The revenues of the great landed proprietors of Tuscany chiefly arise out of their olive-grounds and vineyards; and as there is little exportation, or wholesale trade, as every species of restriction now exists to harass and to menace commerce, the produce of the rich estates of Tuscany is of necessity disposed of by retail at home. The influence also of the ancient mercantile manners on men to whose immediate ancestry the pomp of title was unknown, is such, that a species of little shop is opened, even in the noblest palaces; and as no licence is necessary, the produce of the cellar is disposed of with a minuteness of detail, not be surpassed by any little wine-house on the high roads of France. While the Cardinal's hat, or Papal key, or Ducal coronet, are gorgeously sculptured over the massive portals of the palace, close beneath these insignia of the dignities to which the family have arrived, appears a little grated window, where the vinajo presides, and from whence hangs suspended an old flask: and while the splendid equipages of their excellencies

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complimenti alla sua Eccellenza, e dice così.—"The Signora Countess *** offers a thousand compliments to your Excellency, and says thus"—Then begins the "così"—minute and sententious to a very amusing degree.

roll into the court, their chief butler is perhaps filling a little pint bottle, held by some poor customer at the grated window, who has probably received in charity from the lord the very halfpence she is now paying back at his shop.* Such is the commerce which is carried on by many of those ultra aristocratic nobles, the new Dukes and Marquises of Tuscany, the lineal descendants of those magnificent Republican merchants of Florence, who opened counters all over the known world, who spent their days in their ware-rooms and counting-houses, kept their own books, and rode over the Alps and Apennines at the head of their own mules, proud of their honourable and honest calling, as they were disdainful of those empty titles, the ancient feudal nobility of Italy had taught them to despise.†

* This custom, though general, is by no means universal. The Casa Capponi, Ginori, Pucci, Corsini, and a hundred others, *hang out no bush*, though they of course dispose of the produce of their estates: the custom chiefly prevails with those ultra-nobles, who adhere to the Medicean regime. For the Princes of that family had the meanness to become hucksters, with the ambition of being despots, as the following anecdote from Evelyn, who visited Florence in the year 1644, proves:—"In this palace (*Pitti*) the Grand Duke ordinarily resides, living with his Swiss guards after the frugal Italian way, and even selling what he can spare of his wines, at the cellar under his very house: wicker bottles dangling over even the chief entrance into the palace, serving for a vintner's bush."—Vol. I. p. 82.

† The Machiavelli family, who were staunch Guelphites,

While the high noblesse of Florence carry on this little retail commerce, and unite much rigid œconomy to their mercantile pursuits, they shrink from any contact with the mere cittadini, the professional *merchants;* and the distinctions which have in the last century sprung up between the first and second class, are only passed over by the present and rising generation, who resemble their ancestors of the sixteenth century much more than their fathers of the nineteenth.

The town life of the old ultra-noblesse of Florence is passed in morning lounges at church, at the opera, at the cascino, or at *minchiate:* their country existence, if their *villeggiatura* in the autumn can merit the name, is equally inactive and unbeneficial. There are, however, few of the nobility of any description who have not from four to eight villas on their hands, at various distances from the capital. The unhappy passion of the Italians for building was more especially incidental to the Florentines, and arose there originally from a sort of political exigency. The true consequence of an old Florentine citizen lay in the numerous branches of his united and pros-

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exchanged their feudal nobility for the citizenship of Florence. Nothing was more common during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries than to behold the feudal noblesse, the *Comtes Ruraux*, weary of their predatory life, and seeking at the gates of Florence to become enrolled amidst its citizens.—See *Sismondi*, Ital. Repub.

perous family—in the talents, industry, and social and political coalition of his brothers, sons, nephews, and grandsons, which rendered his name important and his faction formidable. The number of *Alberghi*, or houses which a family possessed in the metropolis and its vicinity, was its principal distinction, until the use fell into abuse; and what was a private good, became both a private and public evil; and an ostentatious parade of half-empty palaces and uninhabited villas, destined to neglect by the impoverishment of the families, for whose younger and collateral branches they were intended, are all that remains of that well-founded desire to multiply *Alberghi*, which were to roof the vigorous sinews of the state. From the gates of Florence to the Apennines on one side, and to the Roman frontiers on the other, evidences of this fatal propensity meet the eye, in ruins romantically desolate, or in villas which, though sometimes occupied, are almost all neglected and dreary. Even the royal villas have something of this character; and none have wholly escaped it.* Within the city, besides the occupied palaces of the nobility, numerous edifices are to be seen, half-tenanted, over whose portals still hang suspended

* A Florentine nobleman observed to us, that he was fully convinced of the folly of keeping a number of villas; for which reason he meant to reduce his to *four* or *five*.

the three balls of the Medici,*, the key of the Riccardi, the Cardinal's hat of the Capponi, and of many other families, some of whose members have attained in the last century to that dignity.

While this morbid passion for building presses upon the pecuniary circumstances of the Florentine nobility, the bad taste it has produced in the two last ages of universal degradation is at once striking and ludicrous. In the loveliest country upon earth, nature is every where displaced or neglected, to make room for the abortions of degenerated art; instead of green fences and flowery lawns, the eye rests upon hedges of granite, and terraces of marble. The shade of porticoes supplies that of groves, and towers, battlements, and turrets, are substituted for old woods and young plantations, while lions prowl in plaster of Paris, eagles fly on leaden wings, and box cupids exhibit their grotesque forms amidst the verdant architecture of cypresses and of elms, cut into colonnades. In these villas the old nobles lead a life during their retreats from the heats of Florence, as anti-rural as the sites they inhabit. Here they rise early to assist at

* These *three balls*, which always indicate the residence of a Medici in Rome, as in Florence, are in fact *three pills*, the arms of the Medici, who were originally physicians. From this great mercantile and banking house, the three balls of the pawnbrokers in England were probably borrowed—the first usurers established there having been Italians.

mass, in the chapel, or great saloon, celebrated by the family chaplain; who, with one or two ecclesiastical friends from Florence, makes up the principal society of the villeggiatura. A breakfast of chocolate is followed by the promenade, which is generally crept through on foot down the long straight moss-grown avenue. Dinner is served a little after mid-day; and is succeeded by a drive in the family carriage, which terminates before *twenty-four* o'clock, and brings the party home in time for the celebration of the *Rosario*, or evening service. A party at *minchiate*, or ombre, closes the monotonous and monastic day. The life, however, of the villeggiatura of the old system is diversified, according to the ages of the party, by devotion or by gallantry, as the influence of the confessor or the *cavaliere servente* prevails; and as an opera of Rossini, or a sermon of the Padre Mognino, or Voragine, interests * the in-

* The influential position of popular Methodist preachers in private families in Great Britain gives a perfect idea of the favourite confessors or preachers in Italy, and differs from them only in degree. It is curious also to observe, that while the recruiting officers of the disbanded forces of the Church of Rome are beating a *reveille* on the Continent, the *Church Militant of England* daily increases in the zeal of proselytism. When we were at GENEVA, the peace and unanimity of the most enlightened, the most worthy, the most truly Christian people of Europe, was for a time disturbed by the *proselyting Protestantism* of an English missionary, whose wealth provided him with more means than one of conversion. The common sense of the people

dividuals who compose the evening "*crocchio*" of the rural retreat.

From these well-preserved pictures of what has been, it is delightful to turn to the originals which belong exclusively to the present day, and which promise to justify, as their ancestors did before them, that splendid eulogium passed by Pope Boniface the Eighth, that "the Florentine nation constituted a fifth element of the universe." ("*La Nazione Fiorentina nelle cose umane è il quinto elemento.*") Names the most influential in Florence, by the rank, the fortune, and worth of their owners, are again blazoning forth on the lists of patriotism, and taking the surest and most indestructible means to forward national prosperity and illumination, by contributing their time, talents, and fortunes to the promotion of national education.

Public Education, to a certain extent, has been promoted in every part of Italy, and in almost all ages. For the clergy, having taken its

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obliged him to retreat, but not till he had sown the seeds of religious discord in the bosoms of many families, who, until his arrival, knew not what discord was. But this was nothing. An English Protestant Missionary visited Florence shortly after the restoration: he was one of the riders of the Bible Society, and endeavoured to distribute *Dioduti's Italian Translation of the English Bible.* The truly Christian toleration of Italian Catholicism left him unmolested; but his mission failed *in toto*: priest for priest, and sect for sect, the Florentines preferred their own.

direction into their own hands, and given it that tendency which was most useful to the interests of the Church, have considered it a branch of that charity they are called upon to preach; and have encouraged the foundation of seminaries, in which even more than the elements of instruction were gratuitously imparted. The liberality of the Tuscan merchants of the twelfth century freely seconded this disposition, or more probably acted from an independent impulse. In almost all the great communes public schools were then founded, in which reading, writing, the first operations of arithmetic, and the rudiments of Latin grammar, were taught. Leopold, sensible of the benefits derivable from such institutions, multiplied them in proportion to the necessities of his age; and thus he disseminated instruction, even through the smallest villages of Tuscany. In the year 1778, he likewise founded four girls' schools in Florence, one in each division of the city, which, under the superintendence of Marco Cavoni, acquired a consistency that has carried them through the storms of the revolution; and they now give, conjointly, instruction to about nine hundred children, who are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, needle-work, embroidery, weaving of ribbons, linen, and cloth, both plain and figured; and they are preserved in a state of discipline, cleanliness, and silence, which is rarely maintained in such establishments. To these institu-

tions the writers of Tuscany attribute much of the peaceable character of its citizens, and the extreme rarity of atrocious crimes; and it cannot be doubted that the supposition is well founded: but the circumstances of the present times render it necessary not to omit another condition essential to making even a good education available, and which is found also in Tuscany,—*the facility of procuring profitable work.* The peasantry are, upon the whole, well nourished and clothed, and they are not driven to dissolute courses, or to dishonest artifices, by an excess of labour, or the difficulty of supporting a reputable existence. They have the leisure to profit by their school acquirements, while they are removed from the temptations of neglecting those maxims of moral conduct that are taught in such establishments.

This superior dissemination of instruction was, however, well calculated to draw off public attention from the advantages derivable from the Lancastrian system, which has taken such general root in Europe. But a number of young noblemen, who had witnessed the economical and literary benefits flowing from that system in the schools of mutual instruction of France and England, determined to introduce them into Florence. A considerable subscription was raised under the auspices of Signori Ridolfi, Pucci, Serristori, Tempi, Altoviti, San Galletti, and Tartini, all noblemen of the highest rank and consideration;

and a school was established, in which the London system of instruction is rigorously and successfully put in practice, and in which two hundred and thirty children are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. Another school, conducted on similar principles, has been established, at the exclusive expense of the Count Girolamo di Bardi, which contained an hundred and twenty scholars. In this school the Count has, however, made some additions to the Lancastrian system, chiefly in respect of the progressive developement of mind. The arithmetical processes are demonstrated through tangible images, presented by a species of abacus; and instruction in reading and writing is made subservient to a system of information, which, beginning with physical notions of man, and of the animals and elements by which he is surrounded, leads the pupil to a knowledge of the Deity, and thus unites the two great necessities for moral conduct, *obedience* to the divine will, and *earthly happiness* resulting from its observance. There are also some peculiarities in the method of teaching to write, which are considered as improvements. We visited with great pleasure both these establishments; not only on account of the excellent personages, under whose care they had been established, and who honoured us with their friendly attentions during our visit to Florence; but for the order, cleanliness, and diligence, we found reigning within their walls, and for the plea-

sure of witnessing so many happy countenances with eyes beaming intelligence, and sparkling with the consciousness of deserving approbation, and obtaining distinction.

The difficulties which were to be overcome in the establishing these schools, required all the ardour and all the perseverance of their generous founders. The government has hitherto been less than neutral towards them; and though the clergy have been far from opposing that blind and besotted opposition to such establishments which disgraces the same order in France—the Ignorantins of Italy have not been altogether indifferent to their progress.

There was, besides, the *vis inertiæ* of a large mass of ignorance and prejudice to overcome among the elder nobility, who, as Petrarch has well observed on another occasion, "mistake their own indolence and slowness, for gravity and caution; and despise, with an immovable constancy of mind, whatever they cannot be made to understand*."

Before we left Florence the Grand Duke had professed some curiosity, excited by the decisive

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* "Credimi, Giovanni, molti fatti, che sono frutto di pigra mente e di ozio, sono tribuiti a gravità e consiglio. Sovente gli uomini disprezzan quello di cui vivono disperati; ed è natura dell' ignorante lo spregio di ciò che non vede, e il desiderio che niuno giunge dove egli non vale a giungere."—Lettera del Petrarcha al Boccacio, riferita nel Giorn. Arcadico, No. 1. p. 10.

success of the schools; but whether it was the curiosity of jealousy, or of emulation, did not appear. The Agricultural Society (Accademia de' Georgofili) also sent a commission to visit these establishments, which they wisely considered as by no means indifferent to their own immediate pursuits; and the report drawn up by the commissioners will doubtless tend to a wide dissemination of the system through the provinces. It is thus that the theoretical and abstract character of reform, which necessarily accompanied the breaking out of the revolution, has by the mere force of circumstances given place to a more practical and detailed effort at improvement; and the impetus thus given, while it is more serviceable to human happiness, is more certain in its career, and more constant to its object.

The commerce pursued by the wealthiest and most ancient families of Lombardy and Tuscany was always a subject of contempt to the feudal nobility; and most of all to the French *Preux*, who, according to Boccacio, afforded them no higher epithet than "*Cani Lombardi*," (Lombard dogs.) The false views of grandeur introduced by the German influence under the Medici, contributed also to render the Florentines ashamed of a calling which had founded the prosperity of their nation. As Dukes, Marquises, and Counts multiplied, the genuine Tuscan merchant dis-

appeared; and trade and wealth, liberty and the arts, all fell together. Still the philosophical legislation of Leopold proved that the genius of the nation, though long latent, was not wholly extinct: under the impulse of his liberal institutes, something of the ancient spirit, ancient activity, and ancient enterprise, revived.

The late Marchese *Ginori* (a name oft repeated in Tuscan story,) whose ancestor was the friend and correspondent of Machiavelli, noble by birth, rich in circumstances, was among the first of the Florentine aristocracy who was roused from the luxurious lethargy in which the youth of Tuscany dreamed away life, on the flowery shores of the Arno. He employed some years in visiting foreign countries, and most particularly England. He was there struck with the benefit derived by nations from manufactures and trade; and, on his return to that country which had once set an example of commercial industry to all others, he busied himself in speculations consonant to the activity of his nature and his sentiments of patriotism. He projected a port in the marshes of Grossetto, and colonized it at his own expense. He freighted a ship to the Indies, to bring back some of its most precious natural productions; and so far back as 1765, flocks of Angora goats were seen grazing on the lawns of his villas. He established also a porcelain manufactory on his

own estate, and within the park of his favourite seat, LA DOCCIA*. The son and heir of this clever and excellent person was still in childhood when

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* The late Marchese Ginori has another claim to celebrity, in the world of gallantry and literature, as the friend and protector (in the modish sense of the world) of the famous Corilla, said to be the original of Madame de Stael's Corinna, and the most noted *improvisatrice* of her day. CORILLA was a peasant girl of Pistoja: having discovered a poetical (or rhyming) talent, she was noticed by some gentlemen in her neighbourhood, who sent her to Florence, and paid for her schooling. Her youth, beauty, and talents, captivated the heart of the Marchese Ginori: she became his pupil, his *protegée*, and his mistress. From his taste and liberality she enjoyed every sort of advantage but that which her frailty had forfeited; and her lover, in the vanity of his passion, took her to Rome, where, it is said, his influence, and that of Corilla's beauty on the heart of a certain *Monsignore*, rather than her genius, obtained for her the honour of a triumph denied to Tasso; and she was crowned in the Capitol, as Petrarch was in glory, and as Baraballo was in derision, by that arch *mystificateur*, Leo the Tenth. The Italians had already learnt to laugh at such exhibitions; and pasquinades and satires, "*comme s'il en pleuvait*," fell on the head of the Sibyl, and of Monsignore, her reverend Patron.† Shortly after, the Marchese Ginori, obliged by his rank and fortune to make a suitable alliance, married the mother of the present Marquis, a Lady of an illustrious house, and *Maggiordoma* to the Archduchess. On this occasion, he settled a handsome income on the Corilla, who,

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† One of these epigrams ran as follows:

"Ordina e vuole, Monsignor Mazzei,
Che sia cinta Corilla del alloro,
E non si tirin buccie, e pomidoro
Sotto la pene di baiocchi sei."

the Revolution broke out. Involved in all the inevitable activity and vicissitude of that energizing period, he added, to his father's example the benefit of a liberal education; and the results of both were alike favourable to his own and to his country's interests. The present Marchese Ginori visited France and England, the manufactories of Wedgwood and Sevres; and the establishment of his father, which was little more at his death than the concern of an amateur, became a successful competitor with the most perfect in Europe. With a large private property, and a noble name, this worthy descendant of the Ginori of the fifteenth century, was not ashamed to present himself as a manufacturer, and to mingle the pursuits of a man of fashion with those of a merchant. While hundreds are maintained by this establishment, a considerable addition is made to the revenue of the proprietor. But though this be a consideration rarely neglected by Florentines of any rank, (who are accused, even by each other, of never suffering the main chance to slumber,) still the manufactory of *La*

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for the rest of her life, lived *senza suggezione*. She died in 1798; and General Miollis, who then commanded the French Republican Army in Italy, placed an inscription over the door of her house in the Strada Forche, where future Corinnas may read, in large characters, that

"Qui abito Corilla in Secolo
Decimo nono."

Doccia has nothing of the sordid character of a mere tradesman's speculation. It is evidently the passion of a man of taste—the object of a benevolent citizen, seconded by an ample fortune, and ennobled by patriotic intentions, and by liberal and philosophical views.

This manufactory forms an extensive colony, within the proprietor's own demesne, a few miles from Florence. The families of the workmen are lodged in small and pretty buildings round the establishment, with all the advantages of cleanliness, comfort, and newly introduced accommodations. There is an admirable school for the children—for the youths educated to succeed their fathers; there are also schools for drawing, and other arts connected with the trade. To these a musical academy is added for recreation: concerts are performed twice a week by the pupils, and balls are frequently given, in order to substitute innocent amusement for the dissipations of the wine-house, or the idleness of the city. A handsome gallery occupies the centre of the establishment, which is filled with casts from the antique; and the classical groups executed in the beautiful biscuit of La Doccia, bear evidence of its being frequently consulted.

Of the blessed results, in a moral point of view, of this noble establishment, we had a full opportunity of judging during our visit to *La Doccia*, and our intercourse with its hospitable master.

We happened to arrive there on a Sunday, and were forcibly struck, as we approached the manufactory, by the appearance of the groups seated beneath the sheds of their comfortable cottages. There was nothing of the squalor so often visible in manufacturing districts, where confinement and labour are only exchanged for licentiousness and intoxication—all were in gala dresses, the youth of both sexes remarkably healthy and fresh, and the elders respectable, both in their appearance and manner. The Marchese Ginori, who accompanied us, addressed them by name, as we drove slowly along; and as they familiarly walked beside the carriage, with their hands leaning on the windows, he reminded them of the ball which was to be given in the evening at the villa—a reminiscence evidently unnecessary, though kind, as they were all dressed for the occasion; and many asked him if they might come after the benediction (given after sun-set). We had, in fact, scarcely risen from dinner, and were taking coffee in one of the many old-fashioned saloons of this very antiquated chateau, when the green before the window was overspread with the eager guests invited to the expected ball. Though the sun still lingered on the Val d'Arno*, Signore Ginori

* This visit was paid to the Doccia in the month of November; and, according to the primitive villa habits of Tuscany, we dined at three o'clock. The evening was intensely cold, and we

ordered the villa to be lighted, which it was with a profusion of wax-lights; and the peasantry and manufacturers were permitted to enter. They wandered through the various apartments, and chose the amusement which best suited their age and taste. The male elders sat down to cards; many of the youth assembled round the billiard-table; but the greater number of both sexes adjourned to the gran sala or ball-room, where the musical pupils of the manufactory (the only band of the evening) were performing some pieces of music, previous to the commencement of the dance. As the evening closed in, guests of higher rank arrived—the nobility who were at the villas in the neighbourhood*, the gentry and opulent

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were struck upon this occasion, as upon many similar ones, by the insensibility of the Italians to the influence of cold. For our accommodation, a wood fire was lighted in one of the few hearths which this large fabrick contained; but no one ventured to approach it, except ourselves. When the Russian Czar, Paul the First, visited Florence, he went shuddering about from sight to sight, observing, " In Russia one sees the cold—in Italy one feels it." The common people of Tuscany only approach fire for culinary purposes, and females of all ranks move about with their *caldanini* † hanging on their arms. When seated, they place it under their petticoats; and this, in the extremest cold, is the only artificial heat they resort to.

* The condescension and kindness of the upper classes in Italy to their inferiors and domestics surpasses even that of the

† A sort of earthen porringer filled with the hot ashes of charcoal.

farmers of the adjacent *poderi*, that class of rural residents who now lead in their villas a life of great gaiety and hospitality; the true *senza suggezione*—strongly opposed to the monotonous dulness of the old *ultra-villeggiatura* of the high noblesse. It was delightful to observe that almost all the mothers were accompanied by their daughters—

French:—the great line of demarkation is drawn between the nobility and the cittadini; because in these ranks refinement and education have left none, but those which *conventional* habits dictate. The term "*caro*," or "*amico mio*," is constantly applied to servants; and it is not unusual to see a lady, when she stops to *prender il fresco* (inhale the air) on the Corso at Florence, conversing familiarly with the footman who leans over the back of her open carriage "*senza suggezione*;" and yet not the slightest impropriety is ever known to ensue. On our own experience, the fidelity, worth, and respectability of the Florentine servants, is most remarkable; and we parted with our Tuscan valet, after nearly a year's service, with the same regret we should have parted with a friend. Many persons of respectable line in life, reduced by the vicissitudes of the late rapid changes, seek domestic service as an only resource against poverty. We were recommended to a person at Milan, who accompanied us to Como, and undertook *to cook*, besides various other *scrub-like* occupations. But observing that he paid much attention to some scores of Rossini, which lay always open on the kitchen table, and that cutlets burnt whilst *cantabili* were singing, I one day hinted my suspicion, that we had the *prémices* of his culinary efforts; and as he succeeded equally ill in every other department, I asked candidly what he was—he replied with sang froid, while he tossed a frittura, "*Io, Signora? Io son il primo Tenore dell' opera di Bergamo*," (I? I am the first tenor singer of the opera of Bergamo.)

some children, and some lovely girls of that beautiful age, which in England gives life and grace to every assembly. As their bright Italian eyes sparkled, and their rich complexions glowed with the pleasure and exercise of the dance, it was impossible not to contrast them with the pale, moping *signorine*, whose heads are seen poking over the high casements of their noble parents' palaces in Florence. The ball opened with the *Trescone*, the national dance of Tuscany, as the *Monferina* is of Piedmont. The nobles, gentry, manufacturers and peasantry, all mingling and dancing promiscuously with the children of all ranks, made a very animated part of this national ballet. Then came French quadrilles, English country-dances, and waltzes—all punctually executed as to the figure, and with an *à plomb*, that made amends for the absence of more airy graces. The refreshments were abundant, and peculiar to the country. They consisted of light wines of all sorts, chesnuts, and sweet cakes: ices, lemonades, and sweetmeats, were served to the higher classes of visitants. I observed upon this occasion, as upon every other, where an opportunity of seeing the Tuscan peasantry was afforded, that much of what has been said of their personal beauty, and the elegance of their costume, is extremely exaggerated*. It was in vain

* The aspect, dress, morals, and manners of the Tuscan peasantry vary according to the district they inhabit, and de-

that black velvet slippers set off feet, whose breadth and size they could not reduce; that clumsy waists were vested in coloured bodices; that short thick necks were encircled with coral and pearl, or large heads adorned with shining combs; and that gloved hands clenched sparkling fans: still the utmost praise due to their person was, that they were sometimes comely—and to their dresses, that they indicated rural prosperity. Beauty and elegance are, to a certain degree, moral qualities; and though the natural physiognomy of a race may tend towards both, yet

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pend upon the physical qualities of their geographical position*. The inhabitants of the skirts of the Apennines differ much from those of the vallies; and the natives of the sea-coast from both. As far as our experience went, they appeared, generally speaking, brusque and rude, but gay and cheerful—the women resembling Welsh peasants; fresh and chubby, tight in their dress, and universally wearing little round black beaver hats with high crowns, and a stiff plume of black feathers. Their gala dress is principally characterized by a profusion of ribbons floating from their shoulders, their waists, and their sleeves. The beaver hat is then replaced by combs and bodkins; and at all times their necks are encircled with pearl and coral—usually an heir-loom of many generations' descent, but occasionally the purchase of years of labour, and the most rigid economy.

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* The *contadini* of the neighbourhood of Florence are said to be corrupt and wealthy, and to abound in pearl and frailties. Those of the mountains of Pistoja, who are frugal, and live upon chesnuts, are robust, handsome, and active. Those of Leghorn are remarkable for their pretty costume, their little straw hats and flowers, recalling something of Mrs. Radcliffe's picture of a Tuscan Peasant.

hard labour and profound ignorance are strong opponents to them. The Tuscan peasantry are laborious, superstitious, and frequently penurious: they rarely avail themselves of the bounty of their teeming soil*; but exchanging their rich grain for pearl and coral (the property of a degraded people), they deprive themselves of one of the greatest sources of beauty—good living.

It is a splendid gratification to be permitted to loiter among the wonders of the gallery of Florence, to visit its superb religious temples, and to tread the ground which Dante, Petrarch, and Boccacio trod before us;—but in the sum of our enjoyments, during our truly delightful residence at Florence, I remember nothing comparable to the impressions received at the rural ball of *La Doccia*.†

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* The Tuscan corn, no less celebrated than the Tuscan grape, and so praised by Pliny, is sold to France at three times its home value. The abstemious farmers, who thus dispose of it, make their *polenta* of Indian corn, mixed up with beans. They rarely taste meat, but in the flavour of their soups, and on Sundays, when they have a sort of *macedoine* of flesh and vegetables. They are fond of potatoes, which, like every thing else, they season with oil. To milk and butter they are strangers. If offered the former to drink, they refuse it, saying "*Non sono ammalato*"—"I am not ill." We could rarely procure either in travelling from Florence to Rome. The cheese and butter used at Florence by the upper classes, come from Modena and Parma.

† In rambling through the grounds of La Doccia and their environs, it is no unusual thing to see groups of English sports-

DURING our visit to Florence, society both Italian and foreign was refined, gay, and fre-

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men with packs of English-bred hounds, giving the view-hollow, or galloping in at the death; the Marchese Ginori having granted permission to Lord Burghersh (the most popular Ambassador in Italy) to hunt on his domains. The Marchese is himself a keen sportsman, and it has happened to us to see him in the morning visit his manufactory in the dress of "Daddy Hawthorn," and to have met him at night in his box at the Opera, in his full court costume, in waiting on the Grand Duke as Chamberlain—for the whole of the high nobility of Florence were made *Chamberlains* on the restoration of the Sovereign;—probably as a means of securing their allegiance. In gratefully alluding to the hospitality which we received at the hands of the Marchese Ginori, both in town and country, it may not be mal-à-propos to observe that much of the imputations thrown out against the want of hospitality in Italy, particularly Northern Italy, is unfounded. Foreigners from all parts of the world flock to Italy, and staying just long enough to see the *sights* peculiar to each city, move on. The Italians call this the "passage of the Swallows," and demand whether they are called on to ruin themselves by entertaining the "successive flights, which, perching for a moment on their soil, are off before time be allowed to discover their claims to attention." The Florentines are reckoned the least hospitable of any of the Italians (the Romans excepted), and the testimony of some English families long resident among them, who all assured us they never had dined in a Florentine house, seems to give colour to the imputation. To speak, however, *on our own experience*, we received the most substantial proofs of national hospitality in various ways. One gentleman would not hear of our jobbing horses, and obliged us to make use of his; another assigned us a handsome suite of apartments in his house, and would not accept of any remuneration (and this gentleman was of the respectable class of

quent; several British and some foreign* ladies had weekly *soirées*, characterized by an ease and unostentatious enjoyment unknown in their na-

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Cittadini): we had the use of boxes at both the Operas, and were supplied with books most liberally, both from private and public libraries, upon subjects which most interested us, and forwarded the object of the present work. I believe few persons properly recommended, and, above all, known to be of liberal principles, and to possess any literary name, will find just grounds of complaint against Italian hospitality—but much depends upon the set, or circle, on which the traveller falls.

* Some of these were Poles, the most charming, and in many instances the most enlightened women of the Continent. Whoever had the happiness of frequenting the circle of the Princess Jablonowska, at Paris, may find in that accomplished Lady an epitome of the graces and the cultivation of her fair countrywomen. The Polish women are all patriots; and if the liberation of their unhappy country depended upon them, Poland would soon take that rank among nations, of which it has been deprived by the infamous coalition of Russia, Prussia, and Austria.—Among the illustrious Foreigners, who added to the passing groups of Florentine society, while we resided at Florence, were the Duke and Duchess of Alva (and Berwick) a favourable specimen of the Grandees of Spain. The Duke appeared to us as conversant with modern English literature, as if he had been in the habit of haunting the best circles in London or Edinburgh. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Wirtemberg were also then at Florence, affording every where the example of the most perfect domestic happiness and domestic virtue, and surrounded by their children and a little circle of accomplished persons, forming a Court to which republicanism itself might be ambitious to belong; among these was Monsieur Matheuson, the popular German author, and a most amiable man. The con-

tive homes where the struggles for *bon ton* and the *gêne* of etiquette operate so unfavourably upon true social enjoyment. The diplomatic hotels naturally took the lead; and it is but just to say, that, at Florence, the Ministerial doors of Embassy flew open to guests, whose known political principles elsewhere would have barred their entrance. Perhaps it was the air of Tuscany, which permits no bitter feeling to lurk in the mind, and dissipates bile and party prejudice together;—perhaps it was the "juice of the Tuscan grape," that operated with salutary influence on the moral as on the physical constitution, and turned the gall of politics to the "milk of human kindness." But why pause over causes while enjoying effects? It is pleasanter and wiser to detail the social pleasures of Florence, of which all seemed to partake, than to seek for the reason of their existence.

In the diplomatic circles of Tuscany, during our residence there, the society of the British Embassy was pre-eminently brilliant and nume-

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versation of the Duchess of Wirtemberg recalls by its brilliancy and vivacity the best days of female wit in France. Her information is extensive, and she shows a feeling and sensibility which render even the *crime* of knowledge pardonable in a pretty woman. It is a pleasant thing to be forced, by the tyranny of truth, to speak well of Sovereigns! such as Henry the Fourth! Joseph! and Leopold! and by the evidence of experience, to be enabled to praise the virtues and acquirements of Princes.

rous; and in the splendid saloons of Lord and Lady Burghersh, British hospitality found its best representation. There tory met whig in amicable discussion on the merits of the Niobe*—Irish Lords-Lieutenant forgot the state and dignity of office in the ease of the private traveller—French ultras shook hands in temporary truce with jacobin authors—Romanticists and Classicists affected to forget their feuds, and the *Trecentisti* moved in the same quadrille with the *Anti-Della-Cruscans*, though Boccacio left no precedent for the figure, and Monti had not sanctioned the terms of its changes. There, good dinners left no difference of opinion in the minds of the guests; and good music, of English composition, was encored most liberally by an Italian audience. In a word, diplomacy lost nothing by the liberality of the minister; and English character gained as much by the kindness and cordiality of the host, as by the graces of the hostess.—We were too frequently guests at the hospitable table of the Swedish Ambassador and his Lady (M. and Madame Laggersward), and too often partook of the intellectual enjoyments of their circle, not to seize on the opportunity afforded us of acknowledging, in these pages, our sense of their kindness, our admiration of

* Casts of the Niobe group decorate the Ambassador's saloon,—they were a present from the Grand Duke.

their virtues; and of recalling to their recollection (should this work meet their eye) persons whom their society impressed with recollections the most gracious to cherish, and the most gratifying to recall.* But there is a house open in Florence, which has a character and interest peculiarly its own; through which all Europe passes, on its way to various destinations; which is entered with intense curiosity, and left (to speak from the conviction of my own feelings) with infinite regret—I mean the little palace on the Lung-Arno, where, on Saturday evenings, a congress, more strictly European than that of Laybach, assembles, to offer its homage to the only *legitimate Queen*, who unites the suffrages of all parties in her favour—the widow of that *true legitimate*, James the Third of England—Louisa, Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany. This lady has, however, another, and perhaps a deeper claim to interest, than these titles give her, as being the "*mia Donna*" of Alfieri, his destiny and muse; the only woman whose "*aurea catena*" could bind that vagrant heart in eternal fetters, which none before could fix—the woman, without whose friendship, he observes, he never could have effected aught of great or

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* The French Ambassador had just left Florence as we arrived there. There was likewise no Court held, as the Royal Family only *receive* during the Carnival.

good (*" senza la quella non avrei mai fatto nulla di buono."*) Alfieri's description of his first interview with Madame d'Albany (or, as he terms her, " *quella gentilissima e bella signora*") is feeling and poetical. He describes the fair young German princess as a stranger in the midst of strangers, distinguished above all, attracting all, and served by all, till even his sentimental cynicism and morbid shyness yielded to the spell of her personal and intellectual charms: and the destiny of one (*hitherto his own fate*) became dependant on the will of another, and that other a young and unhappy woman.*

I went to my first interview with this illustrious lady, impressed with the sense of all the respect due to my legitimate Queen, but still more with the recollection of that sweet picture drawn of her by Alfieri, in colours over which time holds no jurisdiction. " *Un dolce foco negli occhi neris-*

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* The Countess D'Albany was driven to seek the asylum of a convent, to escape from the brutality of her husband. Alfieri has immortalized the coarse licentiousness of this legitimate sot, who lived in a perpetual state of inebriety; but lest the evidence of a rival should be doubted, the testimony of some of his contemporaries at Rome and Florence may be taken. His brother, the Cardinal York, was just a degree less contemptible; for he has left a wretched character behind him. He is said to have been feeble, sordid, and bigoted. So, indeed, was the whole race of Stuarts, from the time of James the First of England, the most degenerating and degenerated royal stock of Europe.

*simi, accopia con candidissima pelle e biondi capelli, davano alla a' lei bellezza un risalto, di cui difficile era di non rimanere colpito e conquisto."** Time has spared so much of the rudiments of this fair portrait in the original, that it would be neither just nor civil to record the thefts which he may have committed; but enough remains to judge of the fidelity of the drawing. If the "*dolce foco*" of the dark eyes has lost something of its lustre, the "*candidissima pelle*" still remains, and the intellect which gave a charm to all, brightened by time, retains all the force and freshness of youth; while a manner at once energetic and simple, possesses a peculiar charm to those with whom she converses *à demi voix* in the midst of her rather formal circle†—a charm which is infinitely de-

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* "A mild fire played in her dark eyes, and, united with her pure complexion and fair hair, gave a relief to her beauty, by which it was difficult not to have been struck and conquered."

† It was my good fortune frequently to occupy the place next to Madame D'Albany, (who habitually sits at the head of a very court-like circle), and to enjoy her most pleasant conversation, which, besides being replete with acute and humorous observation, sometimes turned on Alfieri. She spoke of him with an unaffected simplicity, the very opposite of the sentimental jargon ascribed to her by many English travellers, some of whom she assured me, had never even seen her. The story of his deathbed horrors, and his sudden conversion by a celebrated ecclesiastic, she told me, was utterly false: she confessed, that, when he was dying, some devotees got about him to induce him to submit

lightful in the unceremonious morning receptions of her elegant library. Between this distinguished Lady, this feudal Princess, and legitimate Queen, and the anathematized Author of "*France*," it cannot be supposed much congeniality of opinion could exist: it is therefore the more gracious to add,—that the dissonance did not prevent the existence of some sympathy in sentiment and taste, and that the attention with which Madame D'Albany honoured her from the first day of her arrival to the last of her residence in Florence, was productive of the very greatest advantage in every possible way. Madame D'Albany is the *Queen of Florence*, and her notice

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to the rites of the Catholic Church, and *Padre Canovai*, a monk of the order of the *Scuole-pie*, entered his room without ceremony when he was expiring, and stood at the foot of his bed in all the appalling pomp belonging to the ceremonies of death. At that moment Alfieri raised his glazed eyes—bowed his head – and died. Out of this simple incident the story of his "*vision*," and many other fables, arose. Talking one night with Madame D'Albany on the genius for novel-writing once so prevalent in Italy, now so lost; she assured me that Alfieri often said to her—"I mean to revive the taste for novels in Italy; but I reserve the pleasure of writing them for my old age." Alfieri, at any age, would never have written a good novel; but he would have composed charming romances!—Madame D'Albany still reads a great deal; and, to judge by the excellent pictures of her library, that passion for the fine arts ascribed to her by Alfieri, still exists. She has one talent that is worth twenty others. She knows *how to laugh*, and *at whom*, right well!

or neglect can always influence the character of the stranger's sojourn in that interesting capital, however brief or permanent it may be.

While the whole population of Tuscany has greatly benefited by the reformations of Leopold, and the radical changes effected under the French, that large, that respectable and influential body of the people, which now, for the first time in Italy, takes the title of the middle class of society, has been the most essential gainer. This branch of the improved social system, composed of the liberal professions, the agricultural and commercial interests, can never again submit unrepiningly to the abuses in government and perversion of religion, which harassed and debased their immediate ancestors; and if they now appear less prompt and less energetic in the cause of reformation than the Piedmontese, the Milanese, Bolognese, &c. it must be remembered that their stimuli are less, and their causes of complaint fewer. Their delicious climate—their lovely country—their teeming soil—the evident good intentions of their ministers, and the acknowledged mildness and humanity of their amiable but misled sovereign, combine to assuage, though not to obliterate the conviction, that they are living under a pure, unmixed, and bigoted despotism, where the life of the subject is only secured by the humanity of the Prince, and where the absolute will of an *individual* is only guarded

against by his constitutional benevolence. But of all the classes of Florentine population, that which seems the least to have submitted to change in habit and manner (however principles and prejudices may be shaken), and to have retained the genuine tint of the old Medicean regime, is the petty trader or shopkeeper. From his luxurious indolence, his *laissez-faire* mode of existence, no interest can rouse, no speculation can awaken him. He lounges on from day to day, and sells, or sleeps, as the Destinies decree! At the *Tocco* (as one o'clock *p.m.* is termed in Florence,) he shuts up his shop, which is not always his domicile, and retires to dine and dose for as long a time as appetite or weariness may induce. I remember giving a commission to one of the many goldsmiths who inhabit the *ponte vecchio*, and occupy the same sort of wooden bulks that roofed the ingenious *orefici* of former ages, which, by the manner and tardiness of its execution, illustrates the facts alluded to. Having explained most circumstantially the nature of the ornament I bespoke, sketched it with my pencil, and cut it out with my scissors, I left him with the full conviction that my order was understood, and would be well executed—a conviction impressed by the manner in which it was received; for while I stood before him, in all the eagerness of detail suited to the importance of the subject, he was squatted in an easy chair, in a fine breathing heat

after his siesta!—his thumbs twirling, his eyes closing, and his answers laconically confined to "*Sarà fatto!*" ("It shall be done!") repeated every second. Calling on the following day to see how "*sarà fatto*" was going on; to my inquiries the only answer I could obtain was, "*Veramente non mi ricordo niente, Signora mia,*" ("Truly I remember nothing of all this, my lady.") To stimulate his memory for the future, I wrote down the order in the best Italian I could muster; and the day was fixed for the delivery of the article, with a promise of punctuality, which all the saints were called on to witness; but that day, and many a following one passed, and the answer to all inquiries was, "*Sarà fatto,*" and "*Pazienza, Signora cara mia!*" My patience and residence at Florence had nearly however expired together, when, a day or two before our departure, "*sarà fatto*" entered my room with the long-expected *bandeau* glittering between his finger and thumb; and with a look of the most obvious triumph distending his apoplectic face, he exclaimed, "*Mirate, Signora! che gran bella cosa!! Questa è cosa per far stupire!! veramente è degna di nostro divino Benvenuto Cellini!!!** His self-approbation had now banished the languor of his habitual indolence; and the naïveté and hyper-

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* "See, Madam, what a beautiful thing!—a marvellous work! and worthy of our divine Benvenuto Cellini."

bole with which he applauded his own work, resembled the very manner, in the self-same dialect, with which "*Nostro divino Benvenuto*" charms his readers, and leads them back to the frank simplicity of the sixteenth century.*

In Florence, as elsewhere in Italy, the French shop is the shop of fashion: here silks and velvets, from Lyons, are sold to the descendants of those Tuscan manufacturers†, whose looms supplied all Europe. The beautiful straw-hat of Leghorn is laid aside, in favour of the *demireps chapeau* (*si*

* It is curious to contrast these Italian specimens of the worn-out dynasty of the once important and ingenious goldsmiths, chasers, and jewellers of the sixteenth century, with persons of the same profession in Geneva, who now unite the dignity of the arts with the speculations of trade, and who, from their *Magazins d'Horlogerie*, in some retired court of their ancient Calvinistical city, send their precious commodities to all parts of the known world, in spite of the jealous restrictions with which modern policy combats their ingenuity. The Author of this work has spent many an amusing half-hour in the curious ware-rooms of *M. Bautte*, of Geneva, where the various degrees of civilization attained to "from Indus to the Pole," may be read, in orders received from Ispahan and Kamtschatka; and where the diplomacy of Europe may be traced through a series of toys, trinkets, and baubles, which form a prominent part of the "*secrets de tous les cabinets*," and which may serve indifferently to deck a lady's toilet, or decide the fate of nations.

† On some of the ancient palaces in Florence may still be seen, sculptured over the great entrance, the sign of the *Ram*, the usual symbol of the woollen manufactures of Florence, which was imported with the Italian looms into England.

distingué!!) of the Palais Royal! Here Roman pearls are purchased, fabricated in the *Rue Saint Denis*; and jewellery is cheapened from the *Quai des Orfèvres*, within view of the shop of Cellini. Here English beauties halt and gossip in their lounge on the *Lung-Arno!* and Irish beaux bestow all their Italian on the little *soubrettes* behind the counters, who, "*nées natives de Paris*," understand nothing but French!

THE THEATRES of Florence are scarcely worth mentioning. The Grand Opera of the Argentino, and the Comic Opera of the Cocomero *, were both ill appointed, when we were there. At the former, the very tiresome opera of the Ciabatino Medico was played nightly, for two or three months; and the chief attraction was a very indifferent ballet; the principal interest of which lay in the trotting of some heavy German horses round the stage, and the bloody spectacle of a human heart, presented to the heroine by her butcherly husband, as torn from the breast of her

* This word, pronounced by the Florentines *hoghomero*, gives the whole vice of their very ungracious pronunciation, which is as guttural as German. The Tuscan voice is most unmusical, and its inflexions sometimes produce an alto squall (particularly in the men), that sounds most disagreeably to foreign ears. The Roman voice sounds like the music of the spheres, after the Florentine organ. The "*Dolce susurro lusingando*" of Tasso would be as easily found on the banks of the Shannon as on the banks of the Arno.

lover. The bad taste of introducing such horrors into ballets and melodrames is evident, and much too frequent. One may soon expect to see maîtres du ballet seeking for subjects in the State Trials, and the corps d'opera dancing through the whole of the Newgate Calendar. Although we heard some charming amateur music in Florence, the art is much fallen, in a city which gave birth to Cherubini, whose music, however, has as little popularity there as the immortal Mozart's. But music never was the talent of the Florentines; and it appears to be less so now than ever. Rossini alone commands their attention and applause. The Grand Duke, and his family and court, attend the opera almost nightly; but the moment his Imperial Highnesses's supper-hour arrives, he departs, though the scene be the most interesting, or the song the best executed, of the piece. The young and very amiable Archduchess Louisa submits to this *Cinderella* penalty with great good humour, and is said scarcely ever to have seen an opera through. The Royal Family arrive and depart without causing the slightest sensation in the house:—not that they are unpopular, quite the contrary; for they are all amiable and conciliating, and exemplary for their domestic virtues: but there is none of that affected and disgusting loyalty to be found in Italy, which evaporates in sycophancy and servility in other countries. The

Italians are, in this respect, the most dignified people in Europe.* The Grand Duke frequently visits the boxes of those of the nobility with whom he is intimate; and is received without any of that trepidation of delight, which would give a French Ultra *the ague*, should a Royal Prince leave his box of state to visit him. His Imperial Highness drives through the city with his daughter, almost like a private gentleman: he is never surrounded by any of those galloping Lancers with spears poised, or fierce Hussars with swords drawn, who run over old women in the

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* We were one morning accompanied by the Count Girolamo di Bardi, visiting that superb Museum of which he is the very able director. When entering one of the cabinets, we saw a young gentleman deeply occupied with some specimens of natural history, which had just arrived from the Brazils, and pointing out their peculiarities to a person who accompanied him. Count di Bardi left us for a moment to address him, when he returned to conduct us out; which he insisted on doing, with the usual Italian ceremoniousness, even to the door. We begged him to return to the gentleman whom he had left in the cabinet. He said, "he meant to do so immediately; for it was the Hereditary Prince, who had come by appointment to see some birds which were just added to the collection. But such (he added) is his Royal Highness's ardour in the pursuit of science, and love of natural history, that, upon such occasions, he always is the first at the place of *rendezvous*." There was in all this a noble simplicity *de part et d'autre*, which I could not help contrasting with a supposed visit of the Heir Apparent of France to one of the *Musées*, or one of the Members of the Institut at Paris!!!

streets of Paris, or precede Monsieur Chateaubriand's* MADEMOISELLE (aged nine months) "in her *white frock and black coach!*"—a sight which he declares has more effect upon the good Parisians † than all "Bonaparte's triumphant exhibitions after his greatest victories." ‡

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* See M. Chateaubriand's eloquent description of MADEMOISELLE, the Duchess de Berri's infant daughter, going to take a drive with her nurse, "*toute vêtue de blanc, dans une grande voiture de deuil.*" Mémoires de S. A. R. Le Duc de Berri—the most amusing book that ever was written upon a tragical subject!

† "Ceux-là (the Parisians) reconnaissent qu'il-y-a quelque chose de plus fort que l'usurpation et la fortune; c'est, la *legitimité et le malheur,"—in a white frock and a black coach.*

‡ See in the Appendix, Notes on the Law of Florence, Tuscan Statistics, and Literary Disputes in Italy.

CHAP. XVIII.

ROUTE TO ROME.

Departure from Florence.—Rural Aspect of Tuscany.—Incisa.—Vallombrosa.—Levane.—Arezzo.—La Loggia di Vasari.—Duomo.—Abbey.—"The Convito" of Vasari.—(Anecdotes)—Site of Petrarch's Nativity.—The Miracle of the Madonna.—Insurrection.—Cammucia.—Cortona.—Accademia Etrusca.—Lake of Perugia.—Peasantry.—Perugia.—Hill and Fortress.—Convent of San Giuliano.—Expedition of Fortebraccio.—Aspect of the Town.—Church of San Pietro.—Convent of Olivetans, &c.—Works of Perugino.—Collegio del Cambio.—Anecdotes of Perugino and of Raphael.—Restoration of Church Property in Perugia.—Frà Perilla.—Government.—Departure from Perugia.—La Vallata di Perugia.—The Tiber.—The Church of La Madonna degli Angeli.—Assise.—St. Francis.—Foligno.—Raphael's Madonna.—Spoleti.—Scenery and Antiquities.—Terni.—Vallata di Terni.—Narni.—Otricoli.—Inn.—Desert Scenery.—Civita Castellana.—Campagna.—Baccano.—Mal-aria.—Rome.

The character of feeling with which each great city in Italy is sought, must depend on the taste, the pursuit, or the views of the traveller, who visits it. To one whose historical association belong to the middle ages, Florence becomes all that Rome is to the classic tourist, or Loretto to

the devout Pilgrim! By the author of these pages it was approached with emotions of deep and long-cherished interest—it was quitted with sentiments of profound regret, associated with all that makes remembrance pleasant, and connects the links of memory with the ties of the heart. The scene, the air, the site of Florence—the liberty it once cherished, the worth it still inclosed, the genius it had produced, the patriotism it recalled, the friendship personally experienced from some of its natives, and the refinement, cordiality, and urbanity of the foreign society congregated within its walls, from all parts of the world *, left impressions behind them, at once gracious and sad.

It required all the changeful beauty of the scene through which we were passing on our route to Rome, to soften down that reluctance with which we left the confines of Tuscany, where it has been but too truly said that Italian civilization seems to stop †. The high-road to Rome, by

* It is a curious fact, that we had near fifty Irish names alone on our visiting-book, with as many English, mingled with those of Russians, Prussians, Poles, Swedes, Germans, French, Italians, Greeks, and Americans. In visiting Italy one is afforded glimpses of the society of all Europe.

† Though the month of December was far advanced, and we left the streets of Florence deep in snow, we travelled with our carriage open to the gates of Rome. The nights, however, were very cold; and the few chimneys we found at the inns, seemed ingeniously constructed to let in the smoke, and keep out the heat.

Perugia, which for many reasons we preferred to that by Siena, lies for a considerable way through the Val d'Arno *(superiore o di sopra)*: the fertility of the soil, the beauty of the landscape, the villas, romantic ruins, and rustic dwellings, scattered over its undulating surface, well merit that splendid and poetical picture of its topography, which Ariosto has painted in deathless colours:

> "A veder pien di tante ville i colli
> Par che il terren ve le germogli come
> Vermene germogliar suole e rampolli." &c. &c. &c.

The scenery from Florence to *Incisa* is that of an English garden; and some of the many villas, viewed at a little distance, resemble the old mansion-seats of Queen Anne's time: but the resemblance dissipates as they are approached. Many of the *poderi*, or small farms, are extremely pretty. We visited that of *Monte-Alfa*, and loitered on its acclivities for nearly an hour. We found all the opulence, but nothing of the neatness and order, of an English farm; to which the farms and cottages of the Bolognese alone in Italy bear any resemblance. This farm-house and its rustic offices were a cluster of distinct and disorderly buildings, surrounded by olive-grounds and vineyards. A little church, with hell and purgatory painted on its walls, rose in the midst of rural objects and implements: its bell was tolling, and a sturdy wench, who was driving some oxen into a field, suddenly dropped on her knees, and re-

mained kneeling until the knell had ceased to vibrate. The valley beneath was a paradise. The Apennines, which rose in the distance, were covered with snow, that had fallen heavily on the night before; yet the trees had scarcely lost their foliage, as if the parting Autumn

"Its lingering bloom delay'd,"

and the mid-day sun fell in rays of gold on the dark and distant fir-forests of Vallombrosa. From the poor little village of *Incisa*, (the patrimonial residence of the family of Petrarch,) to *Levane*, another wretched post-town, the beauty of the road continues; and to the classical traveller presents the site where Hannibal halted his army, previous to his engagement on the lake Thrasymenus with the Roman legions under the Consul Flaminius. The fossil-bones of elephants are said to have been found there, and are considered as being the remains of those animals slain in the engagement; but it is more probable that they are the remnants of some conflict of the elements.

The hamlets, or little districts, called by the Tuscans *Terra* or *Paese*, which crown remote acclivities, or appeared nestled in the valleys, are rich and beautiful. That of *St. Giovanni* and *Montevarchi* are remarkable for their fertility and the opulence of their proprietors, which is most conspicuous on their market-days. The *Val de*

Chiana succeeds; bathed with the river, from which it takes its name, and which fertilizes a soil whose productive power warrants its being called the Granary of Tuscany. Commanding this beautiful vale, rise the woods of Vallombrosa, with all that magnificence of scenery which left on the mind of Milton images of nature, never effaced; images which recurred to cheer his spirit, to freshen his fancy, and enrich his page*, when blindness shut out nature from his view; and the persecution of despotism had left him lonely and unhonoured, in solitude, and in neglect†.

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* The impression which Italian scenery made on the imagination of Milton, is traceable through the whole of the Paradise Lost. It was the Italian Muse, too, that first awakened his poetical vein: he had probably given his divine genius (for it was divine) another direction, had he not early imbued his fancy and his taste with the epic effusions of Dante, and his own beloved Tasso.

† Milton's "*Defence of the People of England*," which afterwards brought on him the persecution of Charles the Second, was burnt at Paris by order of the Bourbons. It drew round him, at the time of its publication, all that was most eminent and illustrious in England, and procured him eulogiums from the learned and liberal of all Europe. Even Christina of Sweden praised him, till her protegé, and his adversary, Salmasius, died of envy. But, revered and followed as Milton was in England ere he "fell upon evil days and evil men," his reception and his position in Italy was still more brilliant. He became almost naturalized in Florence and Naples; and even at Rome he was so honoured, in spite of the persecution of the English Jesuits

The scenery of Vallombrosa, caught even in the mistiness of distance, still has the character, which, in Milton's days, distinguished its "*Etrurian shades;*" and which, in far remoter times, lured the hermit's steps to its profound solitudes, and gave it its melodious name *. Three of the most powerful monastic institutions of Italy rose near the banks of the Arno, and on sites commanding those rich vales, which in ancient times rendered Etruria the granary of Italy, and the saviour of Rome. These were, the Monastery of Vallombrosa, that of the Camaldules, and that of Alvernia. The former was founded by Benedictine monks, in the eleventh century; the second by the famous St. Romualdo; and the

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there (who threatened his liberty and life, on account of his religious principles), that when he arrived at the Cardinal Barberini's palace, at a concert of music, his eminence stood in waiting at the door to receive him: a ceremony then only paid by the haughty Princes of the Church to Royal visitants. Yet the Cardinal assured him he would have given him many more proofs of his high esteem "but that he dared not, on account of the great freedom which he had used in all his discourses on religion.†" It is singular that Milton, narrowly escaping from the persecutors of the Roman Church abroad, should return to be persecuted alternately by the Church of England and of Calvin at home.

* Vallombrosa, from *Vallis* and *Umbra*. The monks of Vallombrosa, though embracing the Benedictine rules, took their name from the magnificent site, which was the cradle of their order.

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† Newton's Life of Milton.

third was originally the humble retreat of St. Francis; ere time had glorified that reputation to which temples of gorgeous magnificence were afterwards raised.

The revenues of the monks of Vallombrosa, previous to the Revolution, were estimated at six thousand per annum (British money), an enormous sum for Tuscany; and the influence of the fraternity over the people was commensurate to its wealth. When all the other monastic institutions of Tuscany were suppressed, it was still debated in a council of state, where Bonaparte was present, whether the monks of Vallombrosa should not remain. The cause of this hesitation in their favour was, the circumstance that the depths of the forests, which darken this chain of the Apennines, were known only to them (a part of their income arising from selling the wood); and that the bustle of their convent, and constant residence of the monks, tended to destroy the wolves, which might otherwise multiply and infest the valleys. Should Vallombrosa be sold as national property to the peasantry, such proprietors would work there at certain seasons; but monks only, whose interest it was to avail themselves of sites and solitudes so imposing, so capable of giving effect to their seclusion, would inhabit the woods all the year through. The debate was long, and so unsatisfactory and disputatious, that at last one of the council rose abruptly, and cried in an

angry impatience—"*Signori, o Monaci, o Lupi?*"—"Lupi" was the general cry; and the wolves carried it. Ere, however, time and the lay tenants of Vallombrosa permitted the order of the Wolf to revive and triumph over the order of the Benedictines—that respecter of all orders, but the order of Humanity, the Holy Alliance, replaced the monachology of Italy; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany more particularly interested himself in the fate of the monks of Vallombrosa, who are now restored to their Abbey, and once more "toll the vesper bell," and chaunt the "*qui habitat,*" to the delight of all picturesque and pious travellers, and to the consolation and triumph of that High Church publication—

"My Grandmother's Review—the British."*

* The British Review, like all the Ultra Royal and Ultra Protestant periodical publications of England, though unrelenting in its aversion to Irish friars, is amazingly fond of Italian monks: and while it opposes every liberal effort in favour of the long-suffering Catholic of Ireland, considers Catholicism on the Continent as a material part of the social edifice; and triumphs in the restoration of its powers and forms. The British Review, (No. X. p. 383) takes occasion, in reviewing Mr. Eustace's book on Italy, to vent its rage and indignation against "those blasts from Hell," (to use its own high church language) which suppressed the Abbey of Vallombrosa; over the silence of whose "church-going bell" it laments in bitter regrets. It may however be some consolation to "my grandmother" to learn, that part of her lamentations were wholly unfounded; and that all that she has said on "*the wide-spreading cedar, the darksome*

Every step taken from Florence to Rome deepens the Italian character of the scenery. The Sun and the Church are felt in sensible impressions and obvious forms, as the South and St. Peter's are approached. The wretched inns are much what they were when Horace shivered before the smoky blaze of the damp room of his host of Terracina; or when Mr. Evelyn met a cardinal travelling like an Arab chief, with bed, kitchen, and household furniture, on the backs of sumpter mules.

At the *Locanda of Levane*, we found all within and without its walls the very picturesque of dreariness; and the boisterous manners of our young and handsome female attendants curiously contrasted with their dilatory movements; for though all our requests were answered with *Subito, subito*—nothing could be less *subito* than their

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pines, the mournful cypress, no longer waving their aged boughs to the embalmed air, on the Paradisino, and the sylvan scenes having disappeared," is the imposition of some travelling Munchausen on her credulity. The fact is, that the forests remain rooted as firmly as ever in their ancient soil; and that the sylvan scene still exists, and commands its superb views to the shores of the Mediterranean. One of the reasons assignable for this is, that "sylvan scenes" are not so easily overturned as political despotisms—and that the lovely site of the *Paradisino* will still keep its ground, when even the system which the British Review, and its worthy compeers, still struggle to support, shall no longer exist.

services, notwithstanding the remonstrances of our Florentine servant, who seemed to know how to deal with them.

AREZZO is the first considerable town which succeeds to Florence. Its subtile air has been asserted to be peculiarly favourable to genius; and in fact, under many moral disadvantages, it has produced men of eminent talent from Mæcenas to Petrarch.

Arezzo is more remarkable for its antiquity, than for its actual existence or consideration; and the beauty of its position at the brow of a fertile hill renders its dreary and dismantled interior still more obvious. We found its narrow and dirty streets crowded with beggars, chequered by petty venders of fruit and maccaroni; and there was little to induce the most inquiring traveller to pause beyond the time necessarily given to its few and neglected historical buildings.

The Piazza or public square is remarkable for an antique edifice, which is called *La Loggia*. It was erected after a design of Vasari, who was a native of this city. It is now converted to the purposes of the theatre; and of the never-failing *Dogana*. The Church of La Pieve is supposed to be the remains of an ancient temple: the Cathedral is only striking from its vastness and Gothic architecture. There is a modern and handsome chapel adjoining, raised by that party which effected a temporary counter-revolution, under

the inspiration of Mr. Wyndham*, and of the Madonna. Its walls are decorated by some of the disciples of the modern school of Lombardy, and depicted with tempting Abigails and tempted Davids, with too much fidelity to the frailty of both, for the walls of a church.

We found the canons celebrating mass in the Duomo, wrapped in their rich cloth robes and tippets, and cuffs of ermine, and nestled in their warm stalls: a striking contrast to the shivering devotees, who strewed the damp pavement of the nave; for the day was chill and dreary, both from sleet and rain.

THE BADIA, or Abbey of the Cassinensi, in Arezzo, was, in the middle ages, one of the richest and most splendid convents belonging to that order. It was suppressed at the Revolution, to the great annoyance of the rabble, and of the nobles, as well as of the monks; but a strong effort is now making to fill its cells, and rekindle

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* I regret that a name so respectable should be found in these pages, coupled with transactions of so dark a character; but the facts were subjects of common conversation, even in the highest circles of Florence. They are known to all the English, who mix in Italian society; and belong so entirely to history, that to pass them over in silence, would be a delicacy equally misplaced and unavailing. In such cases, all that the traveller or historian can do, is to keep out of sight anecdotes of a purely private or personal nature; and that has been carefully done on the present occasion.

the fires of its ample kitchen—one of the most complete in the Christian world, save that of the most Christian King in the Tuileries! When we visited this very fine old Abbey, only five of its aged monks had returned to their ancient cloisters—the rest were dead, or had lost their vocations; and no new candidates for the cowl had appeared to people its deserted ailes—for, notwithstanding that governments restore the order, and re-open the cloister, few of any party in Italy are led to resume a habit, to which no worldly influence nor monastic wealth is attached; and this is the case with the Badia of Arezzo. The ruined abbey is again given to the order, but its forfeited lands now make the wealth of many an industrious landed proprietor.

The edifice itself, in its best days, must have been superb, though now most desolate. Its cloisters are high and spacious. The refectory was also the library, and many of the empty and worm-eaten book-shelves still remain. It is the principal attraction which leads strangers and artists to visit the abbey. Its wall, painted in fresco, still exhibits, in spite of time and damp the chef-d'œuvre of Vasari. The subject is the feast of Ahasuerus, called, in the list of that painter's works, "*Il Convito d'Assuero.*" Vasari, according to the fashion of the day, has introduced himself among the courtly group of the Persian king. His handsome face is distinguish-

able by a long auburn beard. He has also preserved the portrait of one of the brothers of the order, whom tradition reports to have annoyed him much with idle questions, while he was painting. His manner of drawing the monk, a short, fat, apoplectic figure, is very ingenious. He had just painted a crystal vase of water, when this *padre seccatore* entered the refectory. As he waddled towards Vasari, brim-full of new impertinences, the arch painter sketched his bulky reflection on the vase; and there it remains; for the monks, who loved a joke, (as well they might, the jolly rogues!) would not suffer it to be defaced, in spite of the complaints of their caricatured brother!

The refectory is only separated from the kitchen by the *Lavatojo,* (the dressing-room), where the monks made their toilette, that is, washed their hands before dinner; and the sort of fare furnished by the abbey cooks to the monks' table, is still illustrated by the notable comments of stew-holes, hot hearths, ovens, boilers, &c. &c. and by the proximity of a most commodious dairy and poultry-yard, both bearing evident symptoms of their destination. As we passed through the kitchen, led by a ragged guide, we observed one of the poor old monks in a russet habit, munching an apple, and seated on a stone near the chill and empty hearth! The contrast between the past and the present was striking; and the folly

of forcing these gone-by institutions was obvious, even in Arezzo,—twenty years back notorious for the ignorance and superstition of its inhabitants. Still the ultra party, aided by the supreme authority, have contrived to re-establish there three convents of nuns, and six of friars.

We left the Abbey for a shrine of at least equal interest—the house of Petrarch's nativity, the house to which, in his visit to Arezzo, he was carried in triumph, amidst the acclamations of his proud compatriots. But when we arrived at the spot where we were assured the *Casa Petrarca* still stood, we found instead of its venerable and antiquated walls, a spick and span new pert-looking building, which very much resembled a Brighton lodging-house. We scarcely waited to read the inscription over the door, which indicated that there had stood the *Casa Petrarca*, &c. &c.

The conspicuous part played by the people of this town during the Revolution, and the fierce re-action to which they were instigated, not by the noble feeling of love of country, but by the arts of a designing faction, have already been alluded to. The local details, however, as related to us during our very short stay there, in part belong to the topography of the city. Arezzo, famous for the number of its convents, and the bigotry of its inhabitants, lent a ready agency to those who sought for ignorance to mislead, and zeal to inflame; and an accident, illus-

trative of both, soon furnished the ministers of the counter-revolution with a pretext for animating the people in a cause which (as it was pretended) had the safety of the Church for its object. Some men of the lowest class having got drunk at a *Cantina*, or wine-house, opposite a very ancient shrine of the Madonna stuck in the walls of a house, fell out with the landlady on the subject of the reckoning, and applied to her such epithets of abuse as she was extremely reluctant to appropriate to herself: she handed them over, therefore, without ceremony to her neighbour, the Madonna, swearing to the sacrilege committed by her customers, and even to each specific epithet of outrage, applied to one who had long superseded even the Deity himself, in the devotion of the good people of the city. The pious listened appalled to her tale! and the abused Madonna, from being the blackest-visaged Virgin in Tuscany, was found, the morning following, with a face like a bleached almond. The people cried, "*Al Miracolo!*" The priests surrounded the shrine; and even the archbishop, affecting to believe in the transformation, had the Madonna taken down from her street residence, and carried processionally to the Cathedral, where she was installed, and a chapel raised to her honour. The Church declared that miracles were not without meaning; that the Virgin did not change colour for nothing, and that some great event was about

to take place in Arezzo, under the special protection of the *Madre Beata* herself. The original cause of her supposed interference was forgotten. The expected event was declared to be a resistance to the French, the arch-enemies of the Church; and leaden images of the Madonna were distributed, to be fixed in the hats, and worn as the cockade that should distinguish the armament which was to fight her battles. The "*Mot d'ordre*" was "No quarter to a Frenchman." It was obeyed to the letter; and the sackage of Arezzo, in 1800, was the result.

THE route continues from Arezzo, through scenes of increasing luxury and beauty. The barrier mountains are covered with woods of oaks and chesnut—when we saw them, still diversified by all the richest tints of Autumn; on the lesser acclivities, the gray and sober olive spread its reserved hues; while the fertile flats were draped with vines, whose leafless tendrils looked like a delicate network. As we approached what our servant called *il Paesaccio* of *Cammucia*,* (a post-house and cluster of poor cottages on the confines of Tuscany,) a singular phenomenon belonging to the scene and the hour presented itself. The sun was setting on a drizzling rain, which fell like coloured gems. The dense vapour of the atmosphere obscured the distant prospect, until, sud-

* The wretched village of Cammucia.

denly rising above the clouds, appeared the forms of towers and cupolas hanging suspended in mid-air—the vision of a city. As the mists rolled down upon the valley, more definite and salient forms became visible—domes, and turrets, and forts, and ponderous walls, resting on clouds, which, as they melted into mists, gradually revealed the steep and rocky basis upon which these shadowy edifices seemed to hover, till the whole dark mass was reddened in the crimson light of the horizon, and the most ancient of Etruscan cities, CORTONA, stood full in view, crowning the summit.

Among the cities which remain of the twelve Etruscan states, (Volterra, Cortona, Arezzo, Perugia, and Valsinio,*) Cortona (the Corytum of antiquity) was pre-eminent; and it still exhibits curious traces of its superiority. The whole of this region is pregnant with interest, for it was once studied for its antiquities by those who themselves are now ancients—by Livy, by Varro, and by Pliny! who loitered amidst it ruins, and examined its fragments, as the antiquary of the present day ponders on the sites to which their classic names have given a value and dignity.

Etruria, placed between the Arno and the Tiber, for a long period contained exclusively the rudi-

* Now Bolsena. When this city was taken by Marcus Flavius Flaccus, two thousand statues were sent from thence to Rome.

ments of that knowledge which has since spread to distant worlds, and was once the centre of all that was known of civilization in Europe, when Athens was still rude, and Rome did not exist. Within that narrow boundary flourished commerce and the arts, and all that raises man above his brutal instincts and mere animal existence. The cause of this precocity of civilization was a tendency to independence; but its basis was laid in the unity of the people: and when at length the petty principalities loosened the bonds of their federative alliance, and provincial rivalry separated their interests, they fell, and were enslaved. Still they struggled to the last for their independence, and were conquered, not because they were deficient in courage, but because they were *divided*.* Their example, and their fate, should in all ages be the word of the people of Italy.

Few travellers ascend the heights of Cortona: their almost perpendicular steepness renders the effort arduous; and the inn and post-house at the

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* "Gli sforsi prodigiosi di valore e gli spedienti immensi, messi in opera dai Toscani per salvare una libertà vaccilante, potranno meglio di qualunque elogio far conoscere li fermi basi del loro edifizio sociale." Micale, L'Italia avanti il dominio dei Romani. "The prodigious efforts of valour and the gigantic expedients adopted by the Tuscans to support their tottering liberties, illustrate, better than any eulogy, the firmness and consolidation of their social system."

foot of its rocks tempt the traveller to repose, or to proceed, and to rest satisfied with contemplating the most venerable city in Italy from the lovely *Valle di Chiana*, above which it forms so fine a feature. Its walls, however, impressed with the traces of thousands of years, with their huge masses of stone adhering without cement, are well worth seeing; for though, perhaps, the most ancient in Europe, they are in some places in wonderful preservation. The gloomy and dilapidated interior of Cortona contrasts, like all the old cities of the south of Italy, with the lovely luxury of the surrounding scenery. It contains a few churches worth seeing for their paintings; for it has produced Pietro da Cortona, and some other artists of eminence. Among its relics, profane and sacred, the tomb of Flaminius, and the body of the fair Saint Margarita, are the most celebrated. What, however, appears most extraordinary is, that so remote, ideal-looking a city, should be inhabited at all; and that it should have an academy, where probably Classicists and Romanticists, and Trecentisti and Della-Cruscans, fight their battle of words with all the virulence displayed in the living cities of the plains of Tuscany and Lombardy*.

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* The Accademia Etrusca di Cortona was founded in 1726. It has a library, a cabinet of antiquities, of medals, engravings, natural history, and gems.

The road from Cammucia, under the fine and cultivated heights of the *Spelonca,* and along the lake of Perugia (Hannibal's Thrasymenus), is picturesque and beautiful, beyond all description. Here the classical traveller, in every step, finds an interest, and disputes or doubts on the pretensions of Sanguinetta and Ossaja to be the spot of Flaminius's defeat. The sepulchre of ten thousand brave men may occupy the mind of the scholar or the *schoolboy;* but those deeply touched by the fate of living Italy, turn alternately from the Paradise of the natural scenery, to the wretched, ragged groups, who, stretching forth their squalid forms from the black dens of Passignano, give the first specimens of the condition of the subjects of the Papal dominions.* Yet here we found a friar begging from beggars!

When the noxious lane of this frontier-pass is traversed, the beautiful lake again cheers the eye; and its surrounding hills, crowned with the convent domes of *St. Zabione,* the fortresses of *Mazione* and the *Rocca dei Monaldi,* present a striking contrast to the thin population, which seems to increase in wretchedness and misery, as nature becomes more beautiful. A poor building rises on the road-side with the sign of the Mitre and

* This miserable village has a page in Polybius, as being the site of the fierce contest between the Carthaginians and the Roman forces: the heights above it were occupied by Hannibal and his forces.

Keys, and the inscription of *Dogana Pontifica*; which, with the police and uniform of the Holy See, the groups of monks and beggars, duly notified our entrance into that State, for ages supposed to be under the immediate dominion of the Deity, and governed by the Vicegerent of "Christ on Earth." Nature was still the same, bountiful and beautiful!—but there was a visible change in the physiognomy of the people. The Tuscan freshness, as well as the Tuscan competency, had wholly disappeared. A few haggard-looking women were performing the field-labours of men;—the men (and there were but few visible) were loitering listlessly, muffled to their chins in dark and ragged mantles;—and both so closely resembled the Irish peasantry, in form, expression, and all the exterior of poverty and wretchedness, that Irish eyes might well weep in gazing on them; and Irish hearts might feel, that human misery, seen where it may, has a constant type in the home of their affections.* As we passed along, all held out their hands, in

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* It is remarkable that some of the women in this district wear a head-kerchief precisely like that worn in the remote parts of Ireland; and that others had on the Irish mantle, a piece of bias-cut cloth drawn over the head, almost always of a dingy red. The Irish mantle is, in fact, the Roman cloak, so universally worn by all ranks. Another point of resemblance was, that almost all the women were bare-legged, and frequently bare-footed.

silent supplication, for charity; a habit so universally prevailing in the Roman States, even where want does not prevail, that it seems as if it were an instinct of Nature.

As PERUGIA was approached, the condition of the population appeared to improve; but partial patches of rural prosperity are not unusual in the Roman States, though the prevailing aspect of the people is that of great indigence and want of civilization. Perugia, like all the Etruscan capitals, crowns the summit of a seemingly inaccessible rock, and commands an enchanting view, in which the Lake Thrasymenus is one of the finest features. There is something extremely novel in ascending to these Etruscan cities, to which the carriage is drawn by teams of fine oxen, that come slowly forward, as the traveller's carriage halts at the foot of the acclivity, and are as slowly yoked to the horses and mules they are called on to assist*. The ascent to Perugia is so steep and precipitous, that apprehensions of danger are only to be diverted by the scenery which skirts the mountain, on either side the

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* The sylvan dress of the drivers often struck us; their manners, however, are by no means sylvan. The youth, whose oxen drew us up to Perugia, had a large bunch of beautiful autumnal flowers in his smart straw-hat, and a nosegay in his breast. I asked him to sell me one of these bouquets; he answered, "When I bought them myself, it was not to sell them to the first stranger that wanted them."

winding and perilous road. Every where church-spires and convent-domes rise amidst luxuriant gardens, rich olive-grounds, and abundant vine-yards; for, says the Tuscan proverb,

"*Dove abitano i frati, è grassa la terra.*"
"Where the monk dwells, the earth teems."

At every question demanded "To whom do those vineyards, or to whom do those olives belong?" the answer was, "To the monks of San Giulano! to the Church of San Pietro!" &c. &c. But to the delicious domains of St. Julian and Saint Peter, succeeds that dark and terrible fortress, which ascends with the heights, and guards every rock, and fortifies every cliff. This citadel was commenced by one of the most despotic of the Popes, Paul the Third, under pretext of building an hospital; and it was considerably advanced before his turbulent subjects discovered that the supposed work of charity was one of power; and was destined to fortify those heights, which Hannibal found impregnable;—to control those spirits, among which the Pontiff feared might still be found a Forte Braccio!* But heights and citadels have proved no insurmountable barriers to the

* The Perugians made war on the Holy See in 1392, and were subdued; but, in 1416, weary of the Papal sway, they again took up arms; and, led by the famous Capitano Forte Braccio, marched to Rome, and remained for some time masters of the city. Perugia again fell to the Pope in 1442; but the memory of Forte Braccio is even still revered there.

tactics of modern times; and since the occupation of Perugia by the French, this most romantically situated fortress is partly abandoned to ruin, partly occupied by prisoners, whose yells, through the iron bars, met our ears as we ascended, with a very scaring and melancholy effect—while the wind bore to us distinctly the sounds of "*Forestieri, carità!*" ("Charity, strangers!") This was an ominous entrance into the first city of the patrimony of St. Peter*.

In the general view of Perugia, it resembles all the very ancient cities from Florence to Naples:—one or two piazzas; a number of narrow, dirty, gloomy streets; high, dismantled, and dreary palaces; churches beyond count, and convents falling to ruin, or newly refitted, with a dash of white-wash on the walls, and some new wooden screens before the little windows. Previously to the Revolution, Perugia contained forty-eight of these establishments for both sexes, and a suitable number of churches. Many of the former are restored; of the latter, we visited only those most recommended to our notice, as containing the chief works of Pietro Perugino, and the first efforts of his young disciple, Raphael.

* The same permission is given to the prisoners at Bologna; their cry resembles the yell of a pack of hounds. This is a most disgraceful license, and would be well commuted by giving them better cells, or a larger gaol allowance;—the state of Italian prisons is dreadful.

These are, the Church of San Pietro, of the black Benedictines; the Church and Convent of the Olivetans, where the University now has its establishment; *Santa Maria Nuova, San Agostino, San Francesco,* and *San Giuliano.* But nearly all the churches contained more or less of the works of Perugino and his school: for his poverty rendered him as laborious as he was ingenious; and a note of his is still extant at Perugia, in which he begs a small loan from the monks of St. Augustine, whose choir and sacristy are adorned with his immortal works.

But there is one little edifice in Perugia, where not a square inch is left uncovered by the pencil of Perugino, and which he seems to have bequeathed to his native city, as a monument of the perfection of his genius, and the devotedness of his patriotism. It is called *La Loggia,* or *Collegio del Cambio,* a sort of change, or mercantile rendezvous, where the commercial inhabitants of the city met to transact business. This little Gothic fabric, with its beautiful chapel, is a perfect toy, a relic of times and manners, which it is always curious and amusing to review. So intent was Perugino on perfecting this Loggia, that even the gilding of the cornices is said to be his work; and it retains, as well as the frescoes, all its original brightness. The centre of the ceiling represents the Almighty as a delicate and aged man, (for that Divine essence which

can know no change, is always painted by the Italian artists as fallen into decrepitude); a glory of seraphs encircles the beautifully venerable head. Different compartments represent St. Matthew dictating to St. Mark; the eager look of the apostolic amanuensis, as he catches the inspirations he is about to trace, is life itself. St. John and St. Luke, exquisitely pourtrayed, form very curious companions to two most comely Sibyls, draped more becomingly for a seraglio than for such holy society. The picture of Perugino, by himself, is not among the least interesting objects of this precious monument of the arts and manners of the fifteenth century.

I know nothing more simply touching in biographic story, than Vasari's account of Raphael setting out with his aged father to Perugia, for the purpose of being placed in the school of Pietro Vannucci or Perugino. Old Giovanni Sanzio was himself a painter, one of those humble artists who worked by the foot, and drove a hard bargain for the quantity of gold he was to put into the robe of a Madonna, or the size of drapery he was to measure out for a saint.*

* It is, however, supposed that one of the figures of Raphael's *Sposalizio di Nostra Signora*, in the gallery of the Brera at Milan, is copied from his father's picture of St. Sebastiano, preserved in Urbino, with some others of his rude works, out of respect to him as the father of one of the greatest geniuses that Italy ever produced.

It was in his own shop at Urbino that he first tried the talents of his immortal son, by giving him some of the coarse porcelain to paint, which was then manufactured at Urbino:—but Raphael Sanzio, though a child, soon left the parent artist far behind; and Giovanni resolved on taking him to his friend Pietro Perugino.* The departure of the old man, with that handsome ardent boy, whose beautiful sun-burnt countenance still draws the eye from better portraits in the Borghese Gallery at Rome†—the tears shed at parting by Madonna Sanzio, who so tenderly loved this distinguished son—their arrival at Perugia, and the presentation of Raphael to the master he was so soon to surpass, all belong to the simplicity of the manners of that day. Vasari beautifully adds, in speaking of the graces, the sweetness, the elegance, of the character of Raphael, that these were partly due to his having been "nurtured at the maternal bosom." May

* "Onde Giovanni andatosene tutto lieto da Urbino, e preso il putto, non senza molte lagrime della Madre, che teneramente l'amava, lo menò a Perugia, la dove Pietro, veduto la maniera del disegnare di Raffaello, e costui ne fe quel giudizio che poi il tempo dimostra verissimo con gli effetti." *Vasari.*—"At this John left Urbino with great joy, taking with him his boy to Perugia, not without many tears from his mother, who loved him tenderly. There, Peter, having seen Raphael's manner of drawing, formed that judgment of him which time has abundantly sanctioned."

† A portrait of Raphael at the age of fourteen is to be seen at the Borghese—I believe by his master, Perugino.

this charming prejudice (if, indeed, it is one) be revived in Italy, and may future Raphaels reward by their genius and their virtues, the happy mothers from whose bosoms they first draw the tide of life.

Of all the cities under the special influence of St. Peter, Perugia, next to Rome, seems to be that which has most largely partaken of his benefits and interference, since the restoration of all saints by the Holy Alliance.

The Church property of Perugia having fallen at the Revolution to the State, the Pope, on his return, made it a matter of conscience not to avail himself of this revolutionary disposition in his favour; and his desire of returning the Church her own, even to the last paolo, was only retarded in its execution by the remonstrances of ministers, more wise, and less conscientious. An event unforeseen frustrated, however, the diplomatic policy, and Peter was very literally robbed to pay Paul.

When his present Holiness, Pope Pius the Seventh, was a Benedictine Monk in the cloisters of the little convent of "*La Madonna del Fuoco*,," he formed a friendship with a brother of the order, remarkable for his zeal and piety. Nothing could be more different than the fate of the monastic friends. Chiaramonti was called to that throne which, by representing the divine majesty, rises above all temporal powers. His

friend Frà Perilla remained true to his original vocation; and when driven from his convent, retired to a hermitage. There he long lived; and when he at last quitted his cell, it was by a divine inspiration, which commanded him to take up the cross, and preach the Restoration of the Church, even beneath the sumptuous domes of the Quirinal, where the apostolic fisherman was now once more enthroned.

Perilla obeyed the call, and presented himself to his ancient friend, in the pontifical closet, invoked him with a prophet's voice and martyr's energy, to raise his prostrate Church, and abandon the tempter, who in the guise of a cabinet-minister, was fixing all his views on temporal interests. The Pope thus worked on, by the zeal of a friend and the eloquence of an inspired missionary, gave Frà Perilla a brief, *(una facoltà)* empowering him to command a restitution to the Church of all her spoliated property in the patrimony of St. Peter; freely giving up his own share of the spoil, and requiring of him to gather under the consecrated banner of their common mother, all her faithful adherents disbanded by revolutionary force.

Perilla went forth another Peter the Hermit. He preached—he threatened—he solicited—he denounced:—he did more, he seized on vineyards, and olive-grounds, and corn-fields, and chesnut-groves; he opened and filled convents, and drove

out lay-tenants from holy monasteries; and Perugia, like Spoleto, Foligno, and all the principal towns within the mission, resumed their former character of monastic influence. The effects of his zeal were, however, less miraculous than was at first supposed, although the worthless, the idle, and the indigent, were readily touched by that grace which brought ease and property along with it; and cloisters which commanded the rich grounds of St. Giuliano and St. Pietro, were rapidly filled with devotees, whose vocation had "views on this side Paradise." The great work done to the extent of his diploma, Perilla again presented himself at the gates of the Quirinal, resting on that pastoral staff which had collected so large a flock to the fold. But it was long ere he could penetrate further; and he who had opened the gates of heaven to so many, could not now defeat the diplomatic vigilance which shut the gates of his master's palace upon himself. The cardinals, however, more favourable to the views of Perilla than to those of the minister, are said to have forwarded his second interview with his Holiness; and Cardinal Braschi, the nephew of the late Pope, conveyed him to the pontifical closet, where he was received with the consolatory welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Recompensed only by the success of his mission, sincere in his mistaken zeal, and disinterested as sincerity is usually found to be,

Perilla returned from the marble chambers of the pontifical palace to his own humble cell, leaving the abbots and priors he has restored to power and wealth, to the enjoyment of their vineyards, and the ease of their monastic leisure.*

Under the late French regime, the city of Perugia was governed by a military prefect, who introduced much of the order and discipline of his profession into its society. He gave gay entertainments, held assemblies, and obliged the old murky, time-worn nobles, to throw off their dusty great coats,

"And to live cleanly as noblemen should do."

Perugia is now under the jurisdiction of a priest, the Prelato Spinola, with the title of Governor. There are of course no balls—no assemblies; and the nobles are at liberty to resume their great coats, in which (by the by) we saw

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* For this detail we are indebted to a monk, who holds a place under the papal government, and who had known both the Pope and Perilla in early life. Our narrator was in such admiration of the zeal and talent of the latter, that he always named him "*Quel grande e sant' uomo*;"—this great and holy man. It is, however, evident that Perilla did but hasten the execution of the Pope's intention; who was bent on restoring the Church its own, contrary, it is said, to the wise and liberal councils of Cardinal Gonsalvi. At Perugia we were told that the restored monks were all strangers. The inhabitants knew not from whence they had come.

some of them perform that weary pilgrimage, the Corso, in coaches which seemed to have existed since the time of Forte Braccio, whose bones in the church of San Francesco are not more mouldy.

We left Perugia as the dawn broke upon the towers of its horrible fortress: but yet not so early but misery was awake; and the same cries which ushered us into its gloomy walls, now followed us out. The descent looked so fearful and rapid, and the morning, though in December, was so lovely, that we walked down the heights, and had thus an opportunity of chatting to some peasantry, who were ascending in crowds from the fertile valleys, laden with fruit, flowers, poultry, oil, and vegetables—some carried in hand-baskets, and some in panniers on the back of a mule or an ass. While we stopped to purchase some grapes of an old man, several of these country people gathered round us, and were as ready to answer questions as we were to ask them. We found they were each bound to some particular convent; and all declared their satisfaction at the return of the monks;—for they had raised the prices of every thing; they were *brava gente*, who kept a number of servants *, and fed

* These servants are called *Canterini* (literally Singing Boys.) A person in Perugia assured us that one convent which he named had two of the best cooks in Italy; the head one a Frenchman.

them well. To the Begging order, however, they objected ;—" *Non vogliamo niente i Mendicanti,*"* said an old woman who carried a wicker-cage full of live turtles, bespoken by a Frà somebody, whose name I forget. In states more enlightened than that of Perugia, the judgment of society on events and institutions is often no less false, when thus warped by particular interests.

The whole of this scene was delicious; its freshness seems even now to breathe on me, as I thus feebly trace its features; and the costume and colouring of the groupings, the Isis-like head-dress of the women, and pastoral mantle of the men, their cages of doves, and panniers of glowing fruit, recur to the memory, like the brilliant pictures which the market-groups of Flemish painters leave upon the imagination. If ever there was one region blessed beyond all others, and made by nature for the special enjoyment of the most favoured of her creatures, that region is Italy! Let her fortresses and her cells, her despots and her monks, tell her sad story, and explain how suns may shine, and soils may teem—in vain! †

* " We want no Mendicants."

† All this part of the Pope's dominions is tenanted in small farms, and contrasts most forcibly with the wild desolate regions of the Campagna, where the large proprietors have banished cultivation, and yielded the soil up to the *mal-aria* and the wild boars.

The route to Rome continues through the beautiful valley called *La Vallata di Perugia*, increasing in fertility as Foligno is approached. At a short distance from Perugia, the Tiber (which might be here mistaken for a muddy village stream) is passed by the bridge of San Giovanni; and at two posts distance, the church of *La Madonna degli Angeli*, near the pious city of *Assise*, induces the most impatient traveller to pause, and make the offering of his curiosity, if not of his homage, to "our Lady of the Angels" and the oratory of St. Francis.

The Church and convent of the *Madonna degli Angeli* forms a stupendous pile of building, elegant and shewy;—the work of Vignola. We were accompanied to both by a lay-brother, a sturdy red-headed youth, grinning from ear to ear, and much fitter for the plough than the cloister. As he drew aside a mysterious curtain, and called our attention to a picture of the Virgin and Angel (an Annunciation), he observed that it was drawn from the life *(al naturale)*. "What! (I said) Angel and all?" "*Tutti, tutti,*" was his emphatic answer; "*è molto somigliante,*" (and a great likeness it is!) In shewing us the cell and the garden of St. Francis (a melancholy little walled spot between the church and the convent, where every thing was, however, most theatrically and newly arranged), he pointed to a bed of rose-trees, some still in bloom; and observed, that it

was the bed of nettles and thorns, on which St. Francis rolled himself till his body was a mass of wounds, to please God, ("*Messere Dio*" was his word.) It did not, however, please God; for the bed of thorns, stained with the Saint's blood at night, was found in the morning changed into a bed of roses, sweet and fresh as Love ever nestled in: whether the Saint enjoyed this luxury, he could not venture to say; but the roses, he said, remained ever since, a proof of the miracle. I observed that St. Francis flourished in the twelfth century, and these were China roses; but he only shrugged his shoulders, "*Non fa niente; c'è un miracolo!*—(that's nothing, 'tis a miracle.")

In the centre of the church is an old Gothic cottage, with a beautiful little spire, the oratory of St. Francis; and to preserve this cottage, the magnificent church was raised round it. It is an imitation of the church and house of Loretto.*

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* It is worth observing, that, on taking leave of our lay-brother and his miracles, our Italian servant, who had followed us, eyeing him with contempt, shrugged his shoulders, and exclaimed "*Che bestia!*" (what a beast!) As this was partly addressed to our driver (for we had now taken Vetturino mules), he burst into a sarcastic laugh, and replied—"Why should I work night and day, be scolded by my master at home, and by travellers abroad, for a few scudi?—I'll turn monk now.—Why not?—No longer *Povero Andrea*, the Vetturino-driver, but *Frà Andrea!* or *Padre Andrea!* with nothing to do but count my beads, tell my aves, and live like a bishop.—'*Eccomi dunque frate;*'" and

In the delicious valley of the Spoletana, which is watered by the *Clitumnus* (that name so melodious to classic ears), and abounds in the richest pasturage, reposes the ancient city of Foligno; looking rather old than ancient, and bearing all the generic features of a provincial city in the Roman States—neglect, sadness, and desolation. Foligno has its show-churches and show-palaces; its monasteries and its convents; its canons and cathedral, its nuns and nobility. But that which gave it the greatest value in the eyes of the *virtuoso* traveller, the *Madonna di Foligno* of Raphael, so long the treasure of the convent "*Delle Contesse*," is now no longer there. Having been carried off to Paris, it was returned with the other Italian pictures; but the Madonna, instead of stopping at her ancient residence in the convent of Foligno, sooner than part company with some of her distinguished brother exiles, travelled on to Rome, where she forms one of the most precious treasures of the Vatican. To hear the complaints of the poor nuns of the Convent "*delle Contesse*," who are now no longer exclusively

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he burst again into a violent fit of laughter. The fact is, that the attempt at reviving old impositions in Catholic Italy, is as much laughed at by the people, as a similar effort would be in Protestant England. The mere rabble and the old nobility alone are imposed on by them; the former by their ignorance—the latter by their interests. Both owe them to the Holy Alliance.

Countesses (for we found the daughter of our host of the inn there), the loss of their picture is beyond compensation in this world; and they imagine that all Europe must take an interest in their misfortune. But though they respect Raphael much, and the Madonna more, the strangers whom this sublime picture brought to their convent, and the donations they left behind them, are among the most substantial causes of their regrets and indignation.

The garden-vales of Foligno*, and the shores

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* Between Foligno and Spoleto, on the edge of the river, moulders the ruin of an ancient temple: the peasantry call it "*Tempio di* CLITUNNO;" they said it was now "*Ad uso dei Cristiani*"—employed for Christian rites. It is mentioned by all classic travellers, both ancient and modern; but the best account of its dilapidations will be found in the historical illustrations of Childe Harold. Notwithstanding the richness of the soil, mendicity here assumes its most degrading form: as our carriage appeared, women and children threw themselves on the earth, which they kissed; then springing up, they ran along the road-side in a sort of frantic attitude, crying "*Qualche cosa, per i morti vostri, carità, carità,*" Give something for your departed friends. Stunned by their cries and touched by their misery, we stopped the carriage, and ordered the servant, who was on the coach-box, to give them a trifle: he took out a silver piece, and asked a miserable old woman who was on her knees if she could give him change. She coolly answered "*Sì, Signore,*" took out a purse and gave him small money; he gave her a few baiocchi. While he was counting out some copper to a little girl, he asked the young mendicant carelessly how much she had given for a coral necklace which we now perceived she wore: she answered as carelessly

of the Clitumnus, where the fat white victims of heathen altars *(grandes victimæ)* were nurtured, lead to the very walls, the terrible walls of SPOLETO. We entered them at night; and as we wound slowly between the high dark double vallum, or caught glimpses of the lofty, black, and ruinous houses, (made visible by the lighted shrines of the Madonna,) it appeared to us a mass of prisons; the air seemed close, and all looked fearful. The proposal of our servant, not to stop in this city of sadness, but proceed to what he called "the pretty Inn of Giovannini," at the foot of the hill on the other side of the town, was a welcome proposition; and we had every reason to rejoice in our acceptance of it. With Giovannini we found cleanliness and accommodation (now becoming rare); and the view which the morning light discovered from our windows, might almost have compensated for the loss of either. Here, in scenes full of natural wildness and natural beauty, appeared some symptoms of those ancient

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"ten scudi." He looked significantly at us, and we were effectually cured of suffering

"Pity to give, ere Charity began."

As mendicity is a virtue in the Roman code of morals, it is never a disgrace; and as religion itself has assumed the badge of beggary as a distinction, it has become an "*état*" in the Papal States, and none are ashamed to profess it. This has been one of the means taken by Church and State of the good old times to degrade the people; and it has succeeded.

monuments, for which classic travellers go so far, and find so few.

The Monte Lucco, broken into gentle undulations, is crowned with the sites of ancient temples, now covered with Christian churches. The Church of the Crucifix rises above the Temple of Concord, and is constructed with part of its materials; and the altars of San Giuliano and St. Andrea, replace those of Mars and Jupiter. Over an abrupt and narrow chasm were flung the tall narrow arches of a Roman aqueduct*; and high above all frowned the Gothic fortress of La Rocca, once the defence, and now the prison, of the district. A prison in a country where there are no laws, and where all depends upon the will of the powerful, is a fearful image—that of La Rocca deforms the paradise it dominates. There is nothing new or fresh about the town of Spoleto but the handsome convent of the Benedictines, and its beautiful colonnade. The interior of the town is steep, gloomy, and desolate. It has a little manufacture of hats; but the trade scarcely extends beyond its own district. The Church alone thrives here: all its unalienated lands have been restored by the Pope, and seventeen male monasteries, and half that number for females, have been re-esta-

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* Modern sceptics have discovered, however, that this Roman aqueduct is not a Roman aqueduct at all, as the arches are found to have a touch of the Gothic in them, and to be *sesto acuto*.

blished. Many of the palaces were shut up—others were half empty, half in ruins; the principal families having left their native city, and become scattered over Italy. The Cathedral is extremely antiquated, but has nothing worth describing, except a monument of Leppi the painter, an epitaph by Poliziano, and a picture by Annibal Caracci.

The scenery from Spoleto to Terni heightens into beauty, as that magnificent branch of the Apennines is passed, called the *Sommo*. As it is ascended, a sweep of hill rises from the deep defile, in which a rapid torrent flows, and which has long been celebrated for its hermits, and its truffles; both of which still abound. The Cenobite cells (little white-washed huts) are scattered round the chapel and residence of the Prior of the order. These hermits were now, as we passed them, thirteen in number; though under the French regime but one remained, a very aged man,

"Who ne'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place."

These recluses affect to live on such herbage as their hill produces—"*come le bestie,*" said the steward of a noble of Spoleto, who rode beside us up the mountain. "Not," he added, "but the good Christians of the town supply them abundantly with food; but this they reserve for the poor." A more secluded site could easily

have been found for devotional penance to retire to, than this lovely neighbourhood of a great town; but a more delicious, or a more fruitful one, the epicurism of seclusion could scarcely have selected.

In winding through the wooded heights of the Sommo*, we still found the trees rich in foliage, like the English forest-scenery of an English October; firs and juniper mingled with oaks and elms; and the earth was embossed with the herbs and autumnal flowers known in more northern climes. The scene, though wild and solitary, was not savage: and the ruins of the old feudal fortress, the *Castello Strittaro,* once the guardian of the mountain-pass, and a *Maesta,* or chapel raised to the Virgin, added to the beauty of the scenery; while they alone gave evidence that man and his passions had penetrated this deep and sublime solitude.

In approaching the town of TERNI, so celebrated for its cascade, the population seems to thicken, and rural prosperity to begin. The olive-grounds of the *patronati* (as they here call the land proprietors) succeed to mountain-woods. The *pollaroli* (or pedlars in poultry) are seen driving their mules and horses laden with panniers of live fowl, on their way to Rome; while the female

* Said to take its name from a temple raised here to Summu Jupiter.

peasantry, dressed in their singular *cuffa*, (a veil of embroidered linen, projected like a shade over the eyes, by a piece of whale-bone,) in their shewy scarlet jackets, and coloured petticoats, enlivened the scene, and gave a gaiety to the suburbs of Terni, rarely distinguishing a Roman town.

The falls of Terni (*La Cascata delle Marmore*) have become an object of European curiosity; and though the town has little to recommend it, except being the birth-place of Tacitus *, none pass through it without resting on the day of their arrival, to visit that "matchless cataract," which recalls in its depth, boldness, and brilliancy, the genius of him who has best celebrated its wonders †.

An impediment to our enjoying this splendid spectacle was, however, thrown in our way. The mules and carriages hired out to visit it, were all occupied by some other travellers, who had got the start of us from Spoleto. We ordered therefore our Vetturino mules, after they had rested for an hour, to be got ready to take us to the waterfall; an order which created a general smile on the faces of those who heard it. Our

* Some faint remains of an amphitheatre and baths exist in the gardens of the archbishop, and at a neighbouring villa.

† See the magnificent description of the *Cascata delle Marmore*, in the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.—p. 37, stanza 71.

Vetturino-driver following us in, observed that the mules which carried strangers to the waterfall were a monopoly of government; that none could go there but the Pope's hacks; and that, if any one attempted it, he would be lodged in the *Rocca* for some months. As to have waited another day would have been extremely inconvenient, we were forced to give up the *Cascata delle Marmore;* and in place of a natural wonder, so often and so beautifully described *, we have here to record one of those petty extortions of despotism, which press upon the every-day enjoyments of humanity, and of the annoyances given to society by its lesser, as by its more flagrant, acts of injustice and power.

The burst of scenery which succeeds to Terni, as the "woody Apennines" are again ascended, belongs not to the tameness of sober prose description. The high-poised road, hewn from a rocky ledge! the over-hanging cliff, fringed with pendant woods, or hollowed into murky caverns! the precipitous descent, sweeping to the broad, spacious, undulating valley! the lower, ruder pathway, paced only by the venturous muleteer, which, though hung but half way down, appears fathoms deep! the white-foaming and tur-

* Lord Byron says of this cataract, that it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together.

bulent flood* bursting like a cataract through shores which yield perpetual harvests! and again, beyond all, the circling swelling heights of the "infant Alps," broken by shadows into countless forms, coloured by sun-lights with a thousand hues! with many a ruined dome and spire, or osier bridge of temporary construction, giving their touches of human existence to nature's wildest solitudes! are combinations belonging to the poetry of landscape, and demand a Byron's pen, or a Salvator's pencil! That nothing might be wanting to complete the splendour of our first view of the *Vallata di Terni,* (and we saw it again with undiminished admiration,) we beheld it at sun-set, diversified by every tint which

"In the colours of the rainbow lives,"

bathed in crimson hues, mingling with those emerald lights of the horizon, so peculiar to Italian skies, and still marking its shadowy outline through a veil of saffron mists, the vision of a poet's paradise!

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* The "Nar of Virgil," the Nera of modern dialect. The valley through which it flows (or foams,) was esteemed one of the richest in Italy. Pliny says that the peasant mowed here four times a-year. The banks of the Nar are still cultivated, and sprinkled with vines, olives, and fruit-trees; yet the population of this district appeared to us miserably poor and wretched. The aqueducts, constructed for the irrigation of the land by the Romans, remain, and lend a fine feature to the scenery.

The high arched portals of NARNI, all dank and black, and dripping, shut out this scene beneath. Its fortress (the *Roccacia*) frowns on its embattled rocks above, and a dark lane of dens conducts to the *Piazza* and Cathedral of this truly feudal and papal little town, where gloom and poverty tell their tale amidst forts and churches, while Nature laughs in the valleys beneath, and plenty loads the carrier's team with corn and wine for distant lands.

Narni, sad and desolate as it moulders, seems just to remain as the Venetians left it, when, having devastated the dwellings of its brave inhabitants in the sixteenth century, they proceeded to join Charles the Fifth, at that time besieging the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome. Venice had then lost her own freedom, and sold her services to the Imperial Despot, whose object was the subjugation of all that remained of Italian liberty. The Venetians found it still combating even on the fearful heights of Narni, and carried desolation to the hearths of it champions.

A by-road from Narni, along the river, leads towards the Abruzzi. The direct highway by Otricoli goes to Rome. The ruins of the ancient Otriculum (if a mere mass of rubbish, and some formless walls can merit the name,) lie at a short distance from the post-road, on the banks of the Tiber; but in the cluster of black and slimy hovels, or ruinous and sashless houses of the modern Otricoli, there

is nothing resembling the elegant capital of Umbria, that served as a vestibule to the splendid colonnade of palaces and temples, which, from thence to the Imperial City, formed an avenue worthy of the metropolis of the world. The inn, and hostess of Otricoli, were alike beyond description; and both had taken such hold of the imagination of the author of these pages, that she found it, on her return, impossible not to pause before the ruinous shed, and renew her acquaintance with a person and a scene which combined the highest burlesque with the very picturesque of desolation and discomfort. Happy are they who can brave old habits in favour of new views of society; who for once can pass an evening in the old smoky-raftered *sala* of the post-house of Otricoli, without repining; and who can listen to the *Padrona* while she endeavours (with an eloquence well worth a better theme) to prove that the shank of an old ewe is a tender leg of lamb, and that maccaroni, steeped in greasy water is, "*una minestra stupenda*," a stupendous soup!

The passage over the Tiber by a fine bridge of three arches, originally constructed by Augustus, and re-built (as many a gorgeous inscription indicates) by Sixtus the Fifth, marks the boundary between the Umbrian and Sabine territories; names so formidable in history, yet mastering but a space which looks like a village district. Still the history of the Sabines, however small the re-

gion they lorded, is noble. They were the first and last of the surrounding states to defend their liberties and their homes! their *lares* and *penates;* though they only abandoned that obscure felicity which prudence and industry had insured to them, to take up arms against the increasing influence of the Roman bandits. All that is known of this little state attests its moral worth and political independence; and the soil which cherished such virtues, may be passed over with an interest better founded than that which arises exclusively from classical associations. But this tract, once the home of domestic worth and public spirit, and again the site of all that was possible to wealth, and splendid in power, where imperial temples and triumphal arches lined the broad Flaminian way, is now awfully desolate, and dangerously depopulated. The high road was lately skirted by a forest of Cimmerian gloom, the asylum of those modern *Masnadieri,* the professional robbers of the Roman territories. The French cleared these forests, and in many places burnt them up, as the most efficient means of getting rid of the bands they sheltered; and during their government this evil, which, with many others, had so long infested the devoted land, was nearly done away; but it reappeared almost instantaneously on their expulsion. Notwithstanding the destruction of forests, (the growth of ages), a rich and vigorous brush-wood

now skirts the road, and the mountains are partially clothed with trees to their very summit. In the midst of this dreariness stands the ruined village of Borghetto; but we only saw its desolate street enlivened by the presence of a beggar, a pilgrim, and a Roman carabineer, belonging to the little garrison of Civita Castellana. From thence increasing desolation prepares the way for the Campagna; and one of those terrible ruins called by the natives "*Casaccia de' Assassini*," is pointed out as the head-quarters of a famous band of banditti, which were taken and executed in 1815. At a little distance from its dark wall, was planted a newly erected cross, to commemorate the site of a recent murder! a crime, however, not so frequent, even here, as in England. But the scenery seems more appropriate to its commission, and throws a deeper horror on the deed, than in those populous neighbourhoods so often described in English newspapers as the scenes of the darkest atrocities. Of the thousands of foreigners who have passed, and continue to pass, this awe-inspiring road, not one has been attacked or injured; though the lawless government of Rome tempts its miserable subjects by a neglect in its police, which seems almost systematic.

The dreary half-inhabited town of Civita Castellana is guarded by a citadel, though there is nothing to defend but the poor, and their hovels,

who rarely give temptation to attack. Every hand is stretched for charity, as its steep street is ascended. The churches and the women exhibit the same appearance of tawdriness and filth; and degradation and debasement are more obvious even to the passing eye than indigence itself, though many a sashless window and shattered wall give striking indication of the comfortless penury that dwells within.

We observed between the posts of Civita Castellana and Neppi, a poor swollen jaundiced boy, whom the mal-aria had blasted with its pestilential breath, and who was returning from his mortal labours in the Campagna "to die at home," as he told our servant, who stopped to offer him a trifle—his dress was simply of sheepskin. A little further we overtook a prisoner in the hands of some Roman sbirri; he was young and most miserable-looking. Whatever was his crime, crime was not his habit, for he coloured deeply as we looked intently at him, and hung his head. All else was still and solitary—not a hut—not a symptom of human existence; for none dwell where none can live. Still the country was not the less lovely for being the tomb of those who might venture to inhabit it; for that which is fatal to man, gives vigour to vegetation; and the undulating surface of this once volcanic region was embossed with spontaneous shrubs, with masses of rich and bushy underwood, furze still

in blossom, "unprofitably gay"—juniper and sloe-berries still hanging in dusky clusters on their leafless branches, while, high above all, retreating towards the horizon, arose woods of oak and cork, planted and cherished by Nature's own hand, as if she still struggled for prerogative, in spite of the potent efforts which man had made, by bigotry and despotism, to dispossess her of her ancient and favourite domains.

NEPPI, the town of the Desert, rises upon heights which command a view of the far-spreading waste. We stopped at the poor inn, less in want of the refreshment we demanded, than from curiosity to know what this blank mass of ruins could afford; but, turning fastidiously from stale bad bread, which was brought us, the person who served us observed, "*Che volete? non c'è quì che roba di maremma!*" "What would you have?—there is nothing here but the produce of the desert!" The town seemed almost empty. The inn-keeper said, that those of its squalid population who could labour, went to Civita Castellana (a degree less wretched), or to the Campagna in the season, to work, for fifteen baiocchi (about six-pence a day.) The few whom we saw were of a cadaverous hue, wretched and ragged. When the season of the mal-aria arrives, the inn-keeper and his family, and all who can shut up their houses and depart, leave this sad abode to the old and the feeble, who stay to die, or to sur-

vive a little longer, the victims of this annual plague.

From Neppi the Desert opens in all its heart-chilling sadness: trees dwindle and disappear—shrubs diminish!—and the Campagna begins from its extremest verge in striking dreariness, and fades into the remote horizon in unvaried desolation. Here rises no monastic palace; here wanders no mendicant Monk. The Church has long withdrawn from the traveller's view; she is left in the delicious valley of Perugia and Spoleto, amidst her own

"Vaghe colle—ameni prati
Di riposo, alberghi veri."—

She is found again at Rome, under gilded domes and velvet canopies. But here all that is known of her existence appears in the waste she has made. These deserts, the work of her hands, and of the despotism she has succoured and supported, were once the luxurious gardens of Roman epicures. Here stood the patrician villa, and rose the imperial palace; here Lucullus enjoyed—and Horace sung his Soracte, which now alone remains unchanged of all that then existed,

——— "And from out the plain,
Heaves like a long-swept wave, about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing."—*

Nothing bearing the stamp of humanity chequers

* Childe Harold, 4th canto.

this wide waste, save the dreary *Casale*, seen in the distance—a shed for the cattle, who fatten where man perishes. No human apparition meets the eye for miles, save the gaunt *Massaro**, mounted on his steed, his gun slung at his side, wrapped to the scowling eyes in his dark mantle, and poising a kind of huntsman's spear, with which he governs his drove of buffaloes. Such images well belong to such scenes; but even they are few and far between; and the feelings become so saddened by their contemplation, that even the lone and solitary fabric of *Baccano*, the caravansera of the desert, is first seen (a dark spot on the horizon) with something like pleasure! Here the depressed traveller may, during the winter months, halt, and sleep in safety, if not in luxury†, for the accommodation is poor, and

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* These Massari, though acting as herdsmen, are a species of rural stewards to the Roman Princes, and superintend those immense droves of cattle, which feed during the winter months on the rank pasturage of the Campagna. They dwell in the *Casale*, a bleak and massive building of stone; and appear, by their air and countenances to be brutal as the flocks they govern. There is, however, something extremely picturesque and appropriate in their appearance: the Roman *ferraiuolo*, or mantle, is thrown over their gaunt figures with great effect; their broad hats are flapped over their eyes, which are dark and scowling; they bear their spear with an air rather military than pastoral. One, to whom we spoke, said he belonged to the Prince Rospiglioso of Florence, who is a Roman Prince.

† When the season of the *Mal-aria* arrives, the innkeeper of

coarse; or he may take post-horses and proceed to Rome—and thus, in the increasing darkness of the evening, lose much of the fearful and continuous waste, which reaches to the gates of the Imperial City: but he loses also impressions which belong peculiarly to this journey—and the reflections they give rise to are comments well worth preserving on the history of man.

From Baccano, the sameness of the preceding scene changes into a terrible variety: something like population is visible, in the swollen, squalid, sallow figures, who steal from straw sheds, or appear at work in the pestilential marshes; many of them were ghastly spectres, with nothing of humanity but its sensibility to suffering. Their life is a malady, and

"Fever and ague all their passions are."

None of the movement which belongs to the approach of a great city, distinguishes the proximity of that once greater than all; and the *barozze*, a sort of hearse for the dying, which we passed on

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Baccano shuts up his house, and goes to some neighbouring town for the summer and autumn. Some two or three wretches are found, so pressed by poverty as to remain at the post, for the accommodation of the travellers whom necessity may urge to cross the Campagna during that mortal season. To sleep a night at Baccano is fatal; as an English physician found, who, with his wife, most imprudently staid there, contrary to the advice of his Roman friends. He died within a few days after his arrival at Florence, and the lady escaped with great difficulty.

the road, exhibiting the plague-struck victim it was carrying to a Roman hospital, was the only vehicle we observed in approaching that "Seven-hill'd City," whose avenues were once thronged with triumphal chariots and consular litters. A gibbet hung with human limbs; the ruinous inn of *Fossaccio* (so called, from its neighbourhood to a putrid ditch); the solitary post-house of *La Storta;* the mouldering, isolated *Villa Giustiniani**, and the rude tomb, called Nero's, follow in fearful succession, till the walls of suburban villas, now uninhabited and cheerless ruins, shut out the desolate view from the narrowing road. The Tiber is crossed over the Ponte Milvio—the Porta del Popolo is reached at the termination of the Via Flaminia—and Rome is entered. The heart of the classic traveller throbs high with raptures—the heart of humanity throbs too, but with a far different emotion.

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* On his return to Rome, after the Restoration, the Pope stopped at this Villa to take refreshments, and bless the land. He stood on the flight of marble steps, and spreading forth his arms, solemnly pronounced a benediction on the pestilential soil, which remains as blasted and pestiferous as before he hallowed it with his prayers.

CHAP. XIX.

ROME.

Preliminary Observations.—The CAPITOL.—Modern Edifices.—Collections.—Tarpeian Rock.—PANTHEON.—FORUM.—Carcer Mamertinus.—Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans.—Arch of Severus.—Column of Phocas.—Arch of Titus.—Arch of Constantine.—COLISEUM.—Baths of Titus.—Church and Palace of ST. JOHN LATERAN.—Obelisk.—Baptistery of Constantine.—Scala Santa.—VATICAN.—Church of St. Peter's.—Avenues.—Tomb of the Countess Matilda—of James III.—Paoline and Sistine Chapels.—Sacristy.—The Loggia of Raphael.—Gallery.—Library.—QUIRINAL.—PRIVATE PALACES.—Palazzo Corsini.—P. Borghese.—VILLAS.—Borghese Villas.—Villa Albano.—STUDII.—ACADEMIES.—THEATRES.

ROME, says Signor Vasi, in his exquisite Itinerario, (written partly to do the honours by his "Civitas septicollis," partly to recommend his own chalcographia, the shop of his father "of blessed memory")—Rome is *a celebrated* city, founded by Romulus, Anno Mundi 3251. The event, concerning which Sallust * and Livy dis-

* Sallust makes Æneas the founder of Rome; Livy votes for Romulus, but confesses that little can be relied upon in the story of the city previous to its sack by the Gauls, whose barbarous fires consumed the annals of the Pontiffs, and all other public documents. He seems to think that this was no great loss, as

agree, which some of the learned ascribe to the Celts, and others to the Jews*, is thus settled by Signore Vasi, at a word; to the consolation of the very many modern Anacharses and Corinnas, who trade upon his book, "fancy raptures which they never knew," and affect to revive recollections which they never cherished. Happy are they, who, undisturbed by historic doubts, unseduced by novel views, remain fixed in the orthodoxy of history, as of religion; and, led by the Vasi's of various ages, tread the beaten track with self-complacent pride, heedless of that scepticism, without which

"The dust of antique time would be unswept,
And mountains be too highly heap'd for truth
To overpeer."— SHAKSPEARE.

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he owns that few of the Roman heroes could read or write.— "*Combien des fables ont dus se repandre dans cette intervalle, lorsque l'ignorance aveugloit tous les esprits, lorsque l'écriture étoit rare, et que les monumens des Pontiffs étoient les archives du merveilleux. Encore ces monumens, au rapport de Tite Live, periroient-ils tous dans une incendie qu'allumoient les Gaulois.*" Millot.— According to the prevailing account, the Romans were obliged to send to Athens for a *rechauffé* of Solon's laws; though it is more probable that this was only a trick to make a bad and tyrannous code pass upon the people.

* This last opinion is offered by one of the most luminous Italian writers of the age, Melchiore Delfico, of Naples—an inference to which he is led by the cruelty, superstition, dislike of strangers, and pertinacious attachment to ancient habits, the common attributes of both nations.

Yet even the most Gothic traveller, with a mind steeped deepest in Romanticism, and a judgment least imbued with "the vulgar prejudices of the learned," comes to Rome influenced by associations imbibed with early lore, incorporated with youthful prepossession, and connected with childhood's first dream of something which existed beyond its own sunny sphere and span of being. Remembrances of fancied virtue and imaginary heroism, with all the false impressions to which they gave rise, will recur to the least classic taste; and names early learned by rote, and conned in pages never forgotten, will recur to the memory, in spite of the "prejudices against prejudices," which render Rome a subject of suspicion to all who dread the infection of pedantry, the epidemia of pretension. Mutius Scævola*, and his burning hand, Quintus Curtius, and his headlong leap†, Clœlia, and her aquatic venture‡, Virginius, and his ferocious

* This story is more than apocryphal. Plutarch asserts, that Porsenna beat the Romans a second time, in contradiction to his supposed retreat after this affair. If, however, the fact were true, the conduct of Mutius, in burning his hand, is no more than Bishop Cranmer, and other enthusiasts, have done. But the attempted murder of Porsenna is the act of an assassin. The brave Andrè was condemned to death in modern times for a much less heinous crime.

† A manifest falsehood, on its own evidence.

‡ A breach of faith, which it is absurd to hold up to young masters and misses as an example.—Valerius, very properly, sent her back.

independence, Brutus*, and his patriot steel— rise on the imagination, together with the Scipios, and the Catos, Pompey, Antony, Cæsar, and Cicero, and hover over the dreams of antiquarian anticipation. Of these men, however, no trace in stone or tower, not a wreck, remains, except some formless masses and disputed sites, to commemorate the fact of their existence. Nothing in Rome recalls the days of her barbarous freedom or splendid independence: her antiquities are all of comparatively modern date; and her few imperfect ruins rise amidst mounds of rubbish—the monuments of her crimes and her corruption, of her degradation and slavery—the structures of her worst days under the empire of her tyrants! Even sites have changed their aspects. The paradise of Latium (the Latium of Virgil and of Pliny,) is an infected desert; Lavinium is the tomb of its famished inhabitants†;

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* Modern scepticism looks also on the character of Brutus with distrust. His murder of his sons was an act of pure and simple barbarism, which could not be required by the exigencies of any state of society. A modern and philosophical historian has well described Brutus, "*un furbo orribilemente ambizioso, e non un eroe*." "An horribly ambitious pretender, and no hero."

† "Après une promenade de plus d'une heure, j'aperçus quelques ouvriers occupés à sarcler un champ de blé. Ils étoient tous étrangers. Comme j'étois à causer avec le maître du champ, une jeune femme s'évanouit; c'étoit de faim, comme je l'appris dans la suite. Les ouvriers continuèrent leurs ouvrages, comme si de rien n'étoit; seulement la mère de la malade détacha

and the port of Ostium, a nest of pestilential caverns, the dens of galley-slaves, and the asylum of murderers.

Livy exhibits the Romans up to the second Punic war, as a brutal, ignorant, and uncivilized

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son tablier pour en couvrir sa fille, et retourna à l'ouvrage. Je lui dis qu'il falloit porter la malade à la ville, et ne pas la laisser sur la terre humide à l'ardeur du soleil; mais elle ne me repondit rien. Je courus au maître du champ implorer sa pitié pour la pauvre malade. Il me fit entendre que c'étoit beaucoup de lui payer sa journée, qu'elle étoit hors d'état de gagner. Nous sommes tous pauvres, me dit-il, et nous n'avons aucun lit de reste.—La paille suffiroit.—Ils n'en avoient point. *Que la plus pauvre cabane de le Suisse me parut riche alors!* Je jettai les yeux tout autour de moi, et n'aperçevant aucun abri, aucun secours, je fus pour la première fois effrayé de l'abandon et de la solitude de ce pays, si plein de souvenirs et si vide de realité, je me sentois descendu vivant dans la demeure des morts. J'allai porter quelqu'argent à la mère de la malade, qui, sans daigner me parler, me regarda d'un air à me dire, la mort seule peut nous secourir." Such are the pictures which the Baron Bonstetten gives of the misery of this devoted country, in the pages of his work on Latium—a work, which, for the philosophy and benevolence in which it is conceived, and for the unaffected naïveté of its narration, is singularly attractive. It is impossible to conceive any thing more heart-rending than the details which he has given of the inhabitants of this district, in the simple language of truth and of nature: they cannot be perused without a copious tribute of tears. The temptation to cite more largely from this author is difficultly resisted; but the work itself should find its place in our libraries, as one of the most authentic and graphic illustrations of that portion of Italy, which is the most replete with interests and recollections to the general scholar.

people, without those arts and letters which they afterwards bought or borrowed; and the fact is confirmed by the remaining monuments of the language of that epoch, which was rude and unformed *. Even in their brightest deeds of heroism, the seeming virtue of the Romans is too frequently but a splendid crime; and their patriotism rests more on the sacrifice of natural affections, than upon a generous and disinterested abandonment of personal and ambitious views. For love of country, they could readily stab a child, or murder a friend †; but few were

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* Vico observes of the ancient Romans, that they had but two arts, "*quello di zappare, e scannare i suoi simili*,"—digging the earth, and beating out the brains of their fellow creatures.

† In our modern systems of education, we give the story of Brutus as a theme to college boys, and hang the man who should in real life attempt to imitate the example; as if the actions of great men were, indeed, what the satirist represents them, the subjects merely of declamation! When, however, the pedants have considered the death of Cæsar in a moral point of view, it has generally been to favour high tory principles. Every political assassination, like every private murder, is, in its naked abstraction, an horror; the redeeming circumstances lie in the history of the time, and the ascertainable motives of the assassin: posterity will never very vehemently accuse the man who has removed a tyrant by subtlety, when not otherwise attackable. There is, consequently, no standard of measurement for such actions, and all discussion of their character is idle and vague. The philosophical deductions to be extracted from such histories are, that *where* force alone rules, and there is no law save the will of a despot, *there* force will oppose itself to force,

found willing to sacrifice an aristocratic prejudice*, the hope of a dictatorship, or an avaricious desire of starving the citizens: and those few whom a natural sensibility led to sympathize with the people, were persecuted as traitors, and condemned as criminals.

The inherent principle of the Roman government, from the arch impostor Numa (if such a person ever existed) to Cæsar, was power, privilege, and knowledge for the few—slavery the most abject for the many. To talk of plebeian rights, was loss of cast to a patrician; and to plead for the people, was to incur the suspicion of a desire to reign. In the dreadful famine which drove the lower classes to madness, and induced many to throw themselves into the Tiber, when Spurius Melius devoted his fortune to alleviate the sufferings of his countrymen, he attracted the barbarous suspicion of the unfeeling patricians, and perished the victim of his humanity.

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and fraud to fraud; and that the personal insecurity of the tyrant is a necessary consequence of a necessary law of man's moral nature.

* The life of Coriolanus is a complete tissue of sham virtues, affected patriotism, and real selfishness. The history of Rome, under the dictators, and under the successive triumvirates, exhibits an opener and more avowed contempt of public virtue. Haughty and tyrannical as masters—mean, contemptible, and vicious to the utmost stretch of sensual extravagance, as the slaves of the Cæsars—the boasted patricians of Rome were, in all epochs of their history, a scourge to their country, and the enemies of humanity.

The death of Spurius Cassius, the proposer of an agrarian law, affords another trait by which to judge of the morals and the illumination of the Roman Republicans, exhibiting the same heartless contempt of humanity in the patricians, and the same desperate struggles for existence, rather than for liberty, in the lower classes, who were starved by the usuries and oppressions of their masters. In such a condition of society it is vain to look for arts or monuments. Indeed, the bigoted opposition of Cato the Censor to Grecian civilization, should have been sufficient of itself to have checked the unreasonable expectation of tracing the Capitoline heroes upon the site of their glories. Yet it is impossible to ascend the flight of steps terminating the Corso, and leading to three modern edifices—to contemplate the Capitoline hill, the nucleus of Roman glory, the centre of the universe, and to find it without one fragment, one stone, to tell of its early glories—without a sensation of the deepest disappointment.

The Capitol, from Virgil to the last learned school-boy, or travelled school-girl, who has visited it, has been a theme of description, of wonder, and reminiscence; and never fails to present images of stupendous edifices, inaccessible precipices, of an immense and elevated space, covered with fortresses, temples, oracular fanes, and glittering shrines—triumphal arches,

and deified statues. Yet the site of all these miracles, of the Temple of Jupiter with its hundred steps and hundred pillars, rich with the plunder of a world, the throne of the Thunderer, the accumulated produce of power, wealth, and art, is scarcely larger than the usual space allotted for the lantern-house and dusty garden of a London citizen.

The size and appearance of this spot, consecrated by so many events, quadrates well with the age in which Tarquin, driven from the Roman throne, drew foreign potentates from the distance of a day-and-a-half's journey to his support; and when, in despair of recovering his empire, he at last retired to the security of a foreign state from Roman vengeance, and took shelter in Tusculum, not quite the distance from London to Windsor: but it affords no basis for those airy visions of splendour with which time, the magnifier of events, has clothed it in the imagination; and truth, in her search for facts, finds a gentle acclivity, a few roods in circumference, the retreat of the petty chief of a predatory village band, where prejudice had placed the inaccessible fortress of the masters of the world.

The modern edificos which cover the Capitoline hill, consist of three isolated buildings, forming three sides of a square. Those on the sides were erected by Paul the Third, after the designs of Michael Angelo. But it would be vain to seek

in these buildings for the genius which raised the Pantheon on the summit of St. Peter's. Their elevation is mean, and their façades broken and encumbered by pilasters, exhibiting no architectural beauty to detain the spectator from the treasures they contain. The central building, the *Palazzo Senatorio* *, erected by Pope Boniface the Ninth on the ruins of the ancient Tabularium, is little more than a large hall on a ground-floor. When we visited it, it was dirty and dreary, though still exhibiting some flaunting symptoms of the adulatory festivities given to the Emperor of Austria, in his visit to the Pope—an event that plunged that State in debt, which Napoleon left so clear. Behind this hall, narrow steep stone stairs lead to the *Campanile*, the great belfry, from whence the view is sublime and splendid.

The lateral building to the right of the *Palazzo Senatorio* contains the *Museo Capitolino*, a splendid and most precious collection of antiquities, well worth a pilgrimage to Rome, though that alone existed there.† This museum is one of the many

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* This Mr. Eustace calls "the residence of the Senator." It is nobody's residence, and is a mere public hall. It was used for judicial purposes, and the Senator, assisted by three assessors, administered in it criminal and civil justice; but the senatorial palace (says Mr. Hobhouse, and all that he says upon Rome is worth quoting) "has probably seen the last tribunal of the expiring magistrates."

† The busts of the Emperors and Empresses form a most

evidences how much the ancient Romans borrowed, and how little they originated. The spoils of Egypt and Greece still fill these galleries, as the *spolia opima* enriched the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, nearly on the same site; for plunder was ever the principle of the Romans, from Sylla rebuilding the Temple of Jove with the columns stolen from Jupiter Olympus in Athens, down to the last of the plundering Cardinals, whose palace rises with the fragments of heathen temples, monuments which taste, if not principle, should have left on the site they consecrated. Of this collection it is sufficient to say, that it contains the FAUN!—the GLADIATOR! and the ANTINOUS!!! If an intimate familiarity with all its objects, from constant and reiterated visits, could authorise their detailed description in these unpretending pages, the task would be delightful, from the pleasant impressions it would revive; but the

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interesting part of this collection. The greatest diversity of physiognomy prevails in these heads. There are Emperors with snub noses, and Empresses that might be mistaken for *petites maîtresses* of Paris. Caligula, when a hat was placed on his head, resembled the vulgarest ruffian that ever stood in the dock at the Old Bailey. It is however notable, that nobility of countenance becomes rare as we descend in the series: the mixed blood and vicious habits of the lower empire having evidently debased the countenances of the wretches whom chance called to the throne from the seraglio of the palatine, or from the ranks of a dissolute and barbarian army.

wonders of the *Museo Capitolino* call for, and have employed, superior pens; and in spite of the learned controversies which some of its objects now excite in the polemics of virtù, nothing new can be said on their subject, though nothing adequate to their excellence ever has been, or perhaps ever will be written.

The lateral edifice to the left of the Palazzo Senatorio, is called the *Palazzo dei Conservatori*, taking its name from the three Mr. *Wiggins's*, the Conservators of Rome, the "shadows of a shade," whose highest privilege is to carry the sacramental vessels between the high altar and the Pope on Easter Sundays, and who here (says Signore Vasi) "*tengono le loro adunanza*:"—but what these assemblies were which they held here, I never inquired. I had seen them in their melo-drame dresses standing on the second step of the Papal throne, day after day, through the successive ceremonies; and the impression of their figures was so complete, that I never sought to replace or combine it with relations more important and solemn. This fabric, like that of the *Museo Capitolino*, is devoted to the arts, and consists of a series of apartments, and galleries, filled with antiquities, and a stupendous collection of pictures. This is the temple of the Caracci, the Guercino, the Guido, the Veronese, and the Palma; but it is nothing less than what it has been pompously asserted to be—" the palace of the Roman people,

the seat of their power, and the residence of their magistrates:"*—The power of the Roman people!!!

The statues and antiquities which adorn the Campidoglio, its basaltic lions of Egyptian workmanship, its colossal statues of Pollux and Castor, &c. &c. are to be found accurately described in every tablet, and printed in every Italian tour. Some of the most curious associations belonging to the Capitoline Mount are connected with the singular fate and fortunes of Rome's "*latest tribune*," Petrarch's "*spirto gentile*," Cola di Rienzi. It was here he gave his feast on the occasion of his "*vitiosa buffoneria;*" it was from the nostrils of Aurelian's superb charger†, which still adorns the centre of the place of the Campidoglio, that streams of wine poured forth in honour of that day of burlesque pomposity. Other *ridicules* have since been enacted here with less imposing effect; the last was the coronation of Corilla! ‡

We were one day returning from visiting the

* Eustace.

† This is said to be the only antique equestrian statue extant in bronze.

‡ Those who have already read the fine sketches of Rienzi's life in the pages of Gibbon and Sismondi, may refresh their recollections in the "Historical Illustrations;" and those who have not, will find enough in the above work, on the subject, to give an additional interest to their view of the Campidoglio.

galleries of the *Palazzo dei Conservatori*, and were issuing from its portico, when a dirty stable-boy, a sieve of oats in one hand and a bunch of keys in the other, asked us, as he passed, if we wanted to see the Tarpeian Rock, (or, as he familiarly called it, "*Nostra Rupe Tarpeja*,") which is said to lie behind the palace of the Conservators, commanding the *Piazza della Consolazione*. Although I had no greater desire to see this Tyburn, or *Place de Grève* of antiquity, than any other place of execution, yet there was something in a stable-boy Cicerone leading the way to this great shrine of classic homage, which was irresistible; and we accepted his invitation. As he led us through a dirty yard over piles of rubbish and heaps of manure, I could scarcely help exclaiming with the Manlius of an Irish tragedy, when at the brink of this precipice, "Oh! Jasus, where am I going to?" We leaned over a broken wall, and our *virtuoso* of the stables pointing to a projecting clump of rock, exclaimed, "Ecco nostra Rupe Tarpeja!" He then held out his hand for a paolo, and whistled us out of the sanctuary, to the tune of "*Fra tanti palpiti.*"

It were vain, under such unfavourable circumstances, to conjure up one classical association, to affect one of those thrills which vibrate in the hearts of all true Corinnas, when the very sound of the Tarpeian Rock meets their ear; but even had it been seen under the consecrated authority of

those arch-mystagogues of all classic lore, Signori Fea and Nebbi, to the heart of an unlearned woman it could bring no throb of pleasure; nor could its view increase the sum of interest or respect which the Capitoline heroes still awaken in the minds of the most erudite. One of the most prominent landmarks of human civilization, is the mode of punishment ordained by judicial laws. Public executions should not be acts of vengeance—they are to be considered at best but as fatal necessities, intended more to admonish the survivors, than to torture the criminal. In general they are the remains of great barbarism not yet reformed; and they are found, even in that country where they are most frequent (England), to be sources of crime, rather than its retribution or preventative. The heart of him who returns from witnessing an execution is rarely the better for the spectacle. But the English gallows, terrible as it is, (and infinitely less humane than the French guillotine) is still a merciful refinement, compared to the wild horses, wheels, thumb-screws, holes dug for living burials, and all the horrible devices of tortures which Christian governments and Christian sects * have invented or employed to agonize that dupe and victim of all systems—*man!*

* Such were the unexampled horrors of the death of Damiens (torn to pieces by wild horses) under the paternal government of

Notwithstanding these modern improvements, the Tarpeian Rock of the Romans holds a distinguished pre-eminence in the fasti of atrocious punishments; and it is the more horrible to reflect upon, because its tortures were not reserved for the guilty, but for the pre-eminent in virtue! Such was Marcus Manlius! The people were laden with the chains of their cruel and inexorable creditors, the patricians! Manlius proposed that some of the plunder of nations, rusting in the temples of the Capitol, should be distributed to the people. This was enough! and within view of that Capitol his arm had saved, he was flung from the Tarpeian Rock! The people, in whose cause he suffered—the always slavish and degraded people of Rome, put on mourning, and—delivered him to his and their enemies; who hurled him from above, while the passive multitude stood below, and saw the hero of many a battle flung down a craggy precipice of an hundred feet, and dashed from rock to rock, until at last that form, a moment before

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the Bourbons, and in the mild reign of Louis the Fifteenth. The wretched creature had not accomplished the crime he meditated —the assassination of the King. The horrors of this execution well belonged to the reign of the hero of the Parc aux Cerfs. Voltaire has named the French of that *day*, and he knew them well, "*des tigres singes.*" It was then that the toilette of the King's mistresses was openly attended by bishops and cardinals; and two youths were ordered to be burnt alive for not taking off their hats to a procession of capuchins. One of them suffered the horrible death; the other was saved by flight.

so vital and noble, lay at their feet a breathless, shapeless mass. Such are the classical recollections of the Tarpeian Rock! Away from every true woman's heart be the throb of pleasure excited by such an object. Let such affected raptures be left to those in whom exhibiting pretension takes place of all the finer and nobler feelings instilled by nature. But should one British female be induced by classic taste to visit this scene of guilt and woe, let her at least, as she views it, bless the accidents of fortune, which made her the native of a land, where gallant sons and patriot husbands have successfully advocated a people's rights; and let her there learn to regard as the deadliest enemy of her children, and of her children's children, the man who, whether clothed in ermine or dignified by place, would convert the judgment-seat into an engine of political power; who would pollute those fountains of justice, which for an hundred years have flowed pure and unsullied; and who in the lust for arbitrary misrule, would teach the British patriot to dread a lawless sentence, and a Tarpeian Rock!

THE PANTHEON OF AGRIPPA (now the church of *St^a. Maria ad Martyres*) belongs to the reign of Augustus Cæsar. Like all the other remains of antiquity in Rome, it is an imperial monument! It is also the only perfect one existing. Though once the temple of all the gods! it is a small edifice, compared to that raised in modern times,

by modern piety, to the honour of St. Peter: and yet it brings in its contemplation a feeling to the soul, never inspired by St. Peter's, even in all that mighty vastness

> "To which Diana's marvel was a cell,"——

a feeling that reposes on the completeness of simplicity, that great source of the sublime in art, which the Greeks so soon discovered. Centred within the circle of the Pantheon, the eye at a glance takes in its perfect beauty and harmonious whole, lighted by its "sole aperture," that excludes all outward objects, save the bright blue heavens which shine above it.

Such is the antique merit of this

> —— "Sanctuary and home
> Of art and piety—Pantheon—pride of Rome."

Its modern deformities and disfigurement begin without its hallowed circle, in the *Piazza della Rotunda*. One clear inoffensive spot is vainly sought, from whence the exquisite and unrivalled edifice may be viewed at leisure. The senses are every where assailed; and the pavement, sprinkled with blood and filth, exhibits the entrails of pigs, or piles of stale fish, sold almost within the pale of that miracle of art, which Phidias might have gloried to have raised, and which Michael Angelo was proud to copy. Over the cornice of the portico still stands the original

inscription, which Roman Emperors have paused to gaze on*; and close beside it glares that reiterated inscription of modern Rome and of modern times—*Immondezzaio*†. For Rome herself seems now the *immondezzaio* of that world, of which she was once the mistress.

Down to the time of Pope Eugene the Fourth all around the Pantheon was a mass of ruins, probably only less precious than itself; and from the midst of these it rose still perfect and sublime, like some lofty spirit, superior to those strokes of fate which crush less nobler objects to the earth. In clearing away these venerable masses, (for here stood the Thermæ of Agrippa,) plunder was tempted to repletion; and all but the walls of the Pantheon itself, were carried off by spoliating Popes and pilfering Cardinals; the true Goths, who displaced the monuments and robbed the temples of Rome. The superb bronze of the portico was taken by Urban the Eighth, for the *baldacchino* of St. Peter's; the basaltic lions, which guarded its entrance, were transported to do the honours of the fountain of Pope Sixtus the Fifth's *Acqua felice;* the beautiful urn

* M. Agrippa L. F. Tertium Fecit.

† This inscription appears at the corners and by-places of the Roman streets, and signifies a spot where dirt may lawfully be left—till called for. However, the Romans are not particular in this respect, and follow their own notions of convenience, full as much as these mural invitations:

of porphyry, which decorated its portico, was seized on by the Corsini, and placed in their gorgeous chapel in St. John Lateran, where it holds the worthless ashes of the worthless Clement the Twelfth *. All its other trophies of art and genius, in bronze and marble, were successively carried off by others of these ostentatious and holy ravagers, to commemorate their own greatness, to fill their sumptuous saloons, or decorate their fantastic monuments; while other sites of antiquity, not less precious than that where stands the Pantheon itself, were plundered in their turn, to replace those depredations: and the spoils of Isis and Serapis were carried off from the spots where Roman conquerors had placed them, to ornament the *Piazza del Rotunda*, where they now mingle with cobblers' bulks, and fruiterers' stalls.

A factitious taste for the arts in Rome became

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* Guicciardini accuses the imperial troops of Charles the Fifth of having greatly contributed to the destruction of the monuments of Rome; and compares their barbarous ravages to the savagery of the Turks in Hungary. The sacrilegious spoliation of the Pantheon began with that imperial impostor (whom Dante has accused of all the frauds that followed), Constantine the Great, who robbed it of its bronze roof. The monster Phocas, the friend and favourite of Pope Boniface the Fourth, made a present of this temple to the Roman Pontiff in 609, throwing in as a make-weight with the gift, the bones and relics of many martyrs.

the deadliest foe to the preservation of their monuments*; and they who pelted their enemies with the statues of Adrian's Mole in one age, were succeeded in another by men perhaps less fierce, but, with respect to the arts, scarcely less barbarous. The Pantheon (its own perfect structure, its Corinthian columns, its pilasters of precious marbles, its frieze of porphyry, its Parian cornices excepted,) is now the very perfection of bad taste†. The darkest superstition likewise prevails in all its ornaments and decorations; and the temple of all the gods seems, at the first glance, to serve the purposes of an old-clothes-shop. The six tawdry chapels, with their colossal virgins and Patagonian saints, which rise between the beautiful pilasters, are covered with offerings that indicate, in very disgusting signs, the moral and physical infirmity of the votarists; and tin noses and wooden legs, old wigs and woollen petticoats, while they disfigure some of the most beautiful proportions of art, point to a

* Ce ne furent ni Genseric, ni Bourbon, ni Masena, qui détruisirent les édifices de Rome, mais les Romains, plus barbares que les Vandales. Les ruines modernes de cette ville ne sont point l'ouvrage des Français, mais celui des habitans de Rome, qui tantôt par avarice, et tantôt par fanatisme, ont dans tous les siècles détruit ou défiguré les monumens, qu'avaient respectés les envahisseurs.—Latium, p. 77. par Bonstetten.

† The façade is disfigured by the absurd addition of towers, wholly inappropriate to the simplicity of the original design.

state of society the most degraded by ignorance and bigotry; and illustrate the falsity of the assertion, that modern Rome ever has been the "instrument of communicating to Europe those greatest blessings of which human nature is susceptible—civilization, science, and religion*." Let those who have visited her Pantheon on a Christmas Eve, or read her Index, judge.

As there was anciently a confraternity of artists attached to this Church, monuments to the memory of departed genius are raised around its marble walls; and the Pantheon successively dedicated to all the Gods! and "all the Saints!"† by Roman patricians and Roman pontiffs, is now dedicated to all the Talents. All the talents, indeed, seem to have contributed to enrich it. Here are the busts of Raphael and Annibal Caracci, erected by the enthusiasm and at the expense of Carlo Maratti! and those of Corregio and Palladio, the work and gift of Canova. Poets and mathematicians have here their place with saints and painters, musicians and composers; and the busts of Metastasio and Pessuti, of Sacchini and Corelli, share the devotion once given here to Jupiter Ultor, and to our Lady of the Martyrs."‡

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* Eustace.

† Gregory the Fourth dedicated the Pantheon to all the Saints, in whose honour he instituted a feast, 830.

‡ The image of our Lady of the Martyrs now usurps the

In descending from the Capitoline hill, by the line of the ancient *Clivus Asyli*, to the right of the Senators' Palace, the antiquities of Rome seem concentrated, as in a cabinet; and the Roman Forum, in all its majesty of desolation, starts upon the view, fills the mind, and saturates the imagination even to surfeit. The triumphal arch of Septimius Severus stands at one extremity; with the broken columns of the temples of doubtful deities* to the right, the Carcere Mamertino, the terrible prisons of antiquity, on the left, and, at the further extremity†, the ruins of the Co-

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place of the colossal statue of Jupiter Ultor, to whom the temple was originally dedicated. We saw her on Christmas-day, dressed in a pink sash and wreath of roses, surmounted with a tin crown —a *coiffure* to which she is particularly attached. The Bambino had on a new red silk petticoat, trimmed with silver fringe. This Virgin performs more miracles than all the Virgins in Rome put together. We observed upon this, and many other occasions, that both the Irish and English Catholics, who occasionally accompanied us in such visitations, turned away in disgust, and, I am well convinced, saw these objects with no greater veneration than they would be viewed by the sternest Calvinist of Geneva or Edinburgh.

* Could the Evelyns, the Addisons, or even the Lalandes, revisit these classic haunts of their learned research, they would find that the nomenclature of modern chemistry is not more variable than that of Roman antiquities; that the temples of Jupiter, of Concord, and of Peace, were but vulgar falsehoods *(vulgaremente detto)*; and they would be sent back with snubbed noses, like school-boys, to con their lesson anew.

† I should have read my Vasi and Fea, and associated with young ladies communicative and learned as either, to very little

liseum. In the interval, on either side, stand the fragments of past grandeur; arches and colonnades, and heathen temples converted into Christian Churches, with their convert deities transmuted into Catholic Saints. The site of the Palace of the Cæsars, of Genseric's camp, and the Farnese pavilion, are successive evidences of undue power, and anti-social force. Here every thing is formed to charm the antiquary's eye, and feast the poet's fancy; but it is no less calculated to sicken the heart of mere humanity, and to dissipate the philanthropic dream of benevolent philosophy. Here is no resting-place for hope of man's amendment, of the diminution of his sum of suffering, his mass of error—all here is monumental of his folly or his crime, his credulity or his imposture. The temples of Romulus and Remus now serve the turn of St. Cosimo and Theodore; and the games celebrated in the Coliseum in one age, to reduce the people to their original ferocity, are succeeded by rites instituted in another, to enfeeble and degrade them.

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purpose, if I were not perfectly aware that the Coliseum makes no part of the Forum, though it now so superbly terminates its view: but if I do not enter into antiquarian lore, it is because I am well aware that my labour would be anticipated, and that many a classical journal will have offered its contents to the public attention, before these pages can be got ready to solicit its notice.

DID no monument exist of the barbarous punishments of the Romans, except the Carcer Mamertinus, that alone would suffice: it still stands in all its horrible majesty of strength and terror. The dungeons of the Inquisition are not more fearful than its stony dens; the "bridge of sighs," of Venetian story, brings not to the imagination an image more saddening than the remembrance of its "stairs of groans."* This terrible engine of power is now consecrated to St. Peter the Apostle, as having been his prison during his (somewhat apocryphal) visit to Rome. Here he is said to have baptized his gaolers, Processus and Martinianus (the name is an anachronism), with water, which he commanded to flow from its stony walls. This dungeon, deep and dark, but now glittering with shrines and offerings, and artificially lighted with blazing tapers, is daily thronged with votarists; but the combinations of the present and the past give impressions, which hurry away the few who, on these classic and holy sites, dare to think and feel for themselves.

Above these prisons rises the Church of St. Joseph of the Carpenters (*San Giuseppe dei*

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* The bodies of culprits put to death within the Mamertine dungeons, were flung down these steps to the people in the Forum. This, which was meant to intimidate, must also have brutified them.

Falegnami), an homely but consoling image after the den of Tullius and the dungeon of St. Peter.

The three beautiful columns, which (for the present) bear the name of Jupiter Tonans, preserve the wreck of a monument of the bigotry or duplicity of Augustus Cæsar. On his journey into Spain, in the Cantabrian wars, a thunderbolt fell on his litter, and killed his attendants. He commemorated the miracle by founding this temple. The other temples or columns, which stand near them (let antiquarian casuists name them as they may) have a similar origin, and tended to the same end.

The Arch of Septimius Severus recalls the triumphs of Imperial ambition, and the existence of the "brood of monsters," to whom this conqueror of the East gave birth. It was the Roman people who inscribed the names of Caracalla and Geta on its marble frieze, in honour of their virtues. It was Caracalla who effaced his brother's name, after having—murdered him.

Near to this arch stands a solitary and isolated column, which the *spooney* antiquarians of other times took for a fragment of the Temple of Jove, or a bridge of Caligula (for they were not particular). In 1813, the fidgety French, in the course of their excavations, discovered that it was but a column raised by Smaragdus, an Italian exarch, and prefect of the sacred palace, in the seventh century, to the honour of the sanguinary

usurper, Phocas. This emperor was originally a centurion, and his most notable deed was the murder of the Emperor Maurice, with his wife, three daughters, and five sons, whose bodies he threw into the sea. Each day of his reign was marked by human slaughter; and bands of wretches, in chains, were brought weekly to Constantinople, to be immolated for his amusement. Having thus maddened the people, they abandoned him to his enemies, the Persians (whose envoy he had burned alive), by whom he was taken and put to death. While emperor, this column was devoted to his glory; being raised, as the inscription tells—"To the most clement and felicitous Prince Phocas, Emperor, the adored and crowned conqueror, always august, &c." So much for triumphal arches and laudatory columns.*

* Although the French began the excavation round the Column of Phocas, its completion, and the discovery of many facts connected with its history, are due to the taste and liberality of the Duchess of Devonshire. While Ciceroni dispute and Virtuosi stare, and Roman Princes and Cardinals boast of the past glories of the "*eterna città*," the Duchess of Devonshire is more effectually doing the honours of Rome, ancient and modern, by illustrating Horace†, reprinting Virgil, making excavations, giving countenance and patronage to living talent,

† Her Grace has edited the Journey to Brundusium with a series of engravings of the sites, the poet notices, as they now stand. Both this work and her Virgil are splendid and beautiful, and are done entirely at her own expense.

The ARCH OF TITUS stands an anomaly in the capital of the Christian world, to commemorate the destruction of the city of the Christian God by heathen arms. Its basso-relievoes represent the emperor's apotheosis—the canonization of antiquity. All that follows indicates the vain-gloriousness of the deified chief—the servility of the slavish people. The triumphal procession is made up of soldiers, drunk with blood and victory, and Jews conquered and led captive. The spoils are, the golden table, the silver trumpet, the golden candlestick of the Temple of Jerusalem;—the votarists of Jupiter triumphant over the followers of Moses!

A little further stands forth the Arch of Constantine, with his Christian triumphs over both Jew and Gentile. He too had a Roman senate and a Roman people to raise him an arch and deify his person—though, in the degeneracy of those times, the flatterers were driven to plunder the Arch of Trajan to patch out their adulatory monument. Such is the state of sad humanity, that great monuments only rise to commemorate the faults or the follies of men, their wars or their errors.

THERE is, however, in this wide sweep of splendid ruins, one monument, great above all,

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and bringing forward modest professors into the distinguished circles of her own society.

and beautiful as great, which it would be gracious to ascribe to other causes than human turpitude and human error. Even now as it moulders, it seems some visionary fabric raised by the magic of sweet sounds, by the vibrations of some Amphion's lyre; and falling, as it rose, in harmony. It is so beautiful in ruin, that taste and feeling can send back no regrets for its former state of perfectness. This is the Coliseum—the last and noblest monument of Roman grandeur, and Roman crime—erected by the sweat and labour of millions of captives, for the purpose of giving the last touch of degradation to a people, whose flagging spirit policy sought to replace by brutal ferocity. The first day's games given in this sumptuous butchery cost the nation eleven millions of gold. The blood of five thousand animals bathed its arena. Man and his natural enemy the beast of the desert, the conqueror and conquered, writhed in agony together on its ensanguined floor; and eighty-seven thousand spectators raised their horrid plaudits, while captive warriors were slain

"To make a Roman holiday." *

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* One may speak of one's own feelings of the Coliseum; but as a monument of antiquity, there is nothing left to be said, even by those whose antiquarian lore might enable them to say or to repeat much. The philosophy, the poetry of these ruins, after ages of pure description, have at last been touched by a master's

Here was waged the double war against human life and human sensibility; and men were brutified while men were butchered. All the recollections of this unrivalled edifice are terrible; and its beauty and its purport recall some richly wrought urn of precious ore, destined to enshrine the putrid remnants of mortality. We saw the Coliseum in various seasons of the day and night. We first saw it bathed in the mellow flush of sunset, when the whole forum and all its ruins seemed as if they were etched on bronze. Then it looked most beautiful, as if, when time had wrecked, some Claude had painted it—every hue of mouldering matter or living vegetation came out in tones of richest depth and colouring; the grey lichens, the dark stain of vapoury exhalations, the deep brown burnt by the suns of ages, tinging every arch and frieze, and the rich luxuriant tresses of new-sprung foliage, flaunting and draping the whole variegated mass!—Meantime, as we stood like atoms in its mighty centre, a group of pilgrims were performing their *via-crucis* at its altars *, and the hermit of the

hand †. Be it hoped that the Coliseum may now repose in undisturbed sublimity, thus doubly consecrated by Time and Genius.

* This " Pilgrim band" consisted of two ladies, their *femme de chambre*, and a little boy, who, with their eyes turned on us, and

† See Childe Harold, canto iv. p. 67.

Coliseum stood before his chapel, watching the lowering of our strained and dazzled eyes, and soliciting our attention to his claims by the rattling of his alms-box !—We have seen it in the deep shadows of moonless nights, when not

> " A star twinkled through the loops of time,"

and when its black colossal mass was dimly marked upon the vague of space. All then was dreary, and still, and formless ; or if a sound was heard, it added to the awfulness of the moment. Once, as we stood, a bird of prey, flitting from its topmost arch, brushed down the huge loose stones, which had stood the brunt of ages; the echoes of the fall from gallery to gallery, startled the slumbers of the galley slave who slept beneath. He rattled his chains, and roused the sentinel at his post, who thought of murdered martyrs, shouldered his arms, drew the sign of the

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their fingers telling their beads, paraded from altar to altar, until they had completed the rounds of those fourteen consecrated stations, which look like the gaudy buffets of a *sal de bal* at Paris—whose joyous inscription intimates, that

> " *Ici on dance tous les jours.*"

It is scarcely necessary to repeat that these votive altars were raised round the interior of the Coliseum by Pope Clement the Eleventh, 1714—for the purpose of banishing the robbers and murderers, who (previous to its consecration) sought an asylum in its ruinous passages.

cross, and muttered a protecting ave.—We have seen it also, when

"The rising moon began to climb its topmost arch,"

and its silvered floor was checkered by such dancing sprites, as Cellini's necromancer could not conjure to its circle,*—by English dandies,

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* It has occasionally happened to us, on a moonlight night, to accompany parties from the gay saloons of the Princess Borghese, of the Duchess of Devonshire, and the Earl of Charlemont, (the three most hospitable houses then open in Rome) to the Coliseum, and to see a quadrille, begun under the gilded roof of an illuminated palace, finish beneath the blue vault of Heaven, and within the hallowed ruin of that pile, to which

"The palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp."—

The contrast of the past and the present, upon these occasions, was exquisite! and it was a pleasant incident in this midnight frolic, that it frequently occurred that the dancers beneath were applauded by spectators from the galleries and vomitories above, who had previously arrived. The life led by foreigners at Rome is extremely delightful for the time they stay; and the *senza suggezione* of the Italians seems to be insensibly adopted, in spite of the measured habits of the most systematic English. This is happily alluded to in a poem, which reached the author's hands as she was adding this note to a proof-sheet:

"In short, such climbings, topplings, doings,
Among the new and ancient ruins,
Manners so playful, wild, and skittish,
And pranks at Rome, so truly British,
Should seem," &c. &c. &c.

St. George and St. Denis.

and by groups whose gladiatorial efforts went no further than a "*pirouette*," or "*chaine des dames.*" —Here, long after the midnight hour, we have seen the twinkling of beauty's fairy-foot treading its maze where martyrs bled, and heroes fell; and beheld the vestals of antiquity succeeded by the high-priestesses of modern fashion, who, though pure and fair as their predecessors, had probably no ambition to become ancient vestals.

The Coliseum, since its original destination, has been the scene of many strange events; the fortress of the free, the citadel of the despotic, the scaffold of the martyr, the stage of the buffoon, the asylum of the assassin! the shrine of the devout, and the rendezvous of the dissipated and the gay from all parts of the modern world. The French, who left nothing as they found it, not even the Coliseum, in order to revive the Roman admiration for its sublime ruins, or to give them a taste for fresh air and exercise, opened near its walls a beautiful public garden. But they seem to have failed in both intentions. The modern Romans neither visit ruins, nor walk in gardens, and appear to have as little taste for fresh air as for the Coliseum. The gardens are running to ruin, and the ruin was refitting (when we were at Rome) by the "*munificenza del regnante Pontefice,*" (the munificence of the reigning Pope,) who employs an hundred of galley-slaves and superin-

tending workmen, in saving what yet may be saved of the amphitheatre—all that has escaped from the spoliation of time and the Barberini.

The indisputable remnants of antiquity bearing any tangible evidence of their original destination, are in Rome few and precious. But there are sites innumerable, consecrated by classic research, and

"Hillocks heap'd o'er what were chambers."

Cells of mystery and dens of darkness, deep buried under mountainous fragments of their own ruins, present themselves on every side. Into these subterraneous labyrinths, all who visit Rome descend; and tottering over mounds of earth or tessellated pavements, by the murky light of flaring flambeaux, the votarists of Virtù follow the high-priests of their religion through suites of mouldering vaults. Here, decided by the fresco of a faded Bacchus, or mildewed Nymph, they discover where Titus banqueted, or Nero bathed: for the doubt of the learned is the faith of the ignorant; and hippodromes and sudatories are clearly seen by the disciple, where the master has only found walls and rubbish.

The most interesting, and I believe the most perfect, of these subterraneous ruins, are the Baths of Titus, occupying that part of the Esquiline where Nero "played while Rome burnt." Many of the excavated chambers ex-

hibit on their frescoed walls some exceedingly beautiful forms, gods, nymphs, vases, &c. &c.; but they are rapidly perishing, as the air is admitted, and the damp increases. Here the Laocoon was found in the time of Julius the Second; and here, it is said, Raphael studied the models of his arabesque ornaments for the Vatican. He had proposed to Leo the Tenth the excavation of the whole of ancient Rome—a splendid enterprise! worthy the genius of the counsellor; but which the Pontiff was so far from complying with, that shortly after the Baths of Titus were filled up.

The French caused a new excavation to be made, in 1812-13; and a new corridor, ornamented with frescoes, was discovered, not known before to exist. It was Bonaparte's intention to have followed up, to some extent, the proposal of Raphael, rejected by Leo; and it is a fact, now agreed to by all, that Rome, ancient and modern, has lost much by those changes which deprived her of precisely the only man and government which could have redeemed her from her sloth, filth, and inertness; and have prepared the way for her future liberty and civilization. The site of the Baths of Titus has an interest beyond what they may themselves excite. They are in the neighbourhood of the dwellings of Horace, Virgil, Propertius, and of Mæcenas—that elegant projector who first introduced baths in Rome, with

many other refinements unknown to the Romans before his day. But of these haunts of the Muses and the Graces not a wreck remains! The Esquiline Hill is dreary and uninhabited. A monk hurrying home to his convent of San Pietro in Vincolis, a wretch swollen and sallowed by the *mal-aria*, begging on the road-side—are all the traces of humanity or life which animate the desert, where Lydia may have loitered with Horace, in bowers which promised to be immortal as their loves.

Among the other ruins of Rome, the most remarkable, either for permanence or beauty, are the façade of the Custom-house (a fragment of the temple of Antoninus Pius), the Thermæ of Diocletian (at present the church of *Santa Maria degli Angeli*), the colonnade of the Temple of Antonine and Faustina in the Forum, the two columns of Trajan* and Antonine, the theatre of Mar-

* The column of Trajan is the site of one of the greatest excavations made by the French, who pulled down several edifices, and cleared the pavement of the Forum Trajani, for something more than one half of its entire surface. In this operation many architectural remains were discovered, and the broken shafts of columns, still standing, cover a large part of the whole space. The pavement is in compartments of *giallo antico* and white marble. The whole excavation is walled and fenced in; and the inscriptions, capitals, friezes, &c. are ranged along its sides. It was in contemplation to remove the buildings which are raised above the other half of the forum, and lay the whole

cellus, the pyramid of Cestius, the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, &c. To the artist, every fragment of a column, or a frieze, is an object of value: to the professed antiquarian, every ruined wall, and shapeless mound of fragments, is a source of delight, and a subject for dispute. But to the general observer, uninfected by *virtù*, and unsolicited by a factitious enthusiasm, the quantity of relics in Rome, really worth the time and expense of examining, is extremely small. The great majority of nameless, formless piles, dignified with the epithet of "remains," are in fact the ruins of ruins—the remnants of repeated desolations and incessant injury.

> Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
> Some hostile fury, some religious rage;
> Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
> And Papal piety, and Gothic fire. POPE.

By far the greater number of antiquarian expeditions terminate in the extremest disappointment. The cicerone descants, the valet-de-place harangues, the visitor stares and wonders; doubts and difficulties multiply as they proceed; and the dilettante returns to his home at the end of a weary day, fatigued and chilled, with his head full of confused and ill-connected scraps of

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open to day: but as this must be attended with the sacrifice of two more churches, it is not probable that it will be effected under the present regime.

learned inutilities, and obliged, in his own defence, to assert the dignity and importance of his labours to the novices whom he meets in the evening.

Of these no-monuments, and of many other relics of more importance, the catalogues are numerous, and are to be found in the best-known works at home, and on the continent. To copy their pages would be as little edifying to the reader, as it would be tedious to the author, whose remarks have professedly extended rather to moral than material objects, in her journey through Italy.

To follow the series of chronological topography, the ruins of antiquity should be succeeded by the palaces and temples of the Popes, those true successors and representatives of the Cæsar; and St. JOHN DE LATERAN comes in order after the fragments of the Palatine and the buried alcoves of the Thermæ of Titus. There was first developed the nucleus of that power, founded by Constantine, which he intended to use only as an agent of his own aggrandizement*; there

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* "Ahi! Costantino, di quanto mal fu matre,
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote
Che da te prese il primo ricco Patre." DANTE.

This was bold writing, at a time when Popes were all-powerful, both as spiritual and temporal Lords. But the hatred of Dante to Church power was superior to all disguise; as, indeed, was Petrarch's, though both were eminently pious men. In his ninth

began the temporal interests of the Bishops of Rome, which gave the first potency to their spiritual dominion; and to that spot, dreary and desolate as it now is, may be traced the origin of Church property, and all the paid hierarchy of Christendom.

The avenues which lead to St. John de Lateran have no parallel in the history of desolation. A long and spacious street presents itself, uninhabited*; or, if here and there a worn and squalid visage exhibits its sharp and shrivelled features through the shattered frame-work of a sashless window, it does but add a trait of moral desola-

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Book, Dante openly attacks Nicholas the Third, whose intrigues eventually produced the horrible re-action of the Sicilian Vespers. For Cardinal Ubaldino, and the Emperor Frederick the Second, he can find no place hot enough in his Inferno! It may be observed, *en passant*, that many of the present forms of religion, even in Protestant countries, are due to the half-heathen, half-catholic, but most unchristian Constantine. It was by one of his Imperial decrees (anno 321) that Sunday was first made holy by an abstinence from civil affairs.† The Scriptures have commanded no such abstinence; and the manner of the Jews observing their sabbath (Saturday) was thought to be so "righteous-over-much," by HIM who looked more to the spirit than the form, that he publicly rebuked it.

* "En parlant d'une ville, l'on se représente des rues, des maisons, des familles; mais à Rome il faut se dépouiller de toutes ces idées vulgaires."—Le Latium, Bonstetten.

† Vie de Constantin, vol. iv.

tion to the material dreariness, and prove that these high and mouldering edifices, once the abode of the powerful and the luxurious, now serve as dens to house the lowest and most abject.

In this spot the *mal-aria* reigns undisputed by human population (its most efficient opponent), whose ranks, thinned by the institutes of the Church, are daily lessening; and yet, but a very few centuries back, it was chosen for its salubrity, as the residence of Popes and Cardinals, who had more reason to live, than inducements to die. This desert of walls terminates in a spacious, silent, moss-grown square; in the centre of which towers that mass of sumptuous and ponderous architecture, the *Church and Palace* of the Lateran. Before it, not inappropriately, stands another land-mark of power and desolation, the *Obelisk* of Thebes, raised there, some thirty centuries back, in honour of the sun. It was drawn from the ruins of that once powerful city, now but a word—by Cambyses, the Cæsar of his day; and it has successively glorified the grandeur of Constantine and of his son, in the Circus Maximus at Rome: having lain buried in its ruins for ages, it was again unearthed by the vanity of man, and placed by Pope Sixtus the Fifth in the Piazza di San Giovanni Laterano.

The Pontifical Palace of the Lateran, now ruin-

ous and uninhabited*, is vast and imposing; and though little of the original building remains, it is still sufficiently antiquated to recall its ancient destination. The Lateran palace was the scene of much of the licentious dissipation and fierce feuds of Popes and Anti-Popes in the dark ages of the church: but the early Pontiffs, though guilty of many crimes, had more force of character, more energy, and infinitely more genius, in spite of their barbarous habits, than their wily, aged, and political successors in after-ages. From the time of the Medicean Popes, the policy of the Pontifical cabinet changed; and feebleness and caducity, and corruption, became the probationary requisites for a station once filled by the activity and talents of the Gregories, the Nicholas's, the Giulio's, and the Leo's.†

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* The palace of the early Popes was consumed by fire. Pope Sixtus the Fifth rebuilt the present palace on the designs of Fontana.

† Neither piety nor talent were necessary to fill the Papal throne from the time of the Medicean Popes. On the death of the infallible lover of Donna Olimpia (the Pompadour of the Vatican), the election of Cardinal Chigi was only opposed by Cardinal Trivulzio, "because (he said) Chigi was a bigot, and would object to the mode of life then enjoyed by the Princes of the Conclave;" which "*à la verité* (says De Retz,—and the universal lover of the ladies of the Fronde was not over-scrupulous) —*à la verité était scandaleuse.*" CHIGI, however, was elected Pope, as De Retz observes, for his "*petit génie et ame basse:*" a

The palace of the Lateran commands the sublimest view of the waste its lords have made;—of the Campagna, stretching to the base of the blue Albanian hills; its desert here and there spotted with ancient ruins of the tombs of heroes, or imperial aqueducts, with the walls of villas, and wrecks of monuments which skirted the noble road from the gates of the Lateran to the suburbs of Naples.

The CHURCH, or *basilica,* of *San Giovanni Laterano,* is the principal, and I believe the oldest, in Rome. It is said to have been founded by Constantine the Great. The number and variety of the epithets bestowed on it, attest its holiness and antiquity; and in fact the *orbis mater et caput,* the *basilica aurea,* well images the power, wealth, and genius of the system to which it belonged. Submitting to the touch of time, it was falling to ruin; but it was indeed too considerable an image of the Pontifical influence not to claim the attention of the Popes. The *Cattedrale del Sommo Pontefice,* as the Romans call it, has in consequence been re-edified, adorned, and enriched by every Pontiff, from St. Sylvester (who consecrated it) downward. It now wears a character of antique splendour, of barbarous magnificence,

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proof sufficient of the former was (in the eyes of the French Cardinal), "that he wrote with one pen for two years."—See Mémoires de Retz.

and Gothic gloom, infinitely more imposing to the imagination, than all the light and lustre of St. Peter's. The sumptuous, but dismal chapels look as if they were decked with the plunder, and raised by the taste, of new-converted Huns. The canons were performing service when we first visited it; but their voices died away in faint echoes through its vastness, which was wholly unoccupied, even by a single votarist. This is the fate of all the greater churches of Rome: a few parish churches in the heart of the modern city, and the church of the Jesuits, are alone frequented by the inhabitants.

The BAPTISTERY (BATTISTERIO LATERANENSE) adjoining the Church, was built by Constantine, where he is said to have been baptized by the Pontiff St. Sylvester.

All usurpers have adopted popular religions, or religions which promised to become so; and Constantine, insensible to the truth and mercy of the Christian doctrine, made it the lever of his political ambition. Thus did the Clovises, the Pepins, and the Charlemagnes. The penal codes of William and Anne against their Catholic subjects, the sudden conversion of Henry the Fourth, and the protection of the church by Bonaparte, had nothing to do with religion; all alike followed in the beaten track of a policy, now worn out; while, in fact, each found, like the Argante of Tasso,

"Nella spada sua legge, e sua ragione." *

The rest was but political conformity to popular opinion.

The baptistery of St. John de Lateran was ravaged by frequent invaders, and long remained in the lower ages in a state of absolute ruin and spoliation; until, attracting the notice of successive pontiffs, and particularly that of Gregory the Thirteenth and Urban the Eighth, it took that character of richness, and ponderous ornament, which now distinguishes it. The baptismal font is an ancient urn of basalt, ornamented with gold and bronze. From its bosom the waters of life are still dispensed to the Jews, who annually seek regeneration at so much per head †. This edifice (its great antiquity, its superb columns of porphyry, and fine cornices, all plunder from the ancient monuments of Rome, excepted,) has but little to excite admiration. Two of its pictures, however, afford a curious historical evidence, worth noticing. One represents the council of Nice burning books written against the Bishops. The Bishops are all present at the sacrifice, in grand *pontificalibus*, snuffing up the fumes of the gracious

* "His law and his reason in his sword."

† The wits of Rome insist that there is always a catechumen kept in reserve at Rome, in case no new supply should come in from the foreign market; and that one of these *doubles* has played his part so often, as to become notorious. These conversions take place on Easter Sunday.

incense offered to their inviolability. Long after the arts fell under the protection of the Church, and heathen statues were converted into Christian saints, the burning of books flourished; neither the term, nor the doctrine, of liberty of the press, being then known. Prohibitory laws were the result of an advanced policy, and were preceded by the ruder censure of consuming fires.* The English bishops were notorious book-burners in 1529. The Bishop of London burnt Tindal's Bible! then deemed as dangerous to the religion of the English people, as a Bible edited by the present Bishop of London, would be deemed dangerous to that of the people of Rome of the present day. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, the Bible was burnt both by Catholics and Protestants, to shew their orthodoxy! Under his son, all Catholic productions of the press were devoted to the faggot! Under his daughter (Mary) the Protestant tracts (and their writers to boot) were destined to the same fate. Elizabeth, whose religion was power, burnt all that was heterodox to her system; and Camden's work, deemed too bold for the meridian of England, was smuggled under the name of De Thou, and came out in France. Even England knew not the benefit or blessing of a free

* In the 25th year of the Christian æra, the works of Cremutius Cordus were burnt publicly by the Ædiles, because he had praised Brutus, and called Cassius the last of the Romans.—*Tacitus*, l. iv.

press, till her glorious Revolution obtained it for her, and her Commons established it in 1694.*

The other picture represents the breaking of the statues in the Roman temples (probably the rivals of the Apollo and the Antinous): a bishop, with the air of a village conjuror, stands by, tossing his golden censer, and purifying the spot defiled by the works of Praxiteles and Phidias. This was before a bull was fulminated to prevent (but too late) the converting of marble statues into lime, to build dwelling-houses.†

Opposite to the great entrance of the palace of the Lateran, stands the venerable chapel of the *Scala Santa* (holy steps), once a part of the ancient building. This chapel is the shrine of daily pilgrimage to the peasantry, many of whom were ascending its holy steps on their knees, on the several days that we passed by it. The veneration paid to this flight of stairs arises from the five centre steps, said to be part of the staircase of Pontius Pilate's house, which were sanctified by the blood of Christ. None can ascend it but on their knees; and lateral steps are provided for those whose piety may not lead them to this painful genuflexion.

The fine arches of aqueducts erected by Nero,

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* It can scarcely be said to have existed in its plenitude, till after the enactment of Fox's bill.

† Under Martin the Fifth, a number of antique statues were pounded for cement to build palaces.

to conduct the Claudian waters to the Monte Clelio, fill up the picture of splendid dreariness; and the antique gates of the Porta San Giovanni, and the walls of Rome (raised above those of the Emperor Aurelian) give the last high finish to the sumptuous desolation.

When the *mal-aria* had in its progress co-operated with the despotism and dark institutes which occasioned it, and begun to spread its pestilence over the Clelio, reaching even to the palace of the Pontiff, the Popes removed from the Lateran to the Vatican; an ancient edifice, supposed by some to have been originally built by Constantine, adjoining his Basilica of St. Peter, for future Popes; and to have been inhabited by Charlemagne, in his visit to Rome. Then began the gorgeous miracles of St. Peter and the Vatican Palace; and the golden dreams of Arabian poets had no vision of splendour to parallel the effects produced by the church's wealth, and by Italian genius. Each Pope, from the thirteenth century, contributed his ambitious wish to surpass his predecessor in magnificence; and altar rose after altar, pavilion was added to pavilion, treasure was heaped to treasure, until the dwelling of the servant of the servants of God covered more ground than sufficed to build a royal* capital, and the cupola

* The Vatican *is said* to cover as much ground as the city of Turin.

of his church measured the circumference of the noblest of heathen temples. Ages still left unfinished a work that seemed to belong to eternity; and the *Museo Chiaramonti*, at the present moment, superintended by Canova, evinces that neither the Papal sumptuousness, nor Italian talent, have been wholly extinguished by time or revolution.

The first visit paid to the Church of St. Peter's should not be made by the ordinary conveyance to all such sights in Rome—a carriage. It should be approached by pilgrim-steps, slow and difficult; and that great temple,

> —— "Where majesty,
> Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are ailed,

should be reached on foot, and sought through those various details of misery, disorder, and degradation, which distinguish alike all its avenues, and are the elements out of which its grandeur sprang. Around the other great *Basilica* of Rome there reigns a saddening region of desolation; and St. Paul's and St. John de Lateran rise on the dreary frontiers of the infected deserts they dominate, like temples dedicated to the genius of the *mal-aria*. But the approach to St. Peter's has another character: every narrow avenue is thickly colonized with a race of beings marked by traits of indigence or demoralization; and every dark dilapidated den teems with a tenantry, which might well belong to other pur-

lieus than those of the church. It is thus that the altars of St. Peter's are approached, as they were raised, upon the necks of the people. Here the streets of the filthiest city in Europe are found filthiest! Here forms, on which Love had set his seal, are equally disfigured by the neglect of cleanliness, or by meretricious ornament!—and the young plebeian beauty, lying on the threshold of some ruinous fabrick, withdrawing the bodkin from tresses it is dangerous to loosen, and submitting a fine head to the inspection of some ancient crone, smiles on the passing stranger with all the complacency of a Du Barry, when she made her toilette for the good of the public, surrounded by the dignitaries of the Church, who emulously canvassed for its offices.* The streets leading immediately to St. Peter's occasionally exhibit a spacious but dilapidated palace, mingled with inferior buildings; but many even of these have their façades of marble disfigured by washerwomen's lines; and an atmosphere of soapsuds indicates an attention to cleanliness, whose effects are nowhere visible in Rome, but in the

* The Pope's Nuncio, and Cardinal de la Roche Aymon, frequently attended the toilette of Madame Du Barry, and were seen presenting her slippers, while the King transacted business with the Minister of Police within the alcove of her ruelle. Such were the Church and State morals of France under Louis the Fifteenth.

stench which issues from the laundresses' windows in the very finest of its streets*.

These discouraging avenues at last waded through, the *Piazza de St. Pietro in Vaticano* bursts upon the eye, more striking from the contrast that its beauty and magnificence present to the images of poverty and disgust which have preceded it.

Nothing that art or judgment can dictate, or criticism or pretension utter, on this great object of universal wonder, has been left unsaid or unillustrated. The profoundest *Virtuosi* of the last age have commented on it; the greatest Poet of the present age has sung it; and from the folios of Piranesi to the *portefeuille* of the most juvenile traveller, views of its architecture are to be found. Little is now left to future visitants, but to enjoy, in silence, their own opinion (should they have any they may call their own), or at most to express the impression communicated to their own minds, on their first view of this supposed miracle of art.

The first impression of the façade of St. Peter on the writer of these pages was one of utter disappointment. It did not strike her by its magnitude!—and in its want of simplicity and

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* It was the intention of Napoleon to have cleared these filthy streets up to the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, as he did clear the avenues of the Tuileries.

completeness (broken up as it is by pilasters, *loggie*, nichês, balustrades, &c.) it did not affect her with pleasurable emotion. With none present to direct her judgment and shame her ignorance, she turned involuntarily away, after a few minutes observation, to contemplate objects infinitely more attractive to her unlearned apprehension. These were, its beautiful semicircular colonnades; its noble fountains, dashing their pure, bright waters into mid-air, sparkling with sun-beams, and diffusing freshness as they fall; and that antique obelisk, whose transfer from Heliopolis (where the son of Sesostris raised it) to the Circus of Nero, where Caligula placed it*, includes the history of fallen empires, and of power not subdued, but strangely transmuted. The impression made by the façade of St. Peter's was never effaced. The original design of Michael Angelo, shewn in the library of the Vatican, served but to confirm it; and the opinion of one, whose judgment, next to that of Michael Angelo's own, might be trusted, left the decision of ignorance sanctioned by the *dictum* of the presiding genius of the art.†

* St. Peter and its circumjacent buildings occupy the site of the Circus and gardens of Nero, in the Campo Vaticano. The Obelisk remained on the spot where Caligula had placed it, till the year 1586, when it was removed to the centre of the Piazza, where it now stands, by Sixtus the Fifth.

† During the space of centuries, the plan of St. Peter's, from

But the magnitude of St. Peter's is never justly estimated on a first or many following inspections; which is the fault of its faultlessness: for besides that it is out of the span of human recognition—beyond the test of all received experience—the harmony of its proportions is so perfect as to leave nothing for comparison: there, flutter colossal doves in cornices lofty as the eagle's eyrie; there, frown saints

—— "In bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,"

the Briareus's of the martyrology!—while cherubs, tall as Typhons, and letters to be read by the cubit*, diminish the height of that cupola (the Ossa piled on Pelion of architecture), and lessen the vastness of those interminable naves, whose votive chapels might serve for metropolitan churches. But the temple of St. Peter, with all its unrivalled riches, surpassing "the works of

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a Latin to a Greek, and a Greek to a Latin, was changed a dozen times, by various artists, under various pontiffs. The beautiful design of Michael Angelo, a Greek cross, with a façade similar to that of the Pantheon, is distinguished by all the sublimity and simplicity of his genius. It is shewn in the library of the Vatican, and is never seen without awakening a regret in the spectator that it was not executed. The principal architect of St. Peter's, as it now stands, was Carlo Maderno, who worked under Pope Paul the Fifth.

* In the inscription round the interior of the Cupola, the letters are some feet in height—I dare not trust my memory to

Memphian kings," is but a gigantic toy*; and the wanton, the incalculable profusion of its gems and precious stones, its statues and pictures, its mosaics and gold, its bronzes and marbles, its spotless freshness and unsullied lustre, separate it from the imagination, and leave it without one of those solemn associations, which blend such edifices with a remembrance of the mysterious past, and give them an interest in the mind beyond what the eye can command.

Among the number of its splendid mausoleums, all raised to the memory of pontiffs and princes of the Church, or to enshrine the ashes of kings and queens, there is one which affords a striking commentary on the text of this mighty edifice. It is the tomb of the famous Countess Matilda, the most powerful ally the Church ever knew; and her defence of the Popes and their system, and the bequest of her valuable patrimony to the church, have obtained for her a monument in St. Peter's, to which her ashes were conveyed from Mantua by Pope Urban the Eighth. Her effigy represents a stern and dogged-looking woman,

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say how many.—The inscription bears the well-known words of our Lord—Tu es Petrus, et super hanc Petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo Claves Regni Cœlorum. Thy name is Petrus *(stone)*, and on that stone I raise my Church, &c. &c.

* In 1659, a miniature model of St. Peter's was made for Louis the Fourteenth. He is said to have amused himself for hours with this splendid trinket.

one whose strong volition might have passed for genius—she holds the papal sceptre and tiara in one hand, and in the other the keys of the church! at her feet lies her sarcophagus! and its relievoes form the precious part of the monument. They represent the Emperor Henry the Fourth at the feet of Pope Gregory the Seventh, where Matilda had assisted to place him. The abject, prostrate, half-naked Emperor, surrounded by Italian Princes and ecclesiastical Barons, the witnesses of his shame and degradation, forms a fine contrast to the haughty and all-powerful Pope; who seems ready to place his foot upon the imperial neck of the unfortunate sovereign, who, thus crouching in the dust, represented the Roman Cæsars! Such was the Church in her great day! —When the Emperor Joseph the Second visited St. Peter's, and his conductors led him to this monument, he is said to have turned from it with an ironical smile, and a crimson blush of indignation! It was then, perhaps, that his personal feelings gave new impulse to his philosophical reformation, urging him to decide on the fate of "cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers;" and from that moment he may have considered

> —— "Relic beads,
> Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
> The sport of winds." MILTON.

There is another monument in St. Peter's, that

often arrests the steps of the British traveller, and awakens many an association, whatever be his politics—for the whig and the tory may alike find food for meditation upon the monument of the last of the Stuarts! This beautiful mausoleum, the work of Canova, is raised to the memory of James the Third, King of England, his Queen, and his two sons; and the existence of the last representative of a worthless but unfortunate race, who will long share the pity and contempt of posterity—who ceased to be Kings, because they could not be despots!—is recorded with all the pompous titles that royalty possesses in the day of its greatest glory. This monument, and these titles, are bestowed by the munificence of the Prince Regent of England, at whose expense the mausoleum of the Stuarts has been raised; and it is to the honour of the heart and taste of the royal donor, that the titles which the birth of the deceased compelled him to arrogate in life, are thus liberally conceded to him on the tomb. The existence of such a monument, so inscribed, diminishes nothing from the dignity of that throne, which, founded on the suffrages of a free people, may well afford to be generous to fallen tyranny. It is surely to be lamented, that any consideration of policy (which posterity will regard as false, if not as base) should have given rise to an opposite line of conduct with respect to another fallen monarch! and that it should

have left to history the task of contrasting the royal piety of a British Prince to James Stuart, with the timid vengeance of ministerial severity towards Napoleon Bonaparte.

To the left of the Basilica, or Church of St. Peter, lies another world of wonders, in its sacristies, the treasury of the temple! the "Cave of the Forty Thieves!" Here the business of the church is transacted; and the councils and the dinners of its canons are celebrated! Here corridors succeed to corridors—chambers to chambers, all stored with mouldering riches *. To raise this wing of the main building, sums have

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* The corridors of this Sacristy are ornamented with columns and pilasters of antique marble (*bigio antico* and *verd antico,*) with inscriptions, busts, statues, &c. &c. The *Sagrestia commune* is a superb octagon room, sustained by columns of *giallo antico;* the sacristy of the canons is surrounded by presses of beautiful Brazil-wood, filled with treasures. Another sumptuous room, called *Sagrestiati de' Beneficiati*, is surrounded with *armoires* of the same precious material, where are kept the superb dresses of the canons, and other of the Church properties. Every room has a magnificent little chapel attached to it, filled with precious pictures by the great masters. The riches of the whole overwhelm the imagination. The sums expended to erect this unnecessary sacristy, and other similar undertakings, by the late Pope Pius the Sixth, rendered the State bankrupt as well as the people. The bad taste of this Pontiff was as conspicuous as his prodigality (though he fancied himself an architect), for he threw down a Temple of Venus respected by Michael Angelo, to build this cumbrous sacristy.

been expended which might have built a city, or redeemed a Campagna.

To the right of the Basilica, one of its long and beautiful colonnades leads to churches piled on churches, to the Paoline chapel with its dingy* splendours, succeeded by the Sistine, whose walls, richer than all else beside, represent the Divinity, sketched by the hand of the most highly-gifted of his creatures; for all that the eye here beholds is consecrated by the genius or touch of Michael Angelo! The corridors of these mid-air churches, lead to the palace of the Pontiff, the gorgeous Vatican, with its "thirteen thousand chambers," its *cortili* filled with orange-trees springing out of marble vases, made for the delight of the Cæsars; while beyond the fairy palace spreads

> "That dreary plain, forlorn, and wild,
> The seat of desolation,"—

the Campagna; an eloquent comment!!

In contemplating the mighty mass which bears the name of the humblest of apostles, its immensity and its splendour, its beauty and its magnificence, will strike upon the eye of the spectator, with a various influence on his mind, according to the character of feeling and intellect he brings

* The golden ornaments of the Paoline chapel are blackened by the profusion of candles with which it is lighted in Passion-week.

to its inspection. To the all-believing pious pilgrim, in whose imagination the Church has superseded the Deity, here

> "St. Peter, at Heaven's wicket, seems
> To await him with his keys:"

here the triumphant cross rises above all

> "Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers."

Here he beholds the temple of martyred Saints, the throne of infallible Pontiffs, and the shrine and sepulchre of him whose prophetic name became the Church's arch-stone—and he touches the "Holy door" *, and kisses the feet of St. Peter's doubtful statue †, assured by faith that the redeeming act absolves a multitude of sins.

To the philanthropist, who considers all things through the medium of his sympathy with the state of man, this Temple

> —— "Inimitable on earth,
> By model or by shading pencil drawn,"

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* Called the *Porta Santa*, one of the five entrances to St. Peter's: it is never opened but on the day of the Grand Jubilee, being at all other times mortared up. The common people always pause to kiss this door, or scrape a bit of its mortar.

† A statue of Jupiter Capitolinus now figures as the Prince of the Apostles, and has performed as many miracles since his christening as he did before. Round this statue may be seen, at all hours, groups of peasants rubbing their foreheads to its feet, which have become bright and polished by the perpetual friction.

will appear foremost in the causes which have continued the pestilence of the Campagna, desolated the plains of Latium, and brought misery, through error, to myriads all over the suffering world. To the eye of cold judging philosophy, it rises the mighty monument of that great event in human history, THE REFORMATION! a tacit, but eloquent argument to prove that man, rarely led to truth by pure abstractions, is readily convinced through worldly interests. The money required to finish this gorgeous bauble, by the spendthrift bankrupt, Leo the Tenth, originated a shameless traffic of indulgences, and various church exactions, which spoke a plain language to the grossest mind! and St. Peter's reached the summit of its splendour, when the church it symbolized received the blow from which it never was to recover. What monument will rise to commemorate the reformation of another church? Canterbury! and York! and Durham! princely, if not infallible Pontiffs!

"Can ye tell us this?"

THE PAPAL PALACE, or *Palazzo Ponteficio del Vaticano*, communicating with St. Peter's, is rather a congregation of palaces, than a single edifice; and its architecture is as various, as the ages and talents that went to its completion. The genius of Bramante, of Raphael, of San Gallo, of Fontana, of Bernini, with many other eminent and scarce inferior artists, has been concentrated

on its progressive erection; and the talents of all ages, of all nations, have contributed to fill its marble labyrinths, and to render it at this moment, with respect to the arts, worth all else the known world can produce! The elevation is divided into three lofty stories, each story surrounded by a *loggia*, or open corridor, richly painted; its countless halls, its endless galleries, its beautiful chapels, its venerable library, its twenty courts *(cortili)*, and two hundred staircases, present a wilderness of building, out of which the stranger, how frequent soever his visits, can only recall those particular apartments more eminently distinguished than others by some miracle or miracles of art, from which they take their name. The *Carte du Pays* he will never master; but, go where he may, he will never forget the *loggia* of Raphael *, the

* The Loggia di Raffaello was constructed by Pope Leo the Tenth, under the direction of Raphael. The second story is painted by Raphael, and his pupils, in compartments representing the leading facts of the Scriptures. These frescoes have all the delicacy and beauty of miniatures, with all the grandeur of design of great historical pictures. Here Raphael worked in the midst of his young and ardent disciples, Giulio Romano, Pier del Vago, Pellegrino, Caravaggio, &c. &c.; yet neither the sanctity of the subjects painted, nor the traces of Raphael's divine pencil, could save it from the vilest profanation during the Austrian occupation of Rome. These German barbarians, not less rude than those which before spoliated the pavilions of the Vatican, and the high altar of St. Peter under Bourbon, turned this wing

Borgia suite*, the Portico del Cortile, the Belvedere, and the successive cabinets dedicated to various works of antiquity,—the perfection of all that genius ever conceived, or art and labour perfected. Such are the halls of the "Animals," of the "Busts," of the "Muses," of the "Rotunda," the cabinets of the "Biga," of the "Candelabras," and that vast covered space which

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of the pontifical palace into a barrack; and walls imprinted with the divinity, and consecrated to art, were smoked with the fires which savages kindled to dress their garbage.

When Murat arrived in Rome with his army, his first visit was to the Loggia of Raphael, and perceiving how much the painttings were injured by being exposed for ages to the action of the air, and inclemency of the weather (for, like all Italian *loggie*, these were open colonnades,) he ordered the whole side which was open to be framed and sashed with handsome windows.—This work was completed in fourteen days; and had it not been done during his occupation, it is probable it would never have been finished. Posterity therefore owes to this brave, kind-hearted, and unfortunate man, the preservation of the most precious treasures of the arts. The rooms adjoining are called *Camere di Raffaello* (the chambers of Raphael): they were four in number, and contain the subjects of his famous cartoons, &c. &c. Each room takes its name from the subject painted on its walls.

* The Borgia suite was built by Alexander the Sixth, of infamous celebrity; the apartments are fine, but gloomy, and now contain the most select, and perhaps finest, collection of pictures in the world. There is Raphael's celebrated Transfiguration, the Madonna di Foligno, already mentioned, and the *capi d' opera* of Domenichino, Guido Reni, and nearly all the great masters.

takes the various names of *Corridore* of Inscriptions *(dei Lapidi)*, of the "Belvedere," of the "*Museo Chiaramonti*," and "*Clementino*." This gallery is divided* by gates and columns, as if

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* The mere *locale* of these superb apartments, each in itself a temple, though despoiled of all the treasures they enshrine, would be well worth a visit to Rome. Their pavements studded with rich mosaics, their roofs blue and bright as Roman skies, their walls embossed with the finest sculpture, or painted by the greatest artists, their columns of porphyry and alabaster, and lapis lazuli and Parian marbles, their gates of bronze and gold, and, last of all, their beautiful forms, the perfect circle or elegant octagon! almost divide the attention of the spectator with the works they contain. Yet, all splendid and beautiful as they are and long have been, they exhibited, when this palace was inhabited by the Popes in the seventeenth century, a strange picture of barbarous power amidst the most beautiful results of civilization; for Evelyn, when he visited this suite, found it occupied by "a guard of gigantic Switzers, who do nothing but drink and play at cards in it;" yet even then, the rooms appeared to him "the most superb and royal apartments in the world." Through these apartments are scattered the Laocoon, the Torso, and all those works of art pre-eminent in beauty and celebrity. The Apollo of Belvedere stands where Michael Angelo placed it. But whoever would read the sole description that approaches to the perfection of this statue, will find it in the last Canto of Childe Harold! The last statues placed in this world of art, are the Perseus and the Boxers of Canova. Over all, the greatest freshness reigns. The public have free admission twice a week, without any tax on their purse, or intrusion on their observation. But though we visited the Vatican galleries more than twenty times, we never perceived a Roman of any class or description among the curious, the learned, or the lounging, which crowd

to make artificial stages in its interminable length, and afford stations for the imagination to repose on, or memory to refer to. The first portion (into which the Library of the Vatican opens) is lined on either side with the rarest collection of inscriptions known in Europe. Those of the early Greek and Latin Christians which have been found in the Catacombs, occupy the left side; those of the heathen world are on the right, mingled with tombs, monuments, and sarcophagi, each in itself a study and a moral. The *Museo Chiaramonti* succeeds, rich in monuments of antiquity, statues, busts, and basso-relievoes—the work of the Phidias's of other ages, arranged by the Phidias of the present. Here the living make their personal acquaintance with the dead, and the features of a Commodus, a Tiberius, and a Lucius Verus, become as familiar to the mind as their deeds and reigns.

The Museo Pio-Clementino, the collection of the treasures accumulated by the late Pope, changes the scene, and belongs to the edifices occupied by the deities and priestesses and emperors of the preceding gallery. Here are hung the appropriate ornaments of temples, theatres,

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its halls; and never missed seeing groups of the peasantry from the neighbouring villages and districts, staring before its statues, gaping into its *Tazzi*, or treading with their heavy steps, pavements that seem laid for fairy feet alone.

basilicas, forums, circuses, baths, and palaces, all beautiful in design and perfect in execution; and to these naturally follows, the vestibule of the tombs—with the sarcophagus of a Scipio and the sepulchral effigies of some fair Roman dame, over whose death-couch love still hovers. In moving among these consecrated images of art and time, the mind of the spectator catches something of their calm and dignity; for there is in ancient sculpture a quietude of grandeur, a solemnity of grace, not found in the works of modern genius, and which belong, perhaps, to the originals they copied. This majesty of expression and tranquillity of form, so well known to the Egyptians, lost something of its monumental sobriety under the Greeks. It is frequently found among savages, but rarely appears amidst the artificial exaggeration of corrupt civilization. The French, who, up to the Revolution, were a nation of dancing-masters, were the least graceful people of Europe; and the Apollo of Belvedere could never have been imagined in the court of a Louis the Fifteenth.

This gallery, now so rich and beautiful, through the munificence or sumptuosity of the late and present Pope, was but "of bare walls," when Evelyn visited it in 1643; and he observes, that, as he passed through it on his way to the Vatican library, it was full of poor people, to the number of fifteen hundred or two thousand, "to each of

whom, in his passage to St. Peter's, the Pope gave a *mezzò-grosso*," (half a farthing). This is a curious episode in the history of the palace of the Vatican—of that palace, whose uses and magnificence furnished Milton with his splendid imagery alike of hell and heaven—his palace of Pandemonium, and that

"Where sceptred Angels held their residence."*

The Library of the Vatican, described as it merits, would fill the pages of many an ample volume. The *locale* is a palace in itself; and its galleries and various chambers might be visited as a splendid museum, had they no other attraction. One of the most striking circumstances in the greatest library of Europe is, that not a book is to be seen, although of manuscripts alone there are said to be thirty thousand volumes. The cases in which the collection is preserved, give no indication of their contents; and the whole edifice, all *campo d'oro* and ultra-marine, looks rather like some Gothic hall of grotesque festivity, than

* It is generally supposed that the French army committed great plunder in Rome: the proofs to the contrary are, the undisturbed riches of the churches and palaces, and the testimony of the Romans themselves, who do every justice to the moderation of the soldiers, and still describe them buying white gloves to visit the galleries of the Vatican. With respect to those objects of art which found their way to Paris, it is needless to dwell on what is universally known as an historical fact, that they were ceded by Pope Pius VI. at the treaty of Tolentino.

the retreat of learning. The principal gallery, three hundred and seventeen palmi in length, is divided into naves, separated by pillars; and the walls are painted with representations of the most celebrated ancient libraries, of general councils, and of the inventors of the characters of various languages. Low cabinets, richly and fantastically painted, surround this superb saloon, and contain the most precious of the manuscripts; and tables of Egyptian granite, marble sarcophagi, and other fragments of antiquity, are scattered over its centre. Two vast corridors to the right and left, divided into various apartments, open out of this main gallery. Here are modern bookcases filled with choice works; and objects of art, of great value and antiquity, are profusely scattered. In one of these is a picture of the design of the *Façade* of St. Peter's by Michael Angelo*, so superior to that which has been adopted.

From the hall of the Papyrus, painted by Mengs†, opens another spacious gallery, orna-

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* There is also a very curious view of St. Peter's, as it existed three centuries back. It is a small building. The interior exhibits the Pope and Cardinals, celebrating service in the choir, surrounded by guards in armour. The nave is filled with common people; some of them remarkable for fine heads, and all for their curious costume.

† History writing on the shoulders of Time, and the attendant angel, form a beautiful group. History is the wife of Mengs, and the Angel is his lovely daughter.

mented with gold and mirrors, and containing the most precious books in the collection*; and cabinets devoted to medals †, engravings, inscriptions, succeed, and terminate this wing. On the other side, a suite of beautiful rooms, with columns of porphyry, are filled with bookcases, decorated with Etruscan vases; and the wall is decorated with a series of paintings illustrating the trials of the lâte and present Popes, during the Revolution :—the crowning and restoration of Pius the Seventh, closes these fasti of papal sensibility and endurance. ‡

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* There are here two superb candelabras of Sèvres china, presented by Napoleon (on his marriage) to the Pope.

† Many of the medals were carried off in the first epoch of the Revolution. Five hundred volumes were taken from the Library by the French government; not selected for their value, but taken, as one of the librarians told us, *a capriccio!*

‡ As well as I remember, the following are the most striking of these "*gestes et faits*:"—Berthier taking Pope Pius the Sixth prisoner. The Pope's arrival at the Certosa of Florence, and the Monks adoring him by prostration, while a French soldier looks on with cold curiosity. His arrival at Valence, where he died. His death-bed scene. The election of Chiaramonti, Pope Pius the Seventh, at Venice. The Cardinals kneeling round him. His reception at Rome. His works at the Coliseum. His visit to Ostia, accompanied by the antiquarian Abate Fea. His *enlèvement* by the French to Grenoble and Savona. His residence at Fontainbleau. His passage over Mount Cenis. His restoration in 1814. The setting up the triumphal arch under which he was to pass. His flight from Rome to Genoa, during the occupation of Murat, &c. &c.

There seems to have been a sort of heir-loom ambition accompanying the keys of St. Peter's, which induced even the oldest and feeblest of the Pontiffs to commemorate his short reign by some monument of personal consequence. The life of Julius the Second was consecrated to his famous tomb in San Pietro in Vincolis; and he made more advances to Michael Angelo to engage him to work at it, than he would have permitted himself towards any sovereign upon earth, even to have obtained the most eminent political advantages.

It may be imagined that such sumptuous edifices as the Lateran and the Vatican might have served for the residence of men who affected to represent Him "who had not where to lay his head." Yet, long ere the *mal-aria* had penetrated to the pavilions of the Vatican, and rendered them during a few months of the year dangerous to inhabit, the Popes, with that satiety which is the concomitant of power, grew weary of their sumptuous domicile; and in the sixteenth century, Gregory the Thirteenth, to celebrate his Pontificate, began the palace and church of the Quirinal, the residence of the reigning Pope and immediate predecessors.

This stupendous fabrick, only less vast than the Vatican, crowns the Quirinal hill, and commands a noble view of the city, which seems to lie crouching at its feet. It is from beneath these

sumptuous domes that the Pontiff puts the seal of the fisherman to briefs that would once have made the world tremble.

The late Pope Pius the Sixth did much to adorn both the palace, and the *Piazza del Monte Cavallo** on which it stands; and *(selon les règles)* he took the little that was left from the mouldering monuments of antiquity. He removed the obelisk which stood near the mausoleum of Augustus, to the front of the palace; and, not being able to displace the Coliseum, he carried off all that was moveable from the Forum, and transported that gigantic vase of oriental granite to the Monte Cavallo, which now receives the waters of its beautiful fountain.

The state apartments of the Quirinal are sufficiently noble †; they were lately inhabited by

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* So named from the famous horses placed there, called by the "Sightsmen" of the old school of Ciceroni, the horses of Praxiteles and Phidias (whose names are still preserved on their pedestals): according to the new reading, these clumsy animals date not their existence beyond the time of Constantine, whose Baths they are said to have adorned. According to modern standards of "horseflesh," they by no means "shew blood;" though to classical observers they are like Sir Benjamin Backbite's ponies, compared to whom

"Other horses were clowns, and these maccaroni's."

† They contain some good pictures, but very few objects of art worth mentioning. In this immense edifice, which resembles a town roofed in, the Pope occupies a very small apartment, from whence he only issues to take his daily drive, or upon festival

the Emperor of Austria and his family, on his visit to Rome; and in their gaudy draping, when we saw them, bore testimony to the still unpaid-for honours offered to the Imperial guests. Many an indigent tradesman, who boasts the honours of being the Pope's creditor, reverts to that event as the cause of his approaching insolvency.

The gardens of the Quirinal are spacious and delightful, but encumbered with stones and marbles, as usual, disputing the soil with nature and vegetation. But all that is bright and fair in the Quirinal, is brightest and fairest in that Chapel in which the Pope himself pontificates on Sundays and other holidays. It is so pure, so splendid, that when lighted by the mid-day beams, it looks like the Temple of the Sun, which once occupied its site.* In it there is nothing to offend or to shock—to wound the piety of the most devout, or the taste of the most refined—no votive offerings to disgust the senses and revolt

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days, when his health permits him, to pontificate. The whole of this great fabric is occupied by placemen and pensioners of the Pontifical Court, whose reverend names are inscribed on the various doors. Its corridors and passages are open to the public, and resemble, in some respects, the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn.

* It is thought that the Temple of the Sun, built by the Emperor Aurelian, stood on the side of the Quirinal hill. "Some believe that remains, which are still standing (says Montfaucon) did belong to the said Temple." But the Rome of the present day is no more the Rome of Montfaucon than of the Cæsars.

reason—no terrible image to scare the eye and sicken the heart. Here pictured saints appear as demi-gods; and the high altar exhibits a cross, brilliant and beautiful as that which lies on a lady's bosom.* Here sounds that enchant, and odours that intoxicate, fill the air; and mysteries are consummated with forms so beautiful, and amidst objects so alluring, that the rigid or the ignorant might doubt whether he witnesses Christian ceremonies or heathen rites, and whether this is the Temple of Apollo, or the Chapel of the Pope.

There is no more pleasant or fantastic sight than that presented by the groups which ascend the Quirinal on Sunday mornings; some on foot, some in carriages, but all bending towards that shrine of weekly pilgrimage to foreign visitants, the Pope's Chapel. Members of all churches, and professors of all sects, cardinals and their suites in their gaudy glass coaches, monks on foot, and carabineers on horseback, all pour through massive portals, which are still

* The crucifix is generally a terrific and heart-breaking object in Italian churches—a huge cross, stained with blood, and exhibiting too faithfully the image of agony and death, in the mangled form of a crucified Deity. From the Pope's own churches such objects appear to be excluded. The Quirinal is matchless in taste as in splendour; and is as elegant as a lady's show-cabinet. The architecture is noble and simple, and no hues more shewy than white and gold are admitted.

guarded by "gigantic Switzers," habited in the same trunk hose, buff jerkins, laced ruffs, and leathern bonnets, as they wore when they lost the Bicoque in the plains of Lombardy!—all urge their way through colonnades and halls till the temple is reached, at whose entrance the sexes separate. There the subaltern clergy of the chapel (in such a curious and grotesque variety of costume as might supply the carnival masquerades of Paris) present themselves to do the honours deputed to their care. To the heretics of England is invariably assigned the place of distinction; while, if some devout Italian Catholic appear (a rare event), he is elbowed off; for here the joy is literally for the arrival of the sinner, not for the just; and Mother Church sets aside the claims of her legitimate children, in favour of the spurious offspring of Luther, Calvin, or—Joanna Southcote.

The Chapel of the Quirinal is at last filled to suffocation. The tribunes on either side are occupied by the *elegantes* of London and Paris, Petersburgh and Vienna, Cracow or New York. In the central nave the throng is composed of abbots, priors, and dignitaries in grand costume,—the Mamelukes of the church! Roman generals, all armed for the miliary service of the altar, the only service they have ever seen—monks, guards, friars, Swiss soldiers, and officers of state!—Outside a *cordon*, drawn round the choir, are placed

the foreign gentlemen. The choir, the scene of action, all brilliant and beautiful, is still a void. When the signal is given, the crowd divides! and the procession begins! — "Mutes and others" form the *avant-garde* of the pageant, and lead the way. Then comes, personified Infallibility! feeble as womanhood! helpless as infancy! withered by time, and bent by infirmity; but borne aloft, like some idol of Pagan worship, on the necks of men, above all human contact. The Conclave follows, each of its princes robed like an Eastern Sultan! Habits of silk and brocade, glittering with gold and silver, succeeded by robes of velvet, and vestments of point lace, the envy of reigning Empresses*. The toilette of

* The details of the Cardinal's toilette, which, at my own very womanish desire, were exhibited to me, are minute, splendid, and numerous, beyond description: for every ceremony has its dress. On some days the Cardinals dress and undress as often as the three Mr. Singletons in the farce. The *Etole*, or scarf, is now a sash superbly tissued: it is a symbol of the lost innocence of man—not of the Cardinal's. The *Piviale* is a mantle, like the ancient Irish cloak: it is of massive gold tissue, insupportably heavy. This represents the pastoral robe of the Patriarchs (for all in the Church, Catholic or Protestant, is borrowed from the Jews—Christ having left nothing to copy but virtue and self-denial.) This Piviale was originally Pluviale, and worn (as its name imports) to keep out the weather, before gold brocades were invented. The *Soutane* is a truly Eastern habit: it is of violet velvet or silk, and its long and flowing train is held up by the *caudatori*. This was surely not "the cloak" which St.

these Church exquisites is perfect: not a hair displaced, not a point neglected, from the powdered toupee to the diamond shoe-buckle. The Pope is at last deposited on his golden throne: his ecclesiastical attendants fold round him his ample caftan, white and brilliant as the nuptial dress of bridal queens! they arrange his dazzling mitre: they blow his nose; they wipe his mouth, and exhibit the representation of Divinity in all

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Paul left behind him "at Troas."* Next comes the golden *Pianelli*, and the *Manipolo*, of embroidered satin, which hangs on the arm, like a fine lady's ridicule, and is the scrip of the patriarchal herdsman, in which he carried his bread and cheese. Then comes the *Camicia*—a dress of the richest point lace. I saw three of these dresses belonging to one cardinal, said to be worth two thousand pounds; and I know it for a fact, that more than one pretty reigning sovereign had endeavoured to wheedle his eminence out of a camicia worn upon state days. The Mitres are of gold and silver, upon white or red grounds, according to the Cardinal's various ranks. In private society their dress is a suit of black, edged with scarlet; scarlet stockings, and a little patch of red, called the *calotte*, on the crown of their heads, with their cardinal hat under the arm.

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* The apostolic simplicity, illustrated in the whole of the epistle to which this passage alludes, is a beautiful contrast to the habits of the Churchmen of St. Peter's and St. Paul's. "The cloak that I left at Troas, with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books; but especially the parchment," &c. &c.—Epistle to Timothy, chapter the 4th.

Such was the primitive Apostle! occupied by all the duties and feelings of social life—not shut up in sumptuous palaces, like Arabian Caliphs, but living with "the household of Onesiphorus!"

the disgusting helplessness* of driveling caducity. His holiness being thus cradled on a throne to which Emperors once knelt, the Conservators of Rome, the caryatides of the church, place themselves meekly at its steps; and the manikin, who represents the Roman Senate, precisely in his look and dress resembling Brid'oison, in the "*Mariage de Figaro*," takes his humble station near that Imperial seat, more gorgeous than any the Cæsars ever mounted. Meantime the demi-gods of the Conclave repose their eminences in their stalls on velvet cushions, and their *caudatorj* (or tail-bearers) place themselves at their feet. In the centre, stand or sit, on the steps of the high altar, the bishops with their superb mitres and tissued vestments. Then the choir raises the high hosannahs, the Pope pontificates; and the Temple of Jupiter never witnessed rites so imposing, or so splendid. Golden censers fling their odours on the air! harmony the most per-

* This helplessness is part of the sacred office of the Pope: he must not pollute his hands by any contact with matter. One of his ecclesiastics carries his pocket-handkerchief in his bosom, and *pontificates* for him when he has occasion for it. During the service he sits like an automaton, while at various periods of the celebration they fold and unfold his robe, and change his mitre, &c. The less splendid, but not less imposing vestment of English bishops, and other dignitaries of the Protestant communion, are all preserved from the original Church. Their robes of silk, cloth, and fine linen, their mitres, &c. &c., are less sumptuous, but not less Jewish, than those of Rome.

fect, and movements the most gracious, delight the ear and eye! At the elevation of the host, a silence more impressive than even this "solemn concord of sweet sounds" succeeds; all fall prostrate to the earth; and the military falling lower than all, lay their arms of destruction at the feet of that mystery, operated in memory of the salvation of mankind.

The ceremony is at last concluded. The procession returns as it entered. The congregation rush after; and the next moment, the anti-room of this religious temple resembles the saloon of the opera. The abbots and priors mingle among the lay crowd, and the cardinals chat with pretty women, sport their red stockings, and ask their opinions of the Pope's Pontification, as a *Merveilleux* of the Opera at Paris takes snuff, and demands of his *Chère-Belle*, "*Comment trouvez vous ça, Comtesse?*" Bows, and courtesies, and recognitions—"nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles" —fill up the waiting-time for carriages; and then all depart from the Quirinal * to re-congregate

* It was on the breaking-up of the procession in the anti-chapel of the Quirinal, that we had the honour of being presented to the Cardinal Minister Gonsalvi. Never since the days of the Mazarine and the De Retz's, were lay-graces so blended with Church dignity as in the manner, person, and address of Cardinal Gonsalvi. There is more diplomatic formality in a single movement of the least of the little clerks of the English treasury, than perhaps has been displayed in the whole of the very difficult

at St. Peter's, to hear vespers, give rendezvous, and make parties for the Opera, with which the English—the Sunday-loving English—close their Sabbath-day in Italy. For English cant is left on English shores; and the most rigid observers of forms at home, "being at Rome, do as Rome does!"

The Palaces of Rome, more numerous, more vast, and more sumptuous than any others of Italy, are wholly divested of historical interest. There is not one recollection to arrest the steps of the stranger on their threshold; and the S. P. Q. R. which are blazoned over their ponderous portals, serve but to bring back the memory to men and times, which, by inevitable comparison, throw into relief the degraded existence of the modern patricians of Rome.

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ministry of this cardinal secretary. While the Conclave complain of Gonsalvi's sang-froid in the cause of Mother Church, and the Carbonari accuse him of favouring Austria, one thing is certain, that his religious toleration has spared much suffering to Italy; and that his humanity in abolishing some of the horrible capital punishments of Rome, and softening others, calls for unqualified praises of the benevolent and the wise. The cardinal, gracious to all strangers, is particularly so to the English, whom he entertains at home, and accommodates abroad, to the utmost of his power. The Cardinal Gonsalvi is the most distinguished looking member of the Conclave; and it was a common thing to hear English beauties say, as they directed their opera-glasses to the *Divan* of the Quirinal, "Oh there is poor dear Caccia Piatti! and there is little Doria! and there are Gonsalvi's eyes!!"

The palaces of Rome belong to its Church history. They are not the results of mercantile wealth or feudal enterprise! they are monuments* of the prodigality of the Popes to their illegitimate children, or of the indulgence of that fatal nepotism, which originated a class of tyrants in Rome, unknown in the rest of Italy.† The

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* This may appear harsh and calumnious; but liberality itself, though it "set down nought in malice," must not extenuate historic fact. The Popes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries took no pains to conceal their amours. The children of the Farnese and Borgia Popes lived openly with them; and even during the reign of Louis XIV. when Cardinal De Retz visited Rome, his first homage was offered to the Pope's mistress, the infamous Donna Olimpia, who poisoned Cardinal Patilla in his soup. Her nephew, a child, obtained the Cardinal's hat. Had the Popes been permitted to marry, this disorder could not have occurred; but the laws of nature are never violated with impunity.

† The nephews of the Barberini Pope Urban VIII. drove the people to madness by their exactions and cruelty. Cardinal Francesco, the youngest of his nephews, had the Marquis Bentivoglio beheaded, on suspicion of having written a book against the Court of Rome. He put to death the Duke d'Ascoli, for a supposed conspiracy against the Pope. To obtain the estates of Count Andrea Casali, he had him sent to the galleys and beat to death. The venerable Frangipani was repeatedly put to the torture, to force him to give up his estates to the Pope's nephews, which he refused to the last. The taxes this Prince levied on the people, in his uncle's name, drove thousands into exile or ruin. He usurped the revenues of forty-seven benefices; but, on the death of his uncle, was obliged to take refuge in France, to escape the popular rage. The crimes of his elder brother, still

plunder, the extortion, the injustice, the crimes, of the Papal nephews, as Princes or Cardinals, can only be estimated by a perusal of their memoirs, which, under various forms, have come to light, from time to time; and above all, by visiting their palaces and villas, and learning, from contemporary and undeniable authorities, the revenues which their descendants even now inherit at the end of centuries of mismanagement and neglect, even after all that has been said of French exaction and revolutionary plunder.* The

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more disgusting and atrocious, drove him also into a foreign land for safety. The famous beauty and humourist, Cecca Buffona, was the mistress of this man—her impudicity caused her to be publicly whipped in the streets of Rome. In visiting the Palazzo Barberini, such are the recollections it calls forth; and though, when visited, it was furbishing up by the present Prince, the throne in the anti-room was newly hung, and the servants had got fresh liveries, still it was approached through such vestiges of filth, ruin, and disorder, as would scare the poorest labourer in England from his hovel. Workshops of statuaries, and the dens of the indigent, rise even within the great gates, and choke up its ruinous court; while on its sumptuous dome are painted the armorial bearings of the Barberini, raised to the presence of the Divinity, by time, virtue, and eternity.—In another of its vast rooms is painted the history of the virtues of Urban the Eighth!!!

* "It is to this humour of despotism," says Addison, "that Rome owes its present splendour and magnificence; for it would have been impossible to have furnished out so many glorious palaces, &c., had not the riches of the people, at several times, fallen into the hands of many different families and particular persons."

brigands of feudality, like the assassins or banditti of the Roman territories of the present day, won their possessions by open force; and justified their daring violations with a spirit, whose intrepidity, in a better cause, would merit the epithet of heroism. But the acquisitions, made by the heroes of nepotism, were not the price of courage, the recompense of dangers encountered and hardships endured: their instruments were the galley and the dungeon, the gibbet and the wheel, an authorized stiletto, and territorial asylums for their bands of murderers, which were claimed by the princely cardinals of Rome almost of the present day. When the Papal authority could no longer satisfy their voracious cupidity, and no more treasures were found to pour into their teeming coffers*, the Popes gave them leave to plunder, by all the means which a land without laws, and a government without control, could grant. The aspect now presented by the Palaces of the Roman Princes, the descendants collateral or direct of Papal nephews, is one of those splendid lessons in morals and politics, which time presents for the advantage of posterity, but

* The riches of the Ghigi family, and the treasures of their palace, were in part the product of a quantity of vessels of solid gold, which the King of Portugal presented to Alexander the Seventh. At his death, the Cardinal's nephews pillaged the Palace of the Vatican, and are said to have sold the tapestry and even the orange-trees of the Quirinal.

which posterity does not always read with due application. From the first impression of filth and ostentation, received in the anti-room of the Roman Palace, to the last exhibition of comfortless penury in the garret (the usual roosting-place of the descendants of the Barberini, the Colonna, the Doria, &c. &c. &c.)—all that is intermediate between these extremes partakes equally of the character of both *:—the absence of all that clean-

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* The exceptions to this general view of Roman palaces are, the palaces occupied by the foreign Ambassadors, and those which belong, by purchase, to the different members of the Bonaparte family—namely, the palace of Madame Letitia, of Cardinal Fesche, of Lucien, and Louis, Ex-King of Holland. Their beautiful sister, the Princess Paolina Borghese, lives in her husband's palace. All these residences are distinguished by order, elegance, and comfort. We were in the habit of occasionally visiting Madame Letitia and Cardinal Fesche, and we always found abundance of fires (an unusual thing at Rome), and of servants in handsome liveries, (those of *Madame* in the old Imperial livery of France, green and gold,) and not a spot uncarpetted but the stairs and anti-rooms. Such residences, and such establishments, are anomalies in the midst of Roman dreariness and disorder. Cardinal Fesche's gallery (one of the largest in Rome) has been arranged since the Restoration; it occupies three stories of the elegant palace he inhabits. Besides a fine collection of the Italian masters, his gallery is singularly rich in the Flemish school. Walking one day with his Eminence through his lower suite, we chanced to light on a range of apartments, which had the air of the scene-room of a theatre—piles of great pictures were placed against the walls, or covered the floor; and it required the aid of two or three

liness and accommodation which mark the state of society where man is freest; the existence of all that accumulation of sumptuosity, which belongs to countries in which there exist but two classes—the slave and his master.

A Roman palace, of the first order, is a vast and massive edifice, more imposing for its magnitude, than for the beauty of its architecture; for by far the greater number were raised towards the close of the sixteenth century, when the arts were declining. The long and elevated façade, turned to the street, is of dark hewn stone; and ponderous portals, with a *porte-cocher*, open into the square *cortile*, round which the palace rises, in some instances (as the Borghese) lined with two tiers of open porticoes. The cortile is frequently the repository of accumulated filth; and even the vast, open, and marble stairs (beautiful as they sometimes are) are, with a few exceptions, never-failingly as disgusting to the eye, as they

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footmen to get at some pieces which he wished to shew us. On inquiry, we found that these were intended, by the liberality of his Eminence, to decorate country Churches in Catholic countries, which had been spoliated or degraded during the last thirty years. Cardinal Fesche is the only one of the Conclave who at present encourages the arts, or purchases pictures: the rest content themselves with getting their own pictures done, on their being made Cardinal, (a form attending their elevation,) for which they pay a few *scudi* to some miserable dauber—at least, so one of the first painters in Rome told us.

are offensive to the smell—all is *immondezzaio!* and from the anti-room to the attic, the term is equally applicable.

As these stairs are ascended by the picked steps of the weary and stifled visitor, no human sound or form directs his way; and whether master, guest, or stranger,

> —— "Not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
> Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see:
> All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
> Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite."

These superb flights of filth and marble are frequently ascended and descended in hopeless research, before the dirty rope is discovered which rings the bell of the anti-room; when however it is found, and the bell is rung, one of those mops-heads, seen behind the cardinal or princely carriage in the Corso, pops itself over the railing of the upper flight, and calls the Cicerone of the palace to attend the "*Forestiere;*" and the anti-room-door opens from within, and discovers some old "*capo di famiglia,*" who has survived three generations of his princely and feeble masters, and still wears the remnant of the livery given him by the first. The dirty walls of this anti-room are partially covered with the worst and largest pictures of the palace, the dross of the collection, and with pieces of old and faded tapestry. The floor is that of an Irish tap-room, in a country

pot-house. The ceiling and wood-work are smoked and smeared, like the walls of a barrack; and a wooden settle, containing a lock-up for fragments, a deal-table, and a couple of ancient leather-backed chairs, complete the furniture of this passage to the most gorgeous apartments. In the midst of all this meanness and disorder rises invariably the Throne—for every Roman Prince, being a Sovereign in his own territories, has not only his throne in the anti-room, but frequently one in the state apartments. The canopy with its drapery of crimson velvet and gold, emblazoned with arms, which covers the seat of princely pomp, extends its shadow at the same moment over the dirty stable-boy, who cleans the prince's boots or the cardinal's shoes. Here also are ranged the brass-candlesticks and tallow-candles used on the preceding evening; coats left to be beaten, porridge set to cool, and wigs to be dressed; for the anti-room is the room of all works, and the throne is now used for every purpose, but that for which it was intended. Since the Revolution, the Roman Princes have lost their feudal privileges; and though nominally sovereigns, they have not yet been restored to that plenitude of power, which will probably return, with other ancient abuses, under the influence of the Holy Alliance.

Here may be seen some "scrub" mending a

coat or trimming a lamp, the Jocris, or Scagnarelle of the family; while the old custode sits warming his numbed fingers over a little copper vessel, containing a few dying embers—the only fire visible throughout the palace, even in the humid days of a Roman winter.* The apartments which succeed, in number, in extent, and frequently in wealth, and above all in the treasures of art, are indescribable. There is scarcely one of these magnificent and now empty dwellings that is not worthy to lodge the most sumptuous monarch; and in going through the Palaces Borghese, Corsini, Doria-Pamfili, Farnese, Barberini, and Colonna, it is evident, that, notwithstanding the numerous trains of dependants which the Cardinals and Princes of Rome supported and domesticated, they never could have occupied the whole of their palaces: in the corner of one of these the Neapolitan Ambassador now lives like a mouse in a granary.†

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* During the winter we were at Rome, there was a fall of snow, "the heaviest," said one of the Arcadians to us, "that has fallen since that which drove Hannibal from the Porta Collina."—Although the afternoons were deliciously fine, in the mornings and evenings a fire was indispensably necessary even to the hardiest English visitor; yet I never saw a fire in a Roman palace, except such as were inhabited by foreigners and the Bonaparte family.

† The Farnese Palace.

At present, their noble possessors, poorer in spirit and poorer in means than their ancestors, are niched into a few rooms, and inhabit the second story, or the third when the second, like the first, is a gallery devoted to pictures—or perhaps some solitary representative of a once all-powerful name occupies a part of some solitary wing, and lives in gloom and dreariness, solaced by fanaticism, amused by cards, or preyed on by hypochondria. We found this the case in two or three of the noblest and most interesting palaces in Rome. Notwithstanding that the penury, or poverty, of some of the Roman princes, has induced them to sell many of their pictures, the collections still exhibited in the galleries of their palaces are finer and more numerous than in any other part of Italy. Those of the Doria, the Colonna, the Colonna Sciarra, the Borghese, and Corsini, are particularly so; but they are too frequently abandoned to utter neglect; and the dust of ages, which has been permitted to accumulate on the works of Raphael, Titian, Domenichino, &c. &c. is known in some instances to have been preserved with religious veneration. Nothing in the apartments where they hang, has been displaced or changed since they were completed; and such is the characteristic inertness of the modern Roman patricians, that at the time of the Revolution, when some of the younger members of distin-

guished families were forced into activity, store-rooms* filled with treasures, scarcely known to exist, were discovered in their palaces. Although the present Prince Borghese and Prince Corsini both reside at Florence, (where they have large possessions and fine palaces,) their palaces at Rome are not only two of the most princely, but two of the best-preserved. We owe it to the attentions of both gentlemen, that their galleries and libraries were open to us, through their particular recommendations.

The Palazzo Corsini derives its present magnificence from the Corsini Pope, Clement the Twelfth. It was long the residence of Queen Christina of Sweden, who died there in 1689; and is well worthy, by its vastness, riches, and splendour, of a royal tenant. But now no multitude of laquais

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* The library of the Palace Borghese had not been opened for many years before the Revolution. Some time after that event, and after the young Prince had married into the Bonaparte family, a visit to it was proposed (as a frolic after dinner) to the Dowager Princess. After a long search for keys, the party proceeded thither with lights; when, on opening the door, the singular spectacle presented itself, of the whole room in a blaze. This sudden conflagration was caused by the cobwebs which covered the walls, taking fire the moment the candles were brought in; and the flame ran rapidly round, but was extinguished as rapidly. Stores of gold, silver, and ivory work of the most beautiful description were found in the *Guarda-roba* of this palace.

crowd its hall! no *creato*, or dependant*, waits in its anti-rooms. Its superb mosaics, its basso-relievoes, its busts, its master-works of painting, and hangings of gold and velvet, remain; but the grass springs up in its untrodden courts; and a stately, reverend *Monsignore*, niched in its library, of which he most characteristically does the honours, alone occupies this most princely mansion†. The library consists of eight great rooms. It is enriched with the most valuable collection of books of the fifteenth century, known in Italy: two hundred volumes of engravings also increase its treasures. Among its literary curiosities is the prayer-book of Christopher Columbus, given him by the Pope, and bequeathed by him to the Genoese Republic; as a codicil in his own hand-writing in one of the leaves intimates—volumes, however, have been written by disputatious *virtuosi* to prove that this codicil is a forgery.

But in this vast repertory of letters and arts, nothing is more curious than that one of its rooms should be entirely dedicated to the disputes of

* Whoever depended on the favour of a Roman Prince, or Cardinal, was termed "*suo creato*," his creature.

† The Prince Corsini had the goodness to give us a letter of introduction to his Librarian, whose titles filled the whole cover! This is a curious trait of the modes still existing at Rome—the remains of the pomposity of the ages of aristocracy. The Librarian of a Roman Prince has, in fact, more dignities than an English Duke.

the Jansenists and Molinists. A former librarian having been a furious Jansenist, made the collection at a time when the Princes Corsini did not often visit their library. There is a volume containing a Catalogue of the Fathers (I forget of what doctrine) given to the Devil; with an accurate description of the Devil's House, where they were lodged. These are curious pictures of the human mind*, and would be amusing ones, if they were not connected with human sufferings, which error never fails to multiply.

Among the pictures, those which struck us were, the "Ecce Homo" of Guercino (more agonized, but less divine, than that of Carlo Dolce);

* Many of the old Italian libraries, devoted to theology, present the most singular monuments of the aberrations of intellect working its way through bigotry and ignorance. Montfaucon seems to have visited Italy, in the year 1698, for the purpose of seeing these repertories of human folly; with all of which he was duly edified and delighted. His description of the "Knight Beleridius" Library of Pavia is worth quoting. Having disclosed that "he was a person renowned for his piety, who *lent him his coach*," he adds, "He has a singular library, the like whereof we never saw, and it is numerous; filled with books, written in defence of the Immaculate conception of the blessed Virgin Mary. Not one upon any other subject has admittance there, and most of them are writ by Franciscans: I happened upon one composed by *Frà Alva*, in the title-page whereof, the blessed Virgin appears on high, and under her an inclosure of walls, strengthened with towers; in each of these towers is a Franciscan fighting with the many-headed dragon, the adversary of the mystery."—Montfaucon's Italy, Old Translation, p. 97.

a Virgin and Child of Caravaggio's (singular from the Child being a strong hale boy of five or six years old, dressed in a yellow coat, and the Virgin being a coarse-looking young woman, in the costume of a Roman peasant, with the sleeves of her corset tied on with red ribbons); and Titian's fine but wicked picture of the atrocious Philip the Second (the head a satire on humanity!)

Annexed to this vast palace is the Casino Corsini, on the Mount Janiculum, occupying the site where Julius Martial's villa stood (the cousin of the Epigrammatist). There was a wantonness in the magnificence of these Roman Princes of modern times, which was unknown even to the voluptuaries of the Augustan day!

The Palazzo Borghese, vulgarly called, by the cockneys of Rome, *Cembalo* (the harpsichord) *di Borghese*, from its peculiar form, was the work of Pope Paul the Fifth (a Borghese). Its great court, its beautiful colonnades, supported by granite columns, are its distinguishing architectural features. It covers an immense space, and is a proud monument of the system it commemorates. What is called in Rome *appartamento-a-pian-terreno*, vulgarly translated the "ground-floor," consists of eleven fine rooms, all dedicated to the gallery, and containing works of all the great masters of all countries. Sixty of these pictures are said to be of the very highest value, and many of the portraits by Raphael, Titian,

and Giulio-Romano, have an historical interest, independent of their exquisite merit as works of art, and of the names of the artists. The wing to the left contains the private apartments of the Prince; that to the right is inhabited by the Princess Pauline Borghese and her suite.

The VILLA BORGHESE, within the walls of the city, is almost the *double* of the palace, from which it is but a short walk, and once had a celebrity beyond all other Roman villas.* It was built by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, the nephew of Paul the Fifth; and with its gardens and lake, occupies a space of near three miles in circumference. The interior of this stupendous villa is filled with antique and modern sculpture, pictures, and mosaics—without, its grounds are covered with casinos, temples, citadels, aviaries, and all that a gorgeous and false taste, with wealth beyond calculation, could crowd together. Now silent, and uninhabited, save by an old *custode*, its Grecian or its Parian marbles, and luxurious groves, contrast forcibly with the massive walls which moulder near it—the walls raised by the Emperor

* "The Villa Borghese (says Montfaucon) than which there is nothing better worth seeing in Rome." It was from this Villa that the statues were taken which the Prince sold to Napoleon, and for which he was paid out of the national lands of Piedmont, then a part of the French territory. Their absence is however scarcely perceived amidst the abundance of curious and valuable objects that still remain.

Aurelian to form a new boundary to Rome, and which Belisarius found falling to ruin in his day. This venerable relic is called the *Muro torto*, from its bending, of which Procopius speaks.

Another VILLA BORGHESE, in the midst of hanging woods and gardens, cascades and torrents—spacious, superb, and desolate—rises among the lovely heights of Frescati, raised by the same wealth of nepotism that built the former, and connected by delicious wood-walks with the *Casa Mondragone*, belonging likewise to the Prince, and alike abandoned to neglect, though eminently favoured by nature.* But, among all the villas of the Borghese family, there is but one habitable and enjoyable, where English neatness, French elegance, and Italian taste, are most happily united. It is the *Villa Paolina Bonaparte Borghese*, laid out, adorned, and furnished by the Princess. Whoever has passed a spring morning in this beautiful retreat, and partaken of one of the Princess Borghese's weekly dejeunées, has seen the interior of a Roman villa under an aspect that forms a curious solecism in Roman habits and Roman inhospitality.†

* So much has been formerly and recently written on the subject of Frescati, Albano, Tivoli, &c. &c. that to mention them in a work like the present, would be but an ill-judged repetition of hackneyed descriptions.

† The day before we left Rome, we breakfasted at the Villa Paolina, with a circle composed of British nobility of both sexes,

The VILLA FARNESINA is rather a casino than a villa; it belongs to the Farnese family *, and is situated within the walls of Rome, not far from the great Farnese palace. It was built by Agostino Chigi, a private citizen and merchant of Rome, in the time of Leo the Tenth, to whom a solemn banquet was given when it was finished. These Roman citizens shared with Popes and Princes the labours of the Bramantes and the Raphaels; and one of the rooms of the Farnesina is entirely painted by the pencil of Raphael and his eminent pupils. The subject of this precious fresco is the story of *Galatea*; but the *prima donna* of the picture is a nymph carried off by a Triton. From the beauty of this finished work of Raphael's pencil, the eye is called off by the sketch of a head! a colossal head! Although drawn only with a burnt stick, yet not all the beauty of Raphael's Nereids, nor the grace of Volterra's Diana, can

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of the Roman Princes and Princesses, German Grandees, and American Merchants—a singular congress. The collation was of sweetmeats, ices, light wines, coffee; and the principal amusement, looking at the elegant apartments of the villa, sauntering in the gardens, and visiting some antiquities within their walls—the vestiges of the Prætorian camp.

* The Farnese Palaces at Rome now belong to the King of Naples, who has stripped them of all their precious works of art, save the beautiful frescoes of the Farnese Palace by the Caracci, and those of the Farnesina, because they could not be removed.

turn the attention from this wondrous head! Daniel da Volterra, a favourite pupil of Michael Angelo's, had been employed with the disciples of Raphael in painting the apartment, and prayed his immortal master to come and give an opinion of his work. Michael Angelo arrived at the Farnesina before his pupil, and in the restless impatience of ennui (the malady of genius), he snatched a bit of charcoal, and dashed off that powerful head, which, like his "terrible hand,"* gave as great an intimation of his genius as "Moses," or his "Day." While cornices and bas-relievoes glittered on every side, this charcoal head on its bare space of wall has been suffered to remain during a lapse of ages: all now begins to fade around it, even the tints of Raphael; but the head seems indelible!

This room was the scene of one of Cellini's pleasant adventures, and his interview with the pretty Madonna Chigi, whom he describes as being not only a laughing lovely creature, but "*gentile al possibile.*" The Galatea of Raphael, and the head of Buonarroti, were alike probably forgotten, while she pronounced that smiling "*Addio! Benvenuto,*" which dwelt on his memory, and which, at the end of forty years, he recalls with such visible fondness, along with the "*piace-*

* "*Mano terribile,*" says Vasari, speaking of the hand sketched by Buonarroti, when asked for a specimen of his drawing.

volissimo riso," which accompanied it. To such images of the Raphael's, the Michael Angelo's, and the Cellini's, succeed the haughty and overpowering remembrance of the Dukes Farnese, who here held their royal solemnities, when called to the kingdom of Naples; and now not even of them a trace remains behind! Ruin and desolation are here triumphant!—the rooms are bare—time and damp are falling on the living hues of the Psyche and the Galatea. The delicious gardens*, which the honest Chigi enjoyed, overgrown with weeds, command the ruinous shores of the dwindled Tiber; and the Campagna is not more melancholy than the once voluptuous pavilions of the Villa Farnesina.

The Villa Pamfili-Doria, one of the finest in the neighbourhood of Rome, was erected in the seventeenth century, by the nephew of the *Pamfili* Pope, Innocent the Tenth, whose extravagant passion for his sister-in-law, Donna Olimpia Maldachini, is one of the most notable traits in his life. The grounds, woods, and gardens are truly delicious: the palace itself has all the generic features of such edifices; and is filled with pictures and statues, dreary and neglected.

* There is a pretty but dilapidated Loggia in this garden, where Vasari took Titian to see a fresco by Peruzzi.—"*Io mi ricordo del menando io il Cavaliero Tiziano, pittore eccellentissimo e onorato, a vedere quella Loggia,*" &c. &c. &c.—Vasari.

The *custode* who shewed it to us, and who lived in an adjoining lodge, unlocked it as if it were a box. The rooms were cumbrously furnished, but a luxurious retreat might be found here from the bad smells and confined air of Rome (from which it is a twenty minutes' drive); and yet the *custode* assured us neither the Princes nor Princesses Pamfili-Doria had visited it for four or five years.* We observed the most delicious

* We heard a hundred curious anecdotes at Rome of the inertness of the Roman Princes. One is extremely illustrative of the whole:—In the Roman dominions there is no spot more famous or more interesting than Palestrina, the Præneste of antiquity, the precursor of the "Eternal City," the scene of the wars of Sylla, and the retreat of Marius in the antique times; in the middle ages memorable as the site of the pontifical struggles and holy wars, the strong-hold of the Colonna, and the subject of the rage of Boniface the Eighth. It is now, with its ruins and recollections, the estate of the Princes Barberini, whose family has not seen it for three generations. The present lord of the soil, on being asked by a person from whom I had the anecdote, why he had not visited so interesting a spot, a short day's journey from his palace in Rome, replied, "Why, my father never visited it: besides, 'tis too long a journey for my own horses, and not worth the expense of posting."

Frescati, the country of Cato and of Cicero, shares the fate of Palestrina. The Tusculum of the Roman orator, or at least its site, has been purchased by Lucien Bonaparte; but after a long and domestic residence on this classic spot in the bosom of his respectable family, he was driven from it by banditti, who occasionally come down from their mountains, even to the gates of Rome.

spring-flowers, violets, anemones, &c. &c. growing up spontaneously between the tesselated pavement of the parterres; nothing could be more lovely or more deserted than the whole. One of the most curious rooms in this villa is a cabinet called Donna Olimpia's; and the custode, drawing a red feather tippet from a casket, insisted on my accepting one of the feathers, "*come una reliquia della Signora Principessa Olimpia;*" a relic probably as authenticated and efficacious as many others bearing better names at Rome!*

The VILLA ALBANI, raised in the middle of the last century by the late Cardinal, and belonging to the present Cardinal Albani, is the most perfect, the freshest of all Roman villas. It looks like some pure and elegant Grecian temple—a little Pantheon! dedicated to all the rural gods, with whose statues (the most perfect specimens of antiquities) its marble colonnades and galleries are filled. It might be deemed too ideal for a human habitation; yet is sufficiently commodious to be one; and of all other villas, this alone realizes the preconceived image of fervid fan-

* The picture of this pontifical Montespan is preserved in the Villa Pamfili. She looks a most brow-beating and fierce virago; sufficiently formidable to keep the whole Conclave in order, which in fact she did. To all the remonstrances offered to Pope Innocent on the subject of this amour, his constant reply was—"*Rimediaremo, Rimediaremo.*"—"We'll reform it."

cies of a true Italian villa. Its walls are encrusted with basso-relievoes—its corridors grouped with fauns and nymphs—its ceilings all azure and gold—its saloons perfumed by breezes, loaded with the odours of orange-flowers. Its gardens, studded with temples, command a view, terminated by a waving line of acclivities, whose very names are poetry. When I visited it, a distant blue mist veiled the intervening wastes of the Campagna, and the dews and lights of morning lent their freshness and lustre to a scene and fabric, such as Love might have chosen for his Psyche when he bore her from the wrath of Venus. But, when the first glimpse of this vision faded, the true character of the Roman villa came forth; for artichokes and cabbages were flourishing amidst fauns and satyrs, that seemed chiselled by a Praxiteles! The *Eminentissimo Padrone* of this splendid villa rarely visits its wonders but in the course of a morning drive: and his gardens are hired out to a Roman market-man, to raise vegetables during the spring and winter. In summer even the custode vacates his hovel, and the Villa Albani is left in the undisputed possession of that terrible scourge of Roman policy and Roman crimes—the *Mal-aria;* the causes and effects all morally connected, and the strictest poetical justice every where visible.

Strikingly distinct from the ancient ruins and pontifical and princely palaces, stands the

modern City of Rome, remote from the vestiges of antiquity, and disgracing the sumptuous edifices of the latter ages. Lalande has remarked that

"The great and glorious Rome"

"resembles on its first view a provincial town of France;" and it is, in fact, one of the most modern cities in Italy, and wholly removed from the site of the capital of the Cæsars. The Rome of the middle ages, so often desolated by the factious nobles and tumultuous people of those "stirring times," rose amidst the noble monuments of antiquity, of which there then existed perfect and stupendous fragments: for the Barberini and Farnese had not then robbed temples of their columns, and amphitheatres of their marbles. In the latter end of the sixteenth century, the mass of irregular lanes which had constituted the modern city, disappeared, and a new city * was got up, as it were, in a hurry, by the active, bustling Sixtus Quintus, who strewed the ill-constructed dwellings of the people amidst the gigantic palaces of the princes. This city (bounded on all sides by wastes and rubbish) exhibited within

* Cardinal Bentivoglio, after a few years' absence from Rome during the reign of Sixtus Quintus, did not know it on his return. *Non riconobbi quasi più Roma, si nuova trovai la corte d' interessi e di faccie, e si mutata la città d' edifizie e de strade.*—Lettere, p. 118.

its centre few of those venerable monuments of antiquity, of which the Rome of the imagination is composed. The entrance to the Ex-Caput-Mundi by the *Porta del Popolo,* is most disappointing. The *Piazza del Popolo* has nothing to distinguish it from the "*place*" of one of M. Lalande's provincial cities, except its Egyptian obelisk in the centre. On one side is a country-town-looking barrack, before which may be seen lounging the pontifical carabineers, and the *doganieri,* ready to pounce on the last-arrived stranger: on the other, stands a plain church and convent, with a gravelled and planted walk on the eminence above it (which only rises into consideration, when it is known that it forms a part of the *Monte Pincio*). In the front, directly opposite the *Porta del Popolo,* are two pretty churches, occupying the points of junction of three long narrow streets. The central one is the Corso. It is mean at its entrance, resembling an old-fashioned street in the city of London, until its poor shops and inferior fabrics are suddenly succeeded by the noblest palaces in the world, which continue to the fine old square called the *Piazza di Venezia.*

The street which runs to the right, (the *Strada di Ripetta,*) gloomy, ruinous, and abandoned, lies in a line with the Tiber: that to the left (the *Via del Babbuino,* terminated by the *Piazza d'Espagna,*) is the site of the hotels frequented by the English; and is such a street as might be patched out of

the main streets of a French and English country-town. Here and there the high, broad façade of an Italian hotel, or palace, recalls Italy; but every where walls new dashed and white-washed, doors and window-shutters shining in verdigrise green, narrow open passages (intended to represent halls), with their sinks half emptied, and their gutters half cleaned, intimate an intention of the inhabitants of the *Via del Babbuino* to suit the English taste and habits of the expected lodgers, with efforts at cleanliness and order, rare in every other part of the city, and even here, very generally confined to the outside of those fabrics where

"Appartamenti da affittarsi"*

stare to the curious gaze of the last new arrivals. In this street, dangling out of an old balcony four stories high, may be seen many a "knowing-one" from St. James's, who, watching the approach of his breakfast-tray of cold coffee, brought from a neighbouring *Trattoria*, is scarcely consoled even by the Coliseum for the loss of his elegant snuggery in Albany; and votes the "eternal city" an eternal bore! There, in the *piano superiore* (which in England would be an inferior attic), stuffed with half a dozen children, and as many English nursery-maids, tutors, and governesses, grumbles the unfortunate English country-gentleman, forced

* "Apartments to let."

from the pure enjoyments and substantial comforts of his true and unrivalled English country-seat, and sighing for his Southdowns and Merinos, while his classical wife explains to him the wonders of the Campo-Vaccino, out of Vasi, and declares, with Erasmus, "that the very walls of Rome are more learned than the men with us." Many a group from the banks of the Liffey, or the Shannon, call forth the "Latian echoes" of their Roman lodgings in the *Piazza d'Espagna*, with praises of the Pope and the Cardinals, who furnish Irish travellers with such amusements as even the Castle of Dublin cannot afford to its elect—resolved more than ever to give their "cordial support to a system" which procures the present order of things; and, in raptures with St. Peter's and the "venerable Pontiff," never fail, when Ireland is recalled over their "pure Falernian," to drink the "Protestant ascendancy," "the glorious memory," and the "resident gentry" of their native land.

The Via del Babbuino, the Piazza d'Espagna, and one or two streets in their vicinity, are literally British colonies; and the bustle, noise, and life which their foreign inhabitants lend to them, are almost unknown in every other part of this "city of the dead."

"Rome," says Evelyn, "is most tempting for a great person or a wanton purse;" a truth particularly felt in visiting the *studii*, or workshops of

sculptors and painters, by those who are not "great persons," and have not a "wanton purse." Rome is indeed, at this moment, the great academy of the world; and this is the aspect in which it is most delightful to consider her. The congress of talent assembled from all nations of the earth, to promote the arts, is well worth all other congresses; and Genius sending forth her sons from the frozen regions of the Baltic, or the sunny valleys of the dew-dripping South, affords a far more gracious aspect of society, than those portentous meetings of sovereigns, in which the interest of a few takes precedence of the welfare of all; and which are no less fatal to the liberties of the nations they represent, than of those whom they assemble to crush.

Amidst the rubbish, ruins, and fragments, which fill up the court and avenues of the palace of the Barberini, lie the workshops of some of the most distinguished artists of Rome; some, I believe, occupying the very outhouses raised for the workmen who built that ponderous edifice in former ages, when the Coliseum was plundered for its erection. Among these the workshop of the *Cavaliere Thorwaldson* is the most attractive, though the quick demand for his exquisite productions leaves but few of his works on hand. His basso-relievoes are his finest efforts; particularly his splendid model of the Triumph of Alexander, for the façade of the Quirinal, bespoke by

Napoleon, whose own triumphs were at an end before the work was finished. The heads, and, above all, that of the conqueror himself, taken from his bust in the Capitol, are most striking. A plaster cast of this basso-relievo was put up in the Quirinal, and a copy in marble was, I believe, purchased by Monsieur Sommariva, of Paris, decidedly the most munificent patron of the arts in Europe.*

In the workshop of *Radolf Schadow*, a German sculptor, we were struck by his "*filatrice*," which, among other merits, has that of extreme originality, not being in the least borrowed from the antique. It is the figure of a beautiful girl in the act of spinning. It is full of movement and life; and the attitude with one hand elevated above the head, while the eye regards the motion of the simple spindle near the ground, is extremely picturesque and varied. The golden thread seemed to vibrate to the touch of her tremulous finger.

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* The collection of Mons. Sommariva at Paris has already been mentioned in the Author's work on France. We found this gentleman in Rome and Naples, as busy in purchasing statues, pictures, and busts, as if he were about to found, not to complete, a collection. We sometimes accompanied him to his friend Canova, and witnessed his anxiety to rival potentates in the good graces of the "genius of sculpture." I believe he has succeeded in carrying off Canova's favourite "nymph," who had more competitors, when we were at Rome, for her possession, than any living beauty in Europe.

Fabrice, another sculptor, has made a like deviation from the calm motionless dignity of the antique: it is a Venus trying, in painful curiosity, the point of an arrow (with which she has been wounded), while an *espiègle* little Love is struggling to get it out of her hands. This charming group was done for the Prince Esterhazy, whose orders are to be seen executing by almost every artist in Italy.

But there was one workshop which we frequently visited, to which curiosity alone did not lead us; where we often sought the man more than the artist, and where the sublimest of all the arts, illustrated by its noblest productions, were not the sole inducements of our visits—the workshop of *Canova*.*

It is always delightful to oppose the calumnies which invidious dulness heaps on the head of genius, by adducing living proofs of the union of the highest order of talent with the most ele-

* The Marchese Canova and his excellent brother the Abate were among our earliest visitants at Rome; and the pleasure of their society at our fire-side in the *prima sera*, was among our greatest intellectual enjoyments during our residence in that unintellectual city. Canova has vivacity, much general information, and consequently great conversational powers. His views of society are philosophical, and such as become a genius by no means confined to the art he practises. His appearance and address have all the simplicity of true talent and elevated sentiment; and he is as universally esteemed in his social relations, as he is admired for his art.

vated virtue. The life of Canova is perfectly in point with this purpose. From the first of his brilliant career, his family benefited by his exertions; as he proceeded in life and fame, the sphere of his benevolence was extended with his means; and when, on the completion of his ungracious mission to Paris*, the Pope bestowed on him an annual revenue of three thousand piastres, he assigned a part of his increased income to the maintenance of the families of decayed artists.

The workshop of Canova is by far the most extensive in Rome; and his most arduous industry can only be estimated by those permitted to wander through his various work-rooms and galleries. Masses of marble, almost mountains, fresh hewn from their native quarries, fill the inferior chambers; others exhibiting the first sketched rudiments of creation succeed; then come the outlined forms starting into being,

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* To inspect the packing up of the restored statues. On this occasion he was likewise created Marquis of Ischia, a title which, however, he does not assume. The name of Canova is in itself a patent of nobility, which kings can neither give nor take away, and it will outlive the recollection of any feudal distinctions with which royalty may idly seek to encumber it. It is a foolish vanity in potentates thus to place in parallel and opposition the nobility of social institutions and that of nature. It is applying the touchstone that best detects the baseness of the cheap coin with which they reward alike the services and the servilities of their creatures.

resembling a metamorphosis of ancient fable, where life has " half forgot itself to stone." Further on, are almost living groups of beauties, wits, kings, and pontiffs, with all their insignia, the wreath, the stylus, the crown, the tiara. In the midst of all, towers a colossal form, which makes the imaged dynasties around it look like pigmies. Three kings bespoke this mightiest produce of Canova's immortal chisel, basely emulous to make an idol of him, who had made them——nothing! There is not one royal chapman now to claim the statue, and it lies upon the sculptor's hands. Its sole inscription is, " Napoleon !"

At the extremity of this suite is the cabinet of the master-genius himself, far from the din and bustle of less-inspired workmen ; and there was, in our estimation, nothing in Rome more worthy to be seen than Canova himself at work, habited in his nankeen jacket and yellow slippers; his frail and delicate frame energized to Herculean strength ; now striking off from the mass, now finishing some trait so delicate as to escape all eyes, save that of Art. When we first visited him, he was occupied on his Nymph, which he himself counts a *chef-d'œuvre*. Canova was then (1820) past sixty ; but though his health was frail, his enthusiasm was fresh, and his mind vigorous. His whole appearance is nobly expressed in his picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence,

which had just been finished when we arrived at Rome.*

THERE are in Rome hundreds of young and aspiring artists, full of emulation, talent, and spirit—the rudiments of a Raphael, a Domenichino, a Buonarroti, or a John of Bologna! But

* The orders of the Italian governments to Canova, during the last twenty years, were munificent. A Theseus was bespoke by the government of Milan, at an immense price; three-fourths of which were paid in advance. On the Restoration, the Emperor of Austria paid the remainder, and carried off the statue to —Vienna. The meanness of these arbitrators of Europe is equal to their dulness and their tyranny. A Perseus also was bespoke by the French Government for Rome; it lay on Canova's hands until M. Sommariva became its purchaser. When shamed into justice, the Papal government refused to give up a work which was calculated to add new splendour to the Vatican, and paid the sum originally asked for it. Since this period the governments of Italy have ordered nothing from Canova; nor have the cardinals, princes, and nobles of Rome purchased a single picture or statue from any living artist there. The pretty Cupid, in the palace Sciarra Colonna, was a present from the painter to the Prince who bears this superb name. It was the only modern picture we remarked in any of the palaces. The saloons of the Duchess of Devonshire were, on the contrary, crowded with recent works. Canova's noble statue of "Religion," which would have been so well adapted to St. Peter's, was refused by the government; and he has given it to his native village, Possanio, where he has erected a church, on the plan and size of the portico of the Pantheon, to receive it. It is said that he intended to dedicate this building to God; but the idea was not esteemed orthodox in Rome, and the church remains nameless and undevoted.

of what avail is genius, when there are few to admire, fewer to encourage, and none to purchase? This is not an age for the arts. If it were, they would flourish, as in the times of the Julios and the Leos. The artificial overstocking of the market by the academies now opened in Rome by the Austrian, French, and Russian governments, is but one among many proofs of their total ignorance of human nature, and of legislative philosophy. Royal pensions to indigent merit, or favoured mediocrity, serve only to divert genuine ability from more profitable spheres of exertion, such as the exigencies of each age produce; and though the youthful artist may have been even permitted to realize on his canvass the imbecility of an Imperial countenance, that event will rarely save him from a life passed in designing china plates for porcelain manufacturers, or modelling candelabras for the bronze-caster; till, having laboured through a painful, penurious existence, he dies—broken in spirit, impressed with the conviction that his genius was neglected, and that the age was more in fault than himself.*

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* Compare the Raphael, the Zucchiri, and all the most famous painters of Italy, making what was called their *Gir' a torno*, and taking their rounds through the different cities, painting without any models but nature (" *fatto dal natura, più che da maestro alcuno*,") the walls of a palace, an altar-piece, or the portrait of a prince:—compare their struggling existence, with the splendid commencement of a young French painter, sent by his royal

From the workshops of young artists of the present day, some of which vainly abound in meritorious works, one turns to the sites of those which were filled by no pensioned artists and royal academicians. Raphael, before he became master of his *palazzetto**, occupied a house in the Via Coronari, which is still marked by an inscription. Even the site of a little *osteria* is rescued from oblivion, where at the Ave Maria he was wont to recreate, with all his pupils, and arrange their work in his own *loggia* at the Vatican, for the following day.†

On the *Trinità del Monte* stands the handsome house of Taddeo Zucchiro, who begged his way to Rome, and yet lived to add to the number of

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patron to study at Rome, being first crowned with laurels at the Institute of Paris, and kissed by his triumphant master on both cheeks, in the presence of enraptured beauties and applauding sages; and, having thus compared the means, examine the ends to which they have led, and then doubt, if it be possible, that market alone fosters merit, and gives to genius the sole direction which it can take, without an almost absolute certainty of disappointment.

* On the site of this palace stands part of the colonnade at St. Peter's, the Pope throwing down the work of Raphael with more vulgar buildings.

† In the same manner Annibale Caracci is described going an hour before Ave Maria, with all his pupils, (Guido, Domenichino, Lanfranco, &c.) in procession to the wine-house outside the town of Bologna. There they supped, played bowls, and amused themselves with Caracci's famous automaton, which he pulled by strings into different attitudes.

its palaces.* Claude Lorraine's house stands on the same site, No. 11, and he still occupied it in 1667. In the Via Gregoriana, No. 33 and No. 40, lived Salvator Rosa and Gaspar Poussin; and Angelica Kauffman, in 1800, occupied the house, No. 70, in the Via Sestini. The rooms in the Quirinal, where Lawrence painted Pope Pius the Seventh's and Cardinal Gonsalvi's splendid portraits, will be sought for by future inquirers in interesting topography, when such anomalies in society as Popes and Cardinals shall live only in the pages of that history their deeds have darkened †.

THERE is at Rome a profession connected with the arts, that exclusively belongs to its peculiar

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* This palace was long the residence of the celebrated Earl of Bristol, bishop of Derry. It is now tenanted by Signore Gabrielli‡. On the stairs, the frescoes painted by Zucchiro still remain. Rome naturally abounds in what may be termed biographical topography. That side of the Esquiline near the Porta San Lorenzo, where stood the gardens of Mæcenas, and the residences of Virgil and Propertius, has still an interest; though Nero, it is supposed, played, while Rome was burning, from its summit.

† These two portraits excited a generous and unqualified ad-

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‡ One of the most eminent landscape-painters of Rome, and well known in Ireland by many pictures painted during a long residence in that country, where his talents are still highly esteemed. His view of the Forum by sun-set, painted for the Duchess of Devonshire, and his view of the Lake of Albano, give the best ideas of Roman scenery, with all the lights and tints of a Roman atmosphere.

character of virtù, and the little shops where it is practised are as much frequented during the short residence of the birds of passage, as either the sculptors or the galleries. The *Scarpellini* are workers in marble and *pietra dura*, who imitate in little the most exquisite forms and most noted monuments of antiquity, with a delicacy and fidelity that speak a life devoted to the arts.* Not a square inch of *rosso antico* or of oriental alabaster is rooted up in the gardens of the Cæsars, by the parasol of an English *dilettante*, but is instantly carried to the *Scarpellini*, who return it to the fair virtuosa, moulded into the form of some noted object of the Vatican or the Capitol; and it may happen that the fragment of a pedestal on which a Titus has leaned, will figure as a *presse-papier* on

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miration in the artists of all nations then at Rome. We arrived there just in time to see them before they were packed up, and to renew our acquaintance with the highly-gifted representative of British art who had produced them.

* This, however, is rarely the case. One of these men, who worked for us, assured us that his story was that of many of his brethren. He was a poor Roman, who in earliest youth worked in the marble quarries of Massa Carrara. Becoming a conscript, he fought in all the latter French campaigns, and was at the burning of Moscow. On the Restoration, he was once more thrown upon the world, and became a *scarpellino*. This, he said, answers well enough, as long as the *forestieri* remain at Rome; but that, at other times, Rome is a miserable place for all but the priest; and he and several of his comrades had resolved on going to America.

an English dressing-table, or be preserved in the model of the tomb of Scipio, or the sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella.

With the spring-flight of the strangers, the occupation of the *Scarpellini* is gone, and they live on their gains for the rest of the year; while the *Mal-aria*, as some of them assured me, penetrates their little shops, from which their penury does not always permit them to remove.

NEXT to the workshops of art, naturally come the workshops of wit — those "*laboratoires de l'esprit,*" long consecrated to ridicule by the name of "*Accademie!*" at the head of which, pre-eminent above all, stands that of the *Arcadi.* There Emperors seek admission, and pant to be received among the *Pastori Arcadici!* and Plebeians find their way, and change their vulgar names for that of *Tirsis* or *Mirtillo,* through the medium of a sonnet and a sequin. There she, whose royal hand was steeped deep in the blood of her ancient domestic, now shines in raddle and royalty * upon the "tuneful walls:" and he, who at this moment arms his slaves against the liberty of Italy and the lives of her sons, *there* smiled complacently under

* Christina of Sweden, who retired to Rome in 1658. The Arcadians frequently assembled at her palace, where she distributed prizes, and assigned pensions to poets. One of her pensioners was the Jesuit Carrara, who wrote a poem in Latin on a Dove, in *twelve* cantos!!!

the laurel wreath; and foregoing the sceptre for the syringa, yclept himself Admetus! *

It was impossible to leave Rome without visiting the Academy, whose members, representing the happy pastors of the Peloponnesus, see the Elysian beauties of the *Bosco Parrasio,* (praised by Virgil, and sung by Sannazaro,) in a back room of an old house, in a dirty lane, perfumed with the odours of fried fish and rancid oil! † It was thus we found the Arcadians on the night of Good-Friday—one of the most important exhibitions in the Arcadian fasti. A narrow filthy staircase, sentinelled with the Pope's soldiers, led to the Sanhedrim of the Muses! (a small room, already stuffed to suffocation when we arrived.) Here hung in poetical series the pictures of the most distinguished members of the society, male and female—Sapphos in flaxen wigs; Corillas in tight stays; bards in armour; and sonnetteers in cardinals' robes. Four fat living muses sat near the rostrum, each with her roll, ready to start, like Pulchinello, with a "*tocca a me!*" and treble the number of Apollos (each the *Magnus* of his own

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* The Arcadian name assumed by the Emperor of Austria, in his late visit to the Arcadian Academy.

† The common people of Rome, who have no *Maison Montée*, bring their fish to be fried in the public frying-pans, at the corner of the streets. On a Good-Friday night all the refuse of the markets are contributed to the *Poële*—and the stench, as we drove into the *Bosco Parrasio*, was insupportable.

imagination), starting for the goal, read in succession a sonnet on the "Passion," a canzone on the Crucifixion, or an ode to the beauties of the "*beata Madre.*" The figures of the Arcadians! the whining tone of their declamation, the eminent vanity of the exhibition, the abortive efforts of mind to overcome the "Poppy and Mandragoras" of Church restrictions, and the miserable result of all—which is but to point a passage, or to tag a verse—presented a combination infinitely more painful to observe, than the brutal ignorance of the more animal people;—for, after all, death is less disgusting than distortion and malady!

There are several other academies at Rome; and the Church, which originated these societies *, continues to sanction them. That called the *Tiberini* is merely an emanation of the Arcadia, and is devoted to the same innocent pursuits.

The *Accademia Ecclesiastica* is instituted to defend the Church and State from the attacks of modern philosophy, and the new institutes of the Revolution. Here the disputants have it,

"Like the bull in the china-shop—all their own way;"

and long dissertations are read to prove what no one is permitted to deny.

* The Jesuits greatly contributed to the encouragement of the Arcadians, as occupying the minds of the literary youth upon safe and innocent themes, and keeping them from subjects not quite so favourable to their views as poems on Doves, in twelve cantos!

In the *Accademia Legale*, young students are allowed to cry up the Justinian, and cry down the Napoleon Code: and in that of the *Bonpiani*, the utmost latitude is given, to prove the dying gladiator to be a Persian King; or to settle a point between Flaminius Vacca and Père Montfaucon, concerning the idol which both have left uncertain, whether it was dedicated to the devil, or to the god of the Sabines.

The Academies of St. Luke*, of the *Lyncées*, and of archæology or general antiquities, are of a more respectable class. The former is the Academy of Painting, and had fallen into decay, when the French put it under the special protection of government, appointed new professors, and established pupils. The second is for physical science, and is one of the most ancient in Europe. It was founded by Frederic Cesi, Duc d'Acqua-sparta. The third had been dissolved before the arrival of the French, who, aware of its consequence and high importance, re-established it for the purpose of forwarding excavations, where every rood of earth might cover a treasure of art. On the restoration of the Pope, it was again dissolved by order of government; and if it is now re-

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* This old Academy is well worth visiting, were it only to see Raphael's skull preserved in a crystal case. There are also some fine, and many curious pictures—one of the last hung upon the walls, was the last work of that most ingenious and promising young artist, Harlow.

established and maintained, the circumstance is due to the exertions and liberality of Canova, who not only, by earnest solicitation to his Holiness, obtained leave to re-open the academy, but assigned a part of the revenues of his Marquisate of Ischia, granted him by the Holy Father, to its maintenance and support.*

The Church has her fictions, as well as the Law; and, by one of these singular *equivoques*, the Papal government is not supposed to know that the city contains a single theatre: they are all consequently built of wood, (to the manifest danger of life and property) under the conventional notion that they are only temporary. The public treasury, however, draws largely upon these profane tabernacles; and foreign ladies resident at Rome are careful not to give assemblies on opera nights, aware that it would offend the government to draw company from the theatres. Formerly boys performed the female parts, but now the *corps dramatique* of the Roman stage is appointed like that of other capitals.

The Roman theatres, in consequence of the modified toleration under which they exist, are dark, dirty, and paltry in their decorations †; but what

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* Besides these Academies are the "*Accademia Francese*," or "*Conservatoire des jeunes Artistes*," at the Villa Medici; and similar *Conservatoires* for the *élèves* of Austria and Naples.

† The *Teatro d'Alibert*, which, as its name imports, is of French construction, is internally spacious, lofty, and elegant,

is infinitely worse, they are so offensive to the senses, so disgusting in the details of their arrangement, that to particularize would be impossible: suffice it to say, that the corridors of the *Argentino* exemplify the nastiness of the Roman habits and manners more forcibly than volumes could describe. It is in this *immondezzaio* that one is taught to feel how closely purity in externals is connected with virtue in morals, and to know that slaves, surrounded by all that the Arts can bestow, are not more removed from mere brutal animality than when crouching under the rudest and most barbarous despotism. Cleanliness and accommodation have not only gained ground in France since the Revolution, but have spread their influence in some degree over the countries where the French have remained stationary; but these effects are less visible in Rome, than in any other state that has submitted to their arms.

This disgraceful state of the Argentino, though patiently borne by princes, princesses, and the common people, was viewed with shame and disgust by the Cittadini, who petitioned the government for leave to repair and cleanse the miserable edifice, and to raise a portico in its front. The answer they received was laconic, that Rome was for churches, and not for theatres; and that

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though, like the rest, a wooden edifice. But, for some reason unknown to the author of these pages, it is never used except as a ball-room for the Carnival masquerade.

the Pope acknowledged no such establishments as playhouses.

The opera at Rome was tolerably supported. David was the hero, and the beautiful Dardanelli the *prima donna*. The one piece played during our stay was the Othello of Rossini, its popularity requiring no change; but, had the passive Romans been inclined to demand any, and murmured their disapprobation, the independence even of musical criticism would have been rewarded with the *cavaletto*, whose discipline is brought into activity whenever any one of the audience hisses in defiance of the order, that no mark of disapprobation shall be testified at the theatre.*

The *Teatro Valle* is a very small, mean, and dirty theatre. It is, however, popular for its excellent comic operas, and for its comedies,

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* On the first murmur the offender is seized by the police or guards, with which the theatre is filled (for the most military government in Europe is the Pope's), and he is carried to the Piazza Navona, where he is mounted in a sort of stocks and flogged. He is then carried back, and placed in his seat, to enjoy the rest of the opera " with what appetite he may." On the 13th of January, 1820, the strict enforcement of this penalty was recommended in the "*Notizie del Giorno.*" What will the O.P's of London say to this? Yet the English, who have contributed to the re-establishment of the Inquisition, have also their share in the *Cavaletto*. In the theatres of Copenhagen, ten minutes are allowed for the expression of dislike to a new piece. Then the drum beats thrice; and whoever hisses after that, is punished as a public perturbator.

which are humorous, and performed by actors, whose drollery, though of a broader cast than the fashion of France and England would permit, is not without frequent touches of nature, and shrewd insight into the philosophy of life. A charming actress, and exquisite singer, Monbelli, was the *prima donna;* and her most lady-like manners and perfect respectability made her the most popular professional singer in the saloons of Rome. We heard her constantly at the Princess Borghese's Friday evening concerts, and always with unabated admiration.

A play-bill fastened to the broken trunk of Pasquin, seduced us, by its tempting program, to visit the *Teatro della Pace,* resorted to by the people exclusively, and into whose smoky and time-stricken boxes few English but ourselves had penetrated. The announcement for the evening promised "Moses," which was asserted to be *cosa sagre e stupenda,* (a sacred and wonderful piece,) with a comedy and farce, *a morire da ridere* (to make you die with laughter). I think our box cost two pauls, and a few baiocchi (halfpence) placed our servant in the pit. For this moderate price we saw the Jews fed with manna, an interlude extremely well acted, and a farce which perfectly fulfilled the promise of the playbill; for Policinello was the irresistibly comic hero of the piece, which turned

in some of its scenes on the ridicule of Academies. The exquisite gravity with which Policinello took his place in the poetic circle, the absurdly ludicrous dress he wore, his impatience to seize on every moment of silence, with "*adesso tocca a me*" (it's my turn now), to read a canzone, whose length was the counterpart of Leporello's catalogue, combined to form a farcical scene of the richest humour; but no one who had not been present at the "real original" of this representation, and witnessed the doggedness with which the sonnetteers there pour forth their endless succession of *platitudes*, could comprehend the convulsive roar of laughter it occasioned.

The most exquisite part of the theatre was the audience, composed of what an English government newspaper would call wretches, ruffians, the scum of society—the people. Every box was crowded, and every group was a picture worthy of a Wouvermans or a Teniers. The *Trasteverini* were numerous, and as remarkable by their dress as by their bold, fierce, fine dark countenances. Among the women, the different costume of the different quarters of Rome was strikingly conspicuous; but still more conspicuous was the marked expression of their varying and delighted countenances, their keen sensibility to humour, and their loud and boisterous testimony of applause. They

shouted, screamed, and mingled their bravos and bravissimos with "*gran bella cosa*," "*cosa superba*," "*cosa stupenda*." Meantime the most amiable familiarity subsisted between that part of the audience nearest the stage, and the performers. The prompter, with his head popped over the stage-lights, talked to the girls in the pit; the violoncello flirted with a handsome *trasteverina* in the boxes; and a lady in the stage-box blew out the lamp-lighter's candle as often as he attempted to light it, to the infinite amusement of the audience, who loudly applauded her dexterity. With an œconomy duly practised at Rome by all classes, the musicians, when they had done playing between the several acts, extinguished their candles, put them in their pockets, and joined the audience in the front of the house. In justice, however, to La Pace, it must not be concealed, that the same œconomical custom prevails in many theatres, not of the very first order, throughout Italy.

At the close of the play, the favourite actor of the evening came forward to announce his approaching benefit; and never did Cicero or Demosthenes address himself with more skill to the prevailing prejudices of his auditors. He first appealed to their feelings, and played a voluntary of some length upon their church-founded propensities to charity; then he glided,

by a masterly transition, to his own acknowledged popularity as an actor, and wound up his *peripetia* with an analysis of the play he had chosen for representation, detailed with an accuracy that would have done honour to a first-rate reviewer, had the acumen employed been as much directed to vituperation, as, unfortunately for the comparison, it was exerted in eulogy. Throughout the whole of this elaborate address, the allusions were frequent to the dignity and respectability of "*questa città antichissima, capo del mondo*," (this ancient City, the Metropolis of the world,) and to the virtues and historic splendours of the ancient Romans; and this he did with so much unction, as to send us away almost convinced that *i nobili Romani* were the only people now living, who had either a country to boast, or patriotism to love and defend it.

The puppet-shows of Rome are excellent, and constantly well attended. That at the *Palicorda* was in particular vogue, from the sarcastic wit of a new character or puppet, called Cassandrino, who, under the personage of a noble and dignified gentleman, utters satires against the government, which none but he dares to breathe.

APPENDIX, No. I.

NOTE ON THE LAW OF FLORENCE.

BY SIR T. C. MORGAN.

It is commonly observed, that the Revolution had been effected in Florence from the time of Leopold; and that the Tuscans had little to gain by the changes proposed to them by the French. This, in point of fact, was true: the salutary reforms which had taken place in some of the grosser abuses, the force of opinion, and the spontaneous activity of the system which Leopold had set in motion, and, above all, the mild manners of the people, had conspired to render the government of this country sufficiently gentle; while the climate, and the terms on which the cultivators of the soil hold their lands, gave an ample supply of first necessaries, to every one not totally averse from habits of industry. The general condition of the people was therefore easy; and if the laws were not calculated to develope the commercial or the intellectual energies of the population, their administration was much better than their intrinsic spirit. This sort of fat and contented ignorance and indolence is not, however, the condition which an enlightened monarch, as a philosopher, would wish for his country; and the following statement will shew that even this low degree of excellence was in close dependance on the character of the sovereign, and was open to destruction with the slightest breathings of a less benevolent ruler.

The Grand Duke Leopold had abolished the torture, the admission of *privileged* or inadequate proofs, in matters between the crown and the subject, the lax construction of treason, and capital punishment. The system of jurisprudence thus established remains, for the most part, in actual vigour, except that the punishment of death was re-enacted, in a few special cases, by Ferdinand, the successor of Leopold. The practice of the Law courts of France introduced the publicity of trials, upon the arrival of the French; but the preliminary informations, the most important part of a process, remain in the charge of a Cancelliere, or notary public, who has a discretionary power of punishing a prisoner, if he does not answer to his satisfaction, by secret imprisonment and fasting. At the same time, it is not permitted to print the motives which actuate the judge in his determinations.

In cases not contemplated by the penal code, the President of Police has the power of applying extraordinary punishments. He has likewise the discretion of instituting secret or *œconomic* processes, in which the Grand Duke evokes to himself, and determines arbitrarily; and he exercises a power to fine, whip, or send to the gallies. The President of Police can arrest citizens in their own houses, and during the night; and upon suspicion, or on secret information, he can commit them to a house of correction, or force them into the military service—as in the case of the *discolato*, that is, of abandoned immoral conduct, or abstinence from religious duties; a practice the more dangerous to personal liberty, from its execution being committed to the most subaltern agents of the police.

In ecclesiastical matters, the abolition of the Inquisi-

tion, of the nunciature, of the mortmain, the restraints imposed upon the cupidity of the Church, the submission of its property to public burdens, the suppression of nearly all the dues payable to the court of Rome and diminution of convents and confraternities, the limitation of the authority of Bishops to matters purely spiritual or of ecclesiastical discipline, the prohibition of monastic vows before years of discretion and without previous long noviciates, were among the chief reforms introduced by Leopold. The French totally suppressed the monasteries. Since the Restoration they have in part been revived ; but as the revenues of these institutions have, for the most part, been sequestered, it is chiefly among the begging orders of Franciscans and Dominicans that these revivals have taken place. The concurrence of these monks with the distressed and miserable lay-beggars, combined with the unequivocal resistance of public opinion, tends powerfully to shorten the duration of that unnatural existence they have received from the juggling spell of legitimacy ; and the sooner they return to the annihilation from which they have been so *mal-à-propos* recalled, the better for all parties. As agents of deception, they are no longer available ; and as a part of the political hierarchy, they bring more scorn and contempt upon the government that upholds them, than can be compensated by any feeble services they may yet retain the power to bestow. For the rest, the Revolution effected by Leopold, and which, it is supposed, eventually cost him his life, yet maintains itself in vigour, and there are few Catholic churches more free from abuse than that of Florence. At Leghorn, almost all religions are tolerated, and Jews are permitted to reside even in Florence, Pisa, and Siena. Individuals who abstain from public worship, and do not

profess Catholicism, are, however, excluded from holding profitable places under the state.

A multitude of laws, emanating, within eighty years, from the three Grand Dukes of the Austrian family, were collected in several great volumes. A code of civil procedure has also been published since the Restoration by Ferdinand the Third. The code of Justinian, together with the digest, regulates the interests and right of property of individuals, and of public bodies; the rights of the communes (established as a step towards a representative system, but abolished by the French,) not having been restored.

The delay of the law is very great; and notwithstanding a positive injunction, directing all processes to be concluded in a few months, there are few cases determined under three years. The heaviness of the extra-judicial expenses of the law renders contests for small matters ruinous even to the victor. Not unfrequently, both in matters of grace and of justice, recourse is had immediately to the Prince, when the result is uncertain. The ministers have the power of cutting short such supplications on a plea of informality; but, generally, the Prince replies by a "*Vista*" or a "*Referito agli ordini*," which amounts to a negative, without any reason being assigned to the postulant; and this is the utmost limit of the right of petition.

Foreigners are generally treated, in respect to the right of acquiring property, on a footing of equality with Florentines in the nations to which they belong, independently of any treaty between the two countries.

The Government of Tuscany is purely monarchical. All feudal rights were abolished by the Grand Duke Francis, and all annexed privileges of nobility, and ma-

jorats were forbidden. The Florentine Senate (long a mere shadow) was not revived at the Restoration; so that the Grand Duke is amongst the most arbitrary sovereigns of Europe, and has no check to his administration, but that which promises to become the most efficient of all—public opinion.

APPENDIX, No. II.

NOTE ON TUSCAN STATISTICS.*

BY SIR T. C. MORGAN.

After the enactment of Leopold's laws, giving a free circulation to every species of product, &c. &c. the peasant being exempt from oppression and from excessive imposts, Agriculture made a rapid and vigorous stride in Tuscany. The most usual practice in letting land is to divide the produce between landlord and tenant, for the most part, in equal moieties. The proprietor at the same time advances capital for manuring, &c.; and half of this advance is repaid by the cultivator, in kind, at the ensuing harvest. Another sum is also generally advanced for trading in cattle, which is managed by the cultivator; he going halves in profit and in risk. The breed of black cattle thus produced supplies the principal animal food used by the population, and also the requisite number of beasts for the plough and for land carriage.

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* Some apology may be deemed necessary for the introduction of these imperfect "notes." Independently of a consciousness of habits ill suited to an adequate judgment on matters of rural and commercial economy, the Author has been held back from giving greater extent to his remarks, by a conviction that few good libraries are without Monsieur Chateauvieux's admirable work on Italy, in which the subject has been fully and ably treated. At the same time it is hoped that a few facts, obtained from undeniable sources, may be acceptable to the general reader, although neither complete in their series, nor scientifically put together.

Sheep, in general, are well managed; but the difficulty of finding pasture sufficient to feed extensive flocks, and consequently of reducing the charge of attendance, exposes the animal to accident and disease, and diminishes the profit upon this branch of industry. In the mountains, however, there are numerous flocks, which, during the winter, are driven to the marshes, where the merino finds a healthy pasturage, and the breed has been extensively increased, since a law of Ferdinand's has permitted the export of wool. There are several breeds of horses in Tuscany; but, except the *royal race*, which sometimes produces good horses, the animals are, in general, of an inferior quality, and quite unfit for purposes of luxury. In the provinces, where woods are extensive, there is carried on a great commerce in pigs, which feed on the mast. Much pork is consumed in the home-market, and no inconsiderable quantity salted for exportation. In the marshes there are herds of buffaloes; and at Pisa, between two and three hundred camels (a race introduced by the Medici from Africa) are employed in the carriage of goods.

In general, the soil is divided into fields; where (besides the cerealia, leguminosa, and grasses,) vines, olives, and various fruit-trees, are cultivated to advantage. It is this mixed culture which determines the custom of dividing profits. In some parts of Tuscany, where the agriculture is more simple, other usages subsist. In some of the valleys seventeen different sorts of grain are committed to the earth; but the general favourites are four varieties of wheat, maize, oats, two sorts of *saggina*, rye, vetches, barley, beans, potatoes, and rape and saintfoin.

The vine grows freely in Florence; but the wine has not hitherto figured in commerce, being calculated only

for home-consumption. Good wines, however, capable of standing a voyage, are now beginning to be made, and will probably become an article of exportation.

Oil is manufactured in its greatest perfection, and affords the richest produce of the Tuscan soil. The best is obtained by pressure, in the simplest machines, of the unfermented olive. A second quantity, which, when care and cleanliness are observed, is tolerably good, is produced by a second pressure of the pulp and stones; and finally, a third quality, fit for soap-boiling, and the wool-trade, is obtained by immersion of the same substances in boiling water, or by long trituration in cold water.

In the neighbourhood of great cities, garden-stuff is cultivated in variety and abundance. The most barren districts are dedicated to the growth of straw, for the manufactory of hats; and so great is the demand for this article, and such the price of the goods, that the cultivator is amply remunerated for his labour. The produce of the silkworm is also an article of considerable importance, more especially since the silk has been exempted from duties.

Many agricultural institutions exist in Tuscany, of which the most celebrated is that of the Georgofili of Florence. To it the State is indebted for some considerable services, more especially for the culture of saintfoin, for the introduction of the acacia, and for the diffusion of much practical improvement.

All manufactures are conducted by fires of charcoal; mineral coal not having been worked in the States of Tuscany. Attempts, indeed, have been made to dig for both coal, bog-wood, and turf; but the profit has never been sufficient to cover the expense. The woods, therefore, have hitherto supplied the wants of the country;

but an increased consumption, combined with neglect in the management of the forests, had, at one period, threatened to exhaust the supply. Fortunately the efforts of a few individuals in directing the cutting of the woods, and an introduction of economy in the expenditure of the manufactories, have again restored the balance.

The middle regions of the mountains produce an abundance of chesnuts; which enter so largely into the consumption of the population, that the quantity of the annual harvest materially affects the price of corn.

The land of Tuscany is various in its quality; every valley and hill having a character of fertility peculiar to itself. In general the soil is argillaceous, or calcareous; but art has almost universally prevailed over local difficulties, and the face of the country is that of a continued garden.

The value of land varies from six to eighty Florentine scudi the *stioro.** Corn produces from three to eighteen times its seed; but, like all the products of Tuscan agriculture, it is exposed to great risk from the atmospheric influences of a sky, which abounds in destructive phenomena. Tuscany contains various mineral substances; but the iron mines of Porto Ferrajo alone are in activity; these, however, are perhaps the richest in the world. Native sulphur is found abundantly at Pereta, and is an article of commerce. Sal gemma is found and excavated at Volterra. A great variety of white and coloured marbles, of alabaster, and calcareous stones, are worked in the mountains.

The manufactures of cloth and silk, formerly the staple

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* The *stioro* is about one hundred and ninety-six square toises.—See Lalande, vol. iii. p. 33.

of Tuscany, are now in total decay. The paper manufactory at Pescia, under the management of Signore Magnani, flourishes, and undersells the foreign goods imported.

The porcelain manufactory of Doccia, founded in 1741 by the Marchese Carlo Genori, has gradually increased, and sustains the rivality resulting from the re-opened commerce of Europe; principally through the activity of the present Marquis, who has visited the most remarkable European manufactories to adopt their improvements. His great furnace he has constructed in four stories, which attain the height of forty-two Florentine *braccii*. The advantages of this furnace are, a great perfection in the burning, a notable saving of time and of fuel, and an increase in the quantity of work performed. The lowest stage is employed for the porcelain, the second for Wedgewood ware, the third for coarser pottery, and the last for the first burning of biscuit. The furnace is capable of containing twenty thousand pieces; and as the whole operation of baking is performed in twenty-one hours, it is more than sufficient for the supply of all demands in the present cramped condition of commerce. The excellent proprietor has not alone confined himself to the mechanical part of his concern; he has instituted a variety of researches to obtain within the Tuscan dominions a supply of earths fitted for the fabrication of porcelains; and in conjunction with the Marchese Ridolfi, has, by chemical experiments, verified their qualities, and ascertained the defects of the several veins he has discovered. The excellence of the materials, the beauty of the colours, and the elegance of the forms, of the finer pieces of his manufactory, correspond with the science and activity brought to the business; and they sustain an honourable competition with the porcelain of France.

The carriage manufactory thrives, and maintains its ground against foreign rivalry. The prohibition against the importation of foreign iron, however, raises the prices of the carriage trade, and is very injurious to its competition. This monopoly granted to the home-made iron, together with the cost of working it with charcoal, at the same time that it depreciates the quality of the article, raises its price to double the cost of foreign iron. The mines of Elba are farmed by the government to contractors, and their interests stand in the way of any amelioration of the existing order of things.

The manufactures of Tuscany suffer grievously from the wretched fiscal laws, which prevail throughout Italy, and isolate the mercantile industry of the different States. They are further injured by the indolence of the great proprietors, who have little inclination to multiply capital, or to employ it productively. The general policy of the petty despots who rule the subdivided States of this unfortunate country, is no less hostile to its commerce than it is to liberty. But the nullity of Italy is part of the religious and moral system, which, hypocrisy, joined to the force of arms, has imposed on mankind; and for the present the Italians have nothing to do but to obey.

The FINANCES of Tuscany far exceed the necessary wants of the State, and are chiefly employed for purposes of corruption. Hence, without great territories, magnificent undertakings, or useful expenditure, the taxes, direct and indirect, are daily increased.

Under Leopold, the total expenditure was eight millions of Tuscan livres, including the interest of the debt (six hundred thousand livres). At the arrival of Napoleon, this debt had been increased to thirty-two millions; when he discharged the whole by sale of national property.

The Restoration, however, was not marked by either retrenchment or useful expenditure. Eighteen millions of revenue disappeared, without any work of importance being carried on; and the taxation raised during the war is insufficient for the purposes of peace:

Under Leopold	the Revenue was....	9,100,000 Livres
	The Expense	8,400,000
	Leaving an Excess of	700,000
In 1817	The Revenue was..	17,200,000
	The Expense......	18,000,000
	Leaving a Deficit of	800,000

The number of troops assigned to Florence by the Austrian government is eight thousand; but not more than half that number are actually maintained.

There has been no marine establishment, since its suppression by Leopold; for, though the order of St. Stephen has been revived, the knights do not put to sea for the defence of the coast from the Barbary pirates. Military discipline is chiefly preserved by the cane; and the enrolments are mostly made from persons sentenced to the service by the police.

The ways and means are, a land-tax, *famigliare* or house-tax, customs, registrations, stamp duties, lottery, sale of salt and tobacco, &c. Five millions of debt were incurred during the Neapolitan invasion under Murat, which has lately been charged on the different communes. The land-tax is assessed according to a *cadastre*, which is about to be renewed. The custom-house duties are oppressive, rather perhaps by their restrictions on commerce, than by their absolute amount.

With the exception of advocates in civil causes, no one can publish without the approbation of censors. The colleges, schools, and universities, are susceptible of much amelioration; but, the zeal of individuals of wealth and influence being awakened, improvements may daily be expected in all these departments, notwithstanding the opposition which is offered by the government; an opposition sufficiently marked by the suppression of the Lycée, and by the known interference of the Austrian cabinet in the affairs of Tuscany.

APPENDIX, No. III.

NOTE ON LITERARY DISPUTES IN ITALY.

BY SIR T. C. MORGAN.

LITERARY feuds have long succeeded in Italy to political contests. Romanticists and Classicists have become the Guelphs and Ghibelines of the day; and the factions of the "*Bianchi*" and the "*Neri*," if more sanguinary, were not more fierce than the sects of the Trecentisti and the Innovators.

The political condition of the Italians, having excluded all other subjects of intellectual exertion, has cast the mere literati of that country upon a course of verbal criticism, and of metaphysical disquisition, which has too frequently degenerated into idle contest and acrimonious dispute: the discussion of *things* being forbidden, the mind seeks solace in the examination of *words*. This fact will best explain the extraordinary history of Italian literature, from the downfall of the independent Republics, to the awakening epoch of the French Revolution; and it clears up the apparent paradox of an active and subtile national intellect frittered away in nerveless poetry, pedantic research, and puerile debate.* The fantastic fopperies of the *Arcadici*, with their sonnets "to the Virgin," and canzoni "on the Passion," and the "never ending,

* All general propositions admit of exceptions. The Filangieri and Beccarias belong, however, to the reviving epoch of Joseph and Leopold, and are scarcely to be considered as belonging to the lethargic order of things here alluded to.

still beginning discussions" of the *Trecentisti* and Romanticists, display the same physiological fact, of an energy struggling against ennui, in the convulsive restlessness of a forced inactivity.

On the former of these subjects there is little to be said; and that little would be wasted upon an existence so closely verging upon nonentity. The actual condition of the literary academies is that to which all such institutes naturally tend. When called into existence by the spontaneous act of the members, they form the focus of all the pedantry and coxcombry of the land, the centre to which all its mediocrity gravitates. When cherished and fortified by royal favour and pecuniary stipends, they are the marts for intrigue, the engines of servility, and the ready means of oppressing that true literary talent, which follows the open road to eminence, and disdains the by-paths of sycophancy and pliability.

The peculiar feature of the Italian Academy is its intolerable flux of verse; a circumstance arising, in some measure, from the genius of the language, but still more favoured by that of the ecclesiastical and civil government of the country, which not only punishes the higher exertions of thought, but, by the education it enforces, incapacitates the subject for thinking. Smooth, harmonious, and sounding lines, readily cover poverty of idea and inconclusive reasoning; and the incoherent rambling and misplaced expletives of the *improvisatori,* listened to with pleasure when embodied in melodious verse, would be rejected with disgust, if reduced to prose. The brevity of the sonnet likewise multiplies bad poets, because such compositions demand nearly as little labour as genius.

Through the operation of these causes, every town in Italy is over-run with poetasters; and births, deaths, and

marriages, the reception of a nun in a Convent, or of a doctor in the University, are all and every one celebrated by their especial copy of verses, pasted up on every conspicuous wall in the town; and are all found equally adapted to poetical inspiration. The ridicule and absurdity of such exhibitions of vanity are amusing to the humourist; but the eye of philosophy, in measuring the works of the Italian academicians against the more accustomed prose fopperies of academic eulogists, critics, disquisitionists, &c. in other countries, will be puzzled where to assign the palm of superior pedantry, and more decided inefficiency.

It is, however, but justice to add, that throughout all Italy, these foundling hospitals of the Muse are neglected and laughed at by the eminent literati, who have made themselves European names; and even the stage* has learned to deride the

> ——" Parson much bemused in beer,
> The maudlin Poetess, and rhiming Peer,"

who usually occupy the principal places in such institutions.

The literary disputes which chiefly employ the activity of the Italian writers of the day, though scarcely less futile, excite a deeper interest, not only as exhibiting a peculiar phasis of the human mind, an aspect of social life to which philosophy may recur with advantage; but they become further important, from the connexion of the disputes and the disputants with the political history of the day, and the effects they are calculated to produce on the future destinies of the country.

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* In one of the comedies of Nota, a living writer, whose works have great vogue in the repertories of the Italian theatres, and are far superior in interest, and in philosophy, to those of Goldoni.

The history of Italian literature presents the phenomenon of a language suddenly starting into existence, and hurrying forward to a precocious perfection, at the bidding of a people, as suddenly called into political being, and as hastily arriving at a high degree of social activity.

The connexion between society and language is inherent in the nature of things: a rich vocabulary presupposes an extensive stock of ideas; and polish as necessarily implies the friction of use. But the epoch of the formation of the Italian language, connected with actual interests, and entering into the existing system of social civilization, while it forcibly attracts our attention, is more perfectly preserved in authentic documents, than that of the origin either of Greek or of Roman literature. The facts being thus brought forward into view, acquire a vivacity of colour, which imposes upon the mind the notion that they are unique; but the same connexion must have subsisted at the origin and developement of every tongue that has ever been spoken or written by man.

The epoch of Italian liberty, as transient as it was splendid and invigorating, left behind it a long night of slumber and inefficiency; and to the degenerate children of despotism and of superstition, the heroes and the writers of former times became as giants, whom it was difficult to imitate, and impossible to surpass. While the eyes of the younger nations of Europe were strenuously turned towards the future, anticipating improvement, and provoking reform, those of the harassed and enslaved Italians were as fixedly attached to the past; and memory and genius clung with an equal fondness and fidelity to the glories and the triumphs, the literature and the arts, of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

Coincident with this period of evanescent splendour, was the revival of Greek literature; and when its stores of poetry and criticism were laid open to the genius of Italy, they could not fail to overpower by their perfection, and to dazzle by their riches. While, therefore, the efforts of the opulent were directed to securing and multiplying the records of the ancient system of civilization, the literati were busied in studying its philosophy and imitating its graces. This circumstance has, doubtless, operated in no inconsiderable degree, in refining, polishing, and harmonizing, not only the Italian language, but all the other tongues of Europe which have been placed within the sphere of its influence. But the reasonable imitation of the ancients rapidly degenerated into a servile copying, or rather an adoption of their ideas and their phraseology, their mythology, their amatory notions, and the forms of their favourite compositions: and still, as the fortunes of the country declined, an unnatural and unnational model was more closely pursued, and the literature became more unreal and factitious, till at last, divested of all sentiment and of all passion in which the world could sympathise, it had dwindled into a mere harmonious arrangement of words, and a jingle of sounds, without energy and without interest.

But while Jupiter thus reigned a second time in the Capitol, and Venus and Cupid dallied, through the mazes of many a sonnet, with the Corydons and the Menalcas's of Italian academies, the rest of Europe were busied in thinking and in acting. The Reformation, the Baconian philosophy, the wars of the League and Fronde in France, and the English Commonwealth and Revolution, had expanded the range of ideas, and had forced upon nations an extensive vocabulary, and a richness of expression,

which far surpassed the utmost stretch of Greek and Latin civilization. When, therefore, the Italians awoke from their long slumber, and commenced their operation on European subjects, they found themselves embarrassed by the poverty of their language, and compelled at every turn to burst the chain which the Purists had thrown round them, and to invent, or to embody from other languages, such terms as, though absolutely necessary for their use, had no existence in the writings of their best and most approved models.

In every innovation (since it must commence with the younger, most enterprising, and least prejudiced part of the community) there must be created contemporaneously a certain body of resistance in the worn-out prejudiced part of mankind, whose ideas, having submitted to a given arrangement, and having been combined according to given associations, must be hostile to whatever tends to combine them according to another law, and to necessitate the labour of a renewed study. The hostility thus generated will rarely want that food for its exertion, which arises out of the mistakes and false calculations of its adversaries. Thus a war is kindled, in which both parties may lay a certain claim to reason; and it is only when time shall have decided the question, that victory can be safely assigned to either of the disputants.

Such is the history of the literary quarrels which at present occupy the learned leisure of Italy, and divide its scholars into the factions of Purists and Innovators, and those of Romanticists and Classicists: the first occupying themselves on the language, the other upon the ideas, of literary composition.

It is not difficult to conceive that these two questions should have gradually amalgamated themselves with the

great debatable subjects of Europe; that the advocates for an innovation in literature should be found among that description of persons who are zealous for political reform; or that those who are guilty of renovating a worn-out language, should feel disgust at the evils arising in the debility of worn-out institutions. The close connexion between these ideas is sufficient to render them parcel of the same mind; but there is, perhaps, something still more in this *liaison*. The government of Austria, though sufficiently tyrannical, is not remarkable among European despotisms for perspicacity, or promptitude. It may exhibit a laudable activity in imprisoning a democrat, banishing a jacobin, or persecuting a *carbonaro;* but it is more than probable that its censors would let a vast many heterodox opinions pass unmolested, that offered themselves under the disguise of a literary contest*. Those, therefore, who dislike subservience to a barefooted capuchin, or are disgusted with seeing their country a conquered province, attached to a government, which, with every possible opposition in manners and feelings, has not the common sense to amalgamate its interests with their own, have instinctively sought security for their persons, and currency for their patriotic sentiments, under the semblance of disputes, foreign to the intellect and jealousies of their detested masters. But, however this may have been in theory, in fact there are very few instances in which the political and literary

* In the various journals which fell under our eyes in the course of our residence in Italy, it has repeatedly occurred to us to find doctrines and propositions the most proscribed both by Church and State, disseminated by literary disputants, and escaping, unsuspected, from the unintellectual scrutiny of the censors.

enthusiasm are not found together, and in which the friend of the Pagan mythology is not also attached to a feudal aristocracy and a domineering priesthood.

The quarrel of the *Trecentisti* is not one of recent date: it is connected with another question, which has long been a subject of contestation; namely, whether the language itself should be called Italian or Tuscan. This, though perhaps the most futile and empty part of the debate, is one which, by exciting municipal jealousies, has been the most acrimoniously discussed. It is difficult for a foreigner to enter in detail into the merits of this dispute; but there are certain general propositions of a philological nature which elucidate the discussion, and upon which even a foreigner may speak without presumption. The literati of the towns of Italy not comprised within the Tuscan states, disgusted perhaps at the literary dandyism, and pedantic pretension of the Florentine Purists, have appealed from the *Della-Cruscan* autocracy, and have attacked with great vigour the claims of the Tuscans to the parentage of their common language. In maintaining that to which they have an undoubted claim—their inherent right of adopting, at Milan, at Bologna, or at Naples, whatever style or expression may seem good, they have sought to prove that the written language of Italy is not the product of any particular dialect, but a selection of the nobler parts of the dialects of all. "*Quando l'Alighieri scrisse il poema* (says Perticari) *con parole illustre tolte a tutti i dialetti d'Italia, allora diremo ch' ei fondasse la favella Italiana.*"* This proposition is supported upon the authority of Dante him-

* L. 1, c. viii.—"When Dante wrote his poem in a noble dialect, taken from those of all Italy, then, we say, he founded the Italian language."

self, in his treatise "*De vulgari eloquentia*;" but upon an extension of the meaning of his words, which places them in contradiction with physical possibility. The history of languages proves, that, as long as society is in its simplest state of aggregation, there can be no general rule of speech. Each village will speak as it can; and consequently will not be understood at a small distance, where another dialect will prevail. But upon the establishment of a powerful government, and the aggregation of the people into large cities, language will become a matter of study; the necessity for written documents will induce a perception of the analogies of grammar; and the upper classes of society, especially where there is a court, will acquire a manner of speech for themselves, distinct from that of the common people, more regular, more smooth, and more harmonious. The early writers in any language, having no previous models to follow, and being intent upon pleasing those who are capable of rewarding and honouring them, will naturally adopt the language of the class they address; and thus there will arise a distinction of the noble and the ignoble in style. There is nothing in the abstract nature of any phrase or word which should render it intrinsically either noble or vulgar. It is by use that it acquires its character; and thus terms which have figured in high life, as manners become refined, descend to the people, and are banished from good society.

Any written style which is not founded on a dialect spoken by some class of persons, must be purely conventional, and must rapidly degenerate into a pedantic jargon, which, being unfit for business, and unintelligible to those uneducated in its mysteries, will cease to be employed; since the object of writing is to be read. Of

this we have an example in the works of Dr. Johnson, which, though nervous and imposing, are not English, and therefore have made but a very transient impression on the language of the country.*

Italy, having been subdivided into many independent States, must have offered as many *foci* for selected or noble dialects, each of which might have become a written language; as the Venetian in part did, owing to the custom of the senators of Venice using their own dialect in their public discussions, and thus giving it at the same time polish and currency. As these dialects all sprang from a common origin, it was doubtless possible for Dante, in struggling against the difficulty of writing in an uncultivated, and as it were nascent language, to adopt, from time to time, a single expression from any of the surrounding dialects, which struck him as more sounding, significant, appropriate, or elegant, than that of the spoken dialect of his own country. In these cases the intercourse between the different States, analogy, or the context of the passage, would be sufficient to render him intelligible, without translating himself, as the early English writers did in introducing from the Latin the words terminating in *abilis*.†

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* Such, likewise, was the fate of the *Euphuism* of Queen Elizabeth's day, a compound of folly and affectation scarcely conceivable in so vigorous an age.

† In such phrases as this:—

"I do thankingis to God upon the *unenarrable*, or *that may not be told*, *gifte of hym*."

"That which is not maid up the lawe of fleshly maundement: but up vertu of lyf *insolible*, or *that may not be undon*."

These phrases occur in a translation of the New Testament supposed to have been done about Edward the Third's time.—See Tooke's Diversions of Purley, vol. II, p 480.

But there must have been a grammatical substructure of conjugations and declensions known and intelligible to the people whom Dante addressed, upon which he raised his new edifice; or he must have written a jargon which could not have been understood without a grammar and dictionary composed expressly for a key. If, therefore, the general construction of the language adopted by Dante, and the other fathers of the written Italian, was that in use amongst the people of Florence, and among none other of the population of Italy, that is sufficient to justify the claims of the Florentines. How this dialect became the general language of good company, and the written medium of communication, is not difficult to explain.*

The Court of Rome, the only State in a condition to compete in literature with Florence, had adopted the Latin language; the public service of the church, and the diplomacy, were conducted exclusively in that tongue: and the Florentines being forced by the popular nature of their government to adopt a different course, their language became naturally more polished and regular; and that popular form of government having called into activity an immense quantity of genius, authors sprang

* There exists, however, a difficulty not explicable upon general positions; and that is the great similarity of the Provençal, Sicilian, and Tuscan dialects. This could neither be the result of accident, nor of mere imitation. If it be admitted that there was a court and poetic language common to all the polished and educated classes of Italy, (a proposition that appears untenable, from the broken up condition of the Continent,) how came this to be the language of the common people of Florence? If Dante, as it is pretended, had imported it, his book, unintelligible to the common people, would never have become popular:—but the contrary is the known fact; and however much Dante might have refined his native tongue, it demonstrably subsisted as a popular dialect before he was born.

up in all the departments of literature, who set the tone in other States less happily situated for literary developement. For a very long series of years Florence was the centre of public opinion, and the great mart for the arts, for talent, and for genius. It was natural that poets and historians should have adopted as the language of their choice the dialect most refined by use, most ready for their purpose, and which promised the greatest chance of a diffused and universal perusal.

Thus far the claims of the Florentines seem founded in reason, and upon the nature of things, concerning which there is little danger of mistake. But here the justice of their cause appears to end.*

The first absurdity into which they have fallen, is that of attempting to force into currency, and to incorporate into the language of Italy, all the low vulgarisms of the lowest populace of Florence; which, having been introduced into the productions of some licentious or humorous tale-writers of Florence, are considered as having received the stamp of authenticity. But the greatest mistake is that of supposing it possible to tie down and render

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* With respect to the origin of the several spoken dialects of Italy, it may be regarded as certain that, whether the Italian arose from the corruption of Latin, or, as Cardinal Bembo and other respectable authorities maintain, existed contemporaneously with that language, it must have taken a distinct form in every different district, according to the various peculiarities imported by the barbarous tribes who colonized it. This is the case even in the county dialects of England, which still savour of their respective Saxon or Danish invasions. One of the strongest arguments in favour of the antquity of the Italian is founded on its smoothness and harmony, which are greater even than those of the Latin, in all its purity. But it is irrational to suppose that the union of two comparatively rough and inharmonious tongues should produce a *tertium quid* remarkable for opposite qualities.

permanent a living language, and to take from the people who use it, the *jus et norma loquendi*.

When the Tuscan dialect took the precedence as the language of literature; the Florentines were the most active and the most literary people of Italy; at present the reverse is the case, and literature resides preponderantly in the North. If the writers of Milan and of Bologna are doomed to confine themselves to the pure *Tuscisms* of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, they will inevitably become cold, formal, and even difficult to those who speak only modern Italian; and they must abandon a large vocabulary of modern terms essentially necessary to their subjects. The course of events, it is true, has brought inventions in philosophy and in physics from France, and consequently has infected the spoken Italian with Gallicisms; but that is inevitable, and the Italians must consent to Gallicise, or to abstain from discussing modern subjects. It is not therefore for any district or city, and much less for any academy or individual, to declare, *ex cathedra*, what is purity and what is license. It is the public at large, whose approbation or neglect of an author must decide on his style. If he cram his pages with useless neologisms, or write affectedly with an excessive or unnecessary use of provincial or colloquial phrases, he will not be relished by the nation at large, and his bookseller will soon set him right. But language, like life, is a current; and the pure dialect of the thirteenth century, applied to the purposes of modern discussion, is as ill suited as steel armour to modern warfare.

In point of fact, there is no master-model for Italian; and the best writers, even among the Tuscans, differ from each other so much, that a scholar has always a fresh

difficulty to encounter in changing his author; while all are too verbose and surcharged with phrases and circumlocutions to satisfy a taste formed on the elegant terseness of the French or English style. It is undoubtedly true, that the best models to *study* are those of the noble and free spirits who wrote in the best days of the Florentine Republic, and that, since its extinction, the vigour of the language has been more and more impaired; but there is a wide difference between a generous emulation, and that servile *imitation* which hesitates to use an appropriate phrase, or an easy turn of expression, because it is not sanctioned by a Tuscan authority.*

If the pretence of the modern Florentines to dogmatise upon the Italian be measured by the relative number and importance of their recent authors, it is slight indeed. Monti and Perticari (his son-in-law), Pindemonti, Parini, Alfieri, Giordani, Ugo Foscolo, are none of them natives of the Tuscan States. Words sanctioned by their example, and expressions consecrated by their use, must inevitably pass current, however abhorrent to the ear of a mere Tuscan.

But while this is an inevitable result of the actual state of Italian society, it is not to be concealed that the circumstance is far from advantageous; on the contrary,

* Of this faulty system we may quote an instance in the style of the truly patriotic Italian Angeloni, who (while he fulminates his indignation against the promise-breakers of the British Cabinet, and successfully demonstrates the falsehood and deceit of which his country is the victim,) is too good a *Trecentist* to give to his personages their actual titles, and betrays his reader into an involuntary and misplaced smile by such whimsical incongruities as "*Messer* Castlereagh." Thus also the historian Botta calls a congress of the inhabitants of St. Domingo "*il convento de' Dominicari.*" See some other pleasant instances of this ridicule in the Count de Stendhal's "Rome, Naples, and Florence."

it is in itself a very probable cause of the decline of Italian literature. For while the writers of the rest of Italy maintain, 'dente et ungue,' their right to legislate for the common language, they almost uniformly neglect to use it as their mother tongue. The wretched jargons of the different provinces are not confined to the vulgar, but are spoken in the daily intercourse of life by all classes; and many a Milanese and Piedmontese lady of rank and fashion can write French with much greater facility and purity than Italian. While this absurdity prevails, the written dialect will daily lose something of its currency, and become gradually converted into a dead language, less and less adapted to modern purposes. The several writers adopting a standard of their own, will want the touchstone of popular use to try the quality of their metal; they will write with the same labour as if composing in a foreign tongue; and as they become correct, they will grow cold. Should the present system of political division *("par l'impossible")* become permanent in Italy, the national language must follow the fate of the national independence. The Italian people will then have little to communicate either among themselves, or to Europe; and their regrets will not be of very long duration. But if human nature be any thing but an idle abstraction; if cause and effect have any operation in human affairs, other opportunities will soon occur to give the Italians a chance of consolidation and of freedom:—when the moment occurs, may they strike with vigour, and repose in triumph!*

* Among the best works of the present day on this subject, is an essay of Signore J. B. Niccolini, of Florence, on the part "*che aver possa il popolo nella formazione d' una lingua*," in which the question is more philosophically considered than is usual among the other disputants. Monti and

When, upon the revival of literature, the treasures of antiquity were opened to the contemplation of the learned, the charm of novelty was added to the intrinsic merits of the compositions; and it is neither surprising nor unreasonable that the scholars of that time should have measured their forces in an attempted imitation of the chefs-d'œuvre they had studied. The extreme rudeness of the works of imagination which had preceded this epoch, was little calculated to delight those who had drunk at a purer spring; and it was but a natural effort in him, who aspired to please the elevated part of society, to address his auditors in the language, sentiment, and forms of which they were so justly enamoured. It was a natural and a pardonable error, in studying models thus superior to aught which the then existing system of civilization could produce, to imagine that they were the absolute types of all possible perfection; and that whatever differed from them must necessarily be deteriorated by the deviation. Hence arose that abject respect for the past, that blind admiration of the dicta of antiquity, which, though at first it advanced the progress of intellect, in the succeeding ages became the greatest obstacle to ulterior improvement.

It would be difficult to unravel the causes, which, in various countries, and in different branches of literature, have given a different degree of developement to this principle. The Germans and the English have been the least infected with the pedantry of learning, in their

Perticari are the chiefs of the anti-Cruscan writers; and in the writings of Signore Lampredi, a Florentine, residing at Naples, are to be found some curious observations on the origin of the Italian language, in which he comes to conclusions very opposite to the received opinions.

imaginative combinations. The French, who are its slaves in all that respects tragic composition, possess a comic theatre perfectly and entirely national. The Italians, notwithstanding the example of Dante, Ariosto, and their followers, have been compelled to renounce the idea of a national literature; and have confined their poetic efforts for a long series of years, to reproducing, in an endless succession, the mythology and sentiments of antiquity; to the entire neglect of all those noble and spirit-stirring subjects, which were offered in the history of the middle ages, when Italy had a political existence.

The English, who, in their earlier poesy, had exhibited a strong vein of originality and independence, both as to form and to matter, had subsequently been led, by an imitation of the French, into the adoption of their regularity and classic *tournure*, and under this influence had gradually sunk into insipidity. The reign of the Georges had not been favourable to poetic composition, and its fountains seemed to be drained to their last drops, when a new and more vigorous source was opened, and the wildest career was given to the most brilliant imaginations, to embody in the boldest numbers, the profoundest sentiments of the human breast, and the most scrutinizing philosophy concerning human action. All this, however, passed as a mere affair of practice; and did not give rise to any alembicated systems, or to any theoretic investigations of the principles of art.

When, however, an impulse towards regeneration excited the Italians to a similar innovation, there was kindled perhaps the most acrimonious literary dispute of modern times, and a degree of passion was excited, which, it must be owned, seems utterly misplaced, to those who have arrived at the proposed ends without the

adoption of such means. The theoretic possibility of a poetic system, founded upon other manners than those of the ancients, flashed like a sudden light on the Italian imagination; and, dazzled by its lustre, the writers of that country turned their attention to a criticism of the doctrine, rather than towards a trial of its validity by practical application. The smallness of the arena gave personality to the dispute, and the asperity of rival jealousy was added to the fervour of polemic zeal.

The German critics had divided poetry into two classes: that which belonged to the Greek and Latin system of civilization, and borrowed its sentiments and machinery from antique sources; and that which, in the words of a distinguished writer, "tient de quelque manière aux traditions chevaleresques*;" and from this division has sprung the epithets of Classicist and Romanticist.

The position thus taken is evidently false, since the question ought not to stand between any two systems of machinery in poetic composition; but between the absurdity of confining genius within the bounds of one epoch of civilization, (or the still greater ridicule of giving one colouring to all ages,) and the propriety of leaving talent unfettered in its range, and of forcing it only to give to every subject the costume, manners, and ideas which in reality belong to it.

The romance of chivalry and faery is as foreign from the existing public opinions and sympathies, as Mount Olympus and the gloomy Dis; and though from the newness of the former subject, and the picturesque, though often grotesque, forms to which it lends itself, it has a charm which the worn-out Pagan mythology no longer possesses, its popularity has been but short-lived in

* L'Allemagne, T. 1. p. 71.

France and England, and, its first novelty over, it has rarely found its way beyond the nursery, or the melodrame of a minor theatre.

The age in which we live is too calculating, too philosophical, to take pleasure for any length of time in any system of thaumaturgy. The interest of poetry must therefore be sought rather in the intensity of passion, and the developement of social combinations, than in agencies more fanciful, and in supernatural events. The strong-hold of the Romanticists is not the superior excellence of the machinery, but the superior interest of the subjects they propose. " The middle ages and modern story belong exclusively to ourselves. Romantic arguments may be therefore taken from feudality, the chivalry of the Normans, the Crusades and religious wars, the atrocious punishments of the Inquisition, the nautical discoveries, the wars of the Portuguese, English, and Dutch, in the East, the conquest of America, the circumnavigation of the globe, the manners of the Native Indians, Negro slavery, and that of the Europeans on the Barbary coast, the ecclesiastical governments of Rome and of Mecca, the transient civilization under the Califs, the wars of the Turks, the commercial industry of the Italians," &c. &c.* All these various subjects belong to social combinations, of which we have, more or less, perfect notions, and cause the developement of situations and sentiments in which we can sympathize. The Greeks and Romans are to us too much ideal abstractions; and in throwing them into action, the poet is compelled to deal in generalities, which have not the smack and flavour of humanity. Hence the separation of tragic acting into

* Conciliatore, No. 25.—To these may be added the portraiture of national manners peculiar to the literature of Great Britain.

distinct characters, the *père noble*, the tyrant, the *premier amoureux*, &c. &c. The poetry of real life is not susceptible of such analysis. It paints not a lover in general, nor an abstract tyrant; but a Greek, a Turk, a Christian, with all the peculiarities of his cast; and if the personage be historic, with all the individualities of his birth, education, and idiosyncrasy. Between these systems, there is all the difference to be found between an anatomical preparation and a living man.

It is not necessary to give a greater developement to this literary question, in order to shew the causes of that hostility which it has encountered, from those who do not usually trouble themselves with scholastic disputes. Any attempt to awaken the Italians from the inertness or despair in which circumstances had involved them, would readily excite suspicion, in those who hold the fertile provinces of Italy by the tenure of its intellectual annihilation. To hold up the transactions of the middle ages as subjects for literary composition, is to turn the public attention upon those virtues and those glories which remind the Italians that they had an ancestry. It is placing before their eyes the blessings of independence, and the substantial comforts which accompany liberty. It is to remind them of the baseness, the treachery, and the intrigue which subjected them to their masters, and to demonstrate the great qualities which kept those masters so long at bay. It is impossible to imagine a system more opposed to the soporific, benumbing despotism of the reigning order; mild but persevering, timid yet unrelenting. Yet the system itself is less offensive than the persons who have espoused it. The little band of patriots who contributed to the conduct of the "*Conciliatore*," the élite of the Milanese youth who had seized upon this subject as a means of energizing their countrymen, were

distinguished among their fellow-citizens no less by their honest zeal than their eminent talents; and they formed a sort of corporate opposition to the anti-national and uncivilizing efforts of those who, in succeeding to the despotism* of Bonaparte, have not inherited either his manliness or his wisdom. The noblemen who gave the weight of their patronage and their purse to the conduct of this journal, were marked by the government for their zeal to preserve the national independence, and for their ceaseless efforts to introduce every improvement in the interior œconomy of their countrymen. But to promote commerce, to exalt the intellect, to build steam-boats, to erect gas-engines, in the eyes of the despots who would feign sway the destinies of Europe, is not to increase the power of the master by increasing the efficiency of his people:—it is to weaken his means of domestic interference and malevolence; it is to confine his energies where they promote not the happiness of the subject. It may, indeed, strengthen him to do good, but it likewise disarms him in the career of folly, of vice, and of wickedness; and *therefore* it is odious, intolerable, and to be resisted with the whole influence of the throne, the altar, and the bayonet.

The vehemence with which the question of Romanticism has been debated, will have a favourable influence

* The "Conciliatore" was a daily Journal published in Milan, under the editorship of Silvio Pellico, and by the co-operation of whatever talent and spirit reside in that capital. It was a purely literary work, and the only one in Italy whose fidelity and independence could be trusted; but it injured its reputation by taking too active a part in the quarrel of Romanticism, whose acrimony extended but little beyond Lombardy. The editor, being a Piedmontese, was threatened with expulsion from the States of the Emperor, and compelled to abandon the work at the 118th number; but within that short compass, he has contrived to disseminate a greater quantity perhaps of literary and philosophical truth, than will be found in any contemporary journal that has appeared since the Restoration.

upon the Italians, by rousing their literati, and turning them from the frivolous and almost childish subjects, which too frequently have employed their pen. But there is one point of view in which it is sincerely to be deprecated; and that is, in the aliment it affords for municipal hatred and national division. The Italians are, in general, too prone to entertain prejudices against the natives of every State but their own; and a foreigner is much more at home, more esteemed, and less jealously watched, in an Italian city, than the native of an adjoining district. At the present moment, when a co-operation of head and heart is wanted between Italians of all denominations, it is deplorable to see them not only geographically, but factiously divided. It is mortifying to behold the few writers of eminence who are not beaten down by the rod of power, postponing their duty to their country to the vanity of debate; and when they have so little power to consolidate, expending their energies in unprofitable irritation.*

Of the present state of Italian literature, much is already before the public: indeed, whatever is best worthy the attention of a foreigner is now printed in London; the *obscurantism* of the sovereign tyrants of Italy not tolerating any work that is not dedicated to the propagation of falsehood, and the retrogradation of intellect. The principal movement of mind exists in Lombardy; in Florence it still struggles to advance†; in Rome it sleeps.

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* The contributors to the "Conciliatore" were not insensible to this ill consequence; but the literary dispute was the only shelter for liberal opinions, or for any opinions that are not false; and they had but the choice between incurring a contingent evil, or sinking into a certain inefficiency.

† Since we have left Italy, a new Journal has been projected, under the patronage, and by the active co-operation, of a patriotic nobleman (for the nobles are in Italy foremost in the cause of mankind), whose object is to

In this last devoted city *, which for more than two thousand years has forged chains for the whole civilized world, there reigns a brutal and entire ignorance of whatever passes without its own walls. The city of Bologna, although within the censorship of the Papal government, makes a noble stand against the dark spirit of the day; and Naples, if it maintains its independence, will become a focus of light, which no human power can shut out of the rest of Italy.

One of the very powerful causes which repress the literary exertions of the Italians, is the total insecurity of copyright. A work printed at Milan, is immediately pirated at Lugano, at Genoa, at Bologna, or Naples. It is impossible for a bookseller to make any advance to an author: whatever therefore is printed, is published for the mere love of glory, or hope of benefiting humanity. Authorship is no trade; and there is no public to support the writer against the influence or the power of a jealous government. In one word, it is impossible to conceive a greater combination of hostile accidents, operating more successfully against the best interests of civilization, or more perfectly paralyzing all intellectual exertion.

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import all the improvements which are making abroad, and to raise Florence to the European level. Whether any matter purely literary will be introduced, I know not; but I think the genius of the government will effectually prevent it.

* Nido di tradimenti, in cui si cova
Quanto mal per lo mondo oggi si spande, &c. &c.
Petrarch, Sonnetto 105.

END OF VOL. II.

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